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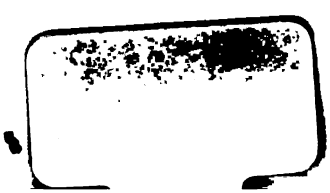
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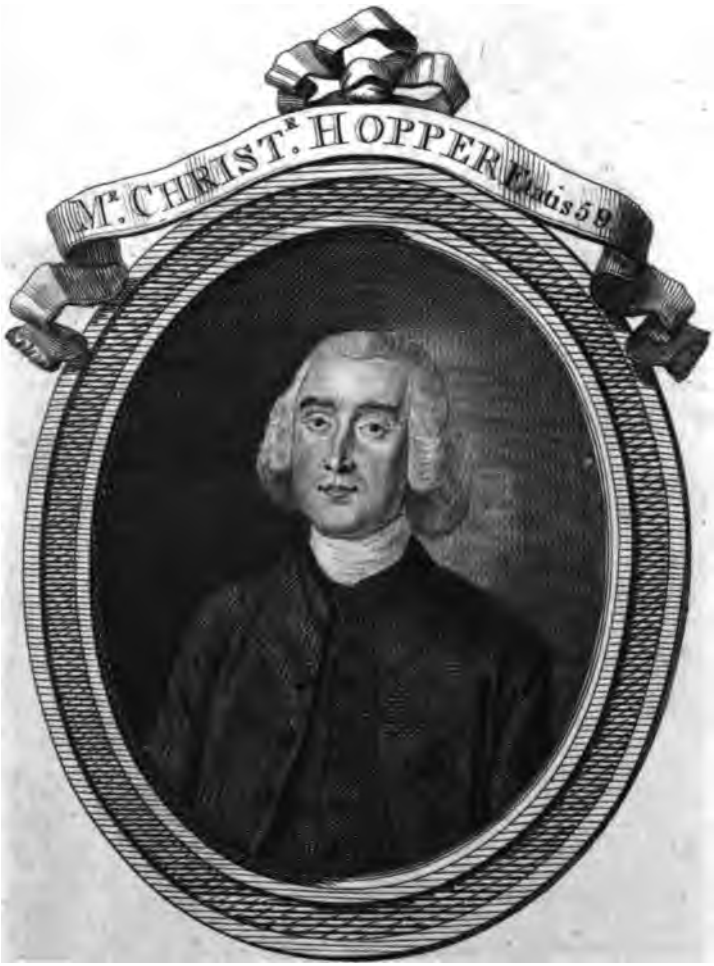
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THE

Arminian Magazine,

For the YEAR 1782.

CONSISTING OF

EXTRACTS

AND

ORIGINAL TREATISES

ON

Universal Redemption.



VOLUME V.

LONDON:

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THE Arminian Magazine,

For JANUARY 1782.

Of ELECTION; *tranſlated from* SEBASTIAN CASTELLIO's *Dialogues, between* Lewis *and* Frederic.

DIALOGUE II.

[*Continued from* Vol. iv. *page* 630.]

Fred. SEARCH the whole Bible, and you will find no other hardening;[a] nor will you find any one left of God, in this hardneſs, until he had firſt wilfully and obſtinately deſpiſed the admonitions and Spirit of God. The Scripture is full of examples. So Moſes ſays of the Iſraelites, They *waxed fat, and kicked and forſook God which made them*, Deut. xxxii. 15. And preſently after, (ver. 19, 20,) *When the Lord ſaw it, he abhorred them, becauſe of the provoking of his ſons and of his daughters. And he ſaid, I will hide my face from them. I will ſee what their end will be.* You ſee the cauſe of his hiding his face. They were deſerted, be-

[a] See Vol. iv. Page 630.

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cauſe

cauſe they firſt deſerted God. And why God left Pharaoh, and why the Egyptians were left to their hardneſs of heart, any one will ſee who conſiders their preceding behaviour to the Iſraelites. Why did he afterwards defert the heathen nations? *Becauſe when they knew God, they honoured him not as God.* Yea, ſearch the Scriptures all over, and you will find no man forſaken of God, before he has forſaken God. Wherefore thoſe words, *He hath mercy on whom he will have mercy, and whom he will he hardeneth,* do not mean that God hardens or forſakes any man, without why or wherefore: ſeeing all the inſpired Writings point out the cauſe, for which alone God forſakes man.

Lewis. But does not God himſelf ſay to Pharaoh, *For this ſame purpoſe have I raiſed thee up, that I might ſhew my power in thee, and that my name might be declared throughout all the earth. Therefore hath he mercy on whom he will have mercy; and whom he will he hardeneth. Thou wilt ſay then unto me, Why doth he yet find fault? For who hath reſiſted his will! Nay, but O man! who art thou that replieſt againſt God? Shall the thing formed ſay unto him that formed it, Why haſt thou made me thus?* Here it ſeems, that Pharaoh was raiſed up for puniſhment, and that it was God's will he ſhould ſin, that God might be glorified in his puniſhment. *Fred.* When God ſays, *For this purpoſe have I raiſed thee,* it does not refer to his creation, as if God had created him to puniſhment; but when he was already wicked, God raiſed him up unto puniſhment, on account of his wickedneſs. *His will* here mentioned, is only, as was ſhewn before, his permiſſive will.

With regard to the Potter, we ſhould obſerve that here are two compariſons interwoven: the one, of veſſels which are *made unto diſhonour*; the other, of veſſels which are broken. For to be broken, and to be made to diſhonour, is not the ſame thing. The former compariſon is this: as a potter, out of the ſame maſs makes veſſels, ſome to honourable, ſome to leſs honourable uſes, ſo God, out of the ſame maſs of mankind, makes

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makes ſome men to be as eyes, or ears in the body of Chriſt, (ſuch as Prophets, Apoſtles, Evangeliſts,) others to be as the feet or leſs honourable parts. Such are thoſe to whom God has not imparted ſo large gifts, or raiſed to ſo high offices. And here none have reaſon to find fault with God, the Potter.

The other ſimilitude is this. As a good and wiſe Potter makes no veſſel on purpoſe to break it, ſo God never created any man, on purpoſe to deſtroy him. But if any veſſel prove faulty, then he breaks it: and ſo if any man prove wicked, God deſtroys him. This is confirmed by St. Paul himſelf, ſaying, *God willeth all men to be ſaved.* And again, *He hath concluded all under ſin, that he may have mercy upon all.* Mark that word, *That he may have mercy upon all.* It is therefore his will, not to deſtroy, but to have mercy even upon ſinners. Wherefore when God is compared to a Potter, it is to a good potter, who is not willing to loſe his labour. We muſt alſo take care, not to make this text contradict thoſe others, wherein God is compared to a Father, *who knoweth how to give good gifts to his children.*

Lewis. But when God knew what men would periſh, why did he create them? *Fred.* You may ſuppoſe God to ſpeak to the wicked Iſraelites in the following manner. O Iſrael! I created you for ſalvation: it was my deſign, that you ſhould beſaved, not deſtroyed. Therefore, that you do periſh, is wholly your own fault, who will not be ſaved; who will not do thoſe things which I have commanded, which are neceſſary for your ſalvation. If you aſk, But did I not foreknow that you would refuſe ſalvation? I anſwer, this is nothing to you. For my foreknowing it, neither makes me guilty, nor you innocent. For whether I foreknew it, or not, you are guilty, who refuſed the ſalvation I offered. And I not only am blameleſs, but have deſerved well of you, who have given you ſo many benefits, and would have given you more, had not you yourſelves hindered. Wherefore ſuppoſe I did not foreknow your perverſeneſs, does not your ingratitude and obſti-

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nacy deſerve puniſhment? And ſuppoſe I did, is not my goodneſs ſo much the greater, who ſo loaded you with benefits, though I knew you would be ungrateful? Had I created you on purpoſe to deſtroy you, you might juſtly have complained. But as I created you to be ſaved, and you might have been ſaved if you would, you have only yourſelves to blame. If you ſtill aſk, Why I created you, if I knew you would periſh? I anſwer, Woe unto the man that contendeth with his Maker; the clay with the potter! *Shall the clay ſay to the potter, Why makeſt thou me thus?* Woe to him, who aſketh of his Father, why didſt thou beget me? What is more unworthy, than for him who is created, to aſk his Creator, why he created him? He might anſwer, You ought not to aſk why I created you, but to thank me, that I did create you: and create you to happineſs: if you periſh it is your own fault, which I will turn to my own glory in puniſhing you. Not that I created you on purpoſe to puniſh you: (this would bring me no glory) but you deſerve puniſhment, for making *void my counſel againſt yourſelves.*

This is the true account of St. Paul's ſimilitude of the potter. The ſum is, God created no man for deſtruction. But as men are free agents, moſt of them will not obey God, and ſo periſh, and are called *veſſels of wrath.* Not that they were created with that deſign: but that was the event. Why the Apoſtle ſtiles them veſſels of wrath, appears from his own words: *The wrath of God is revealed from heaven againſt all ungodlineſs and unrighteouſneſs of men, who hold the truth in unrighteouſneſs.* You ſee, which are the veſſels of wrath, namely, thoſe men who hold the truth in unrighteouſneſs. If you ſay, they were created for this purpoſe. You excuſe them; whereas St. Paul ſays, *They are without excuſe.*

But let us weigh the paſſage in Jeremiah, from which this ſimilitude of the Potter is taken, chap. xviii. ver. 1, &c. *The word which came to Jeremiah from the Lord, ſaying, Ariſe, and go down to the potter's houſe. Then I went down to*

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the potter's houſe, and behold, he wrought a work on the wheels. And the veſſel that he made was marred: ſo he made another veſſel, as ſeemed good to the potter to make it. Then the word of the Lord came unto me, ſaying, O houſe of Iſrael, cannot I do with you as this potter? Behold, as the clay is in the potter's hand, ſo are ye in my hand! At what inſtant I ſhall ſpeak concerning a nation and a kingdom, to pluck and to pull down, and to deſtroy it: if that nation turn from their evil, I will repent of the evil that I thought to do unto them. Now tell me, what is the cauſe of God's changing his purpoſe, and revoking their puniſhment? *Lewis.* Their amendment. *Fred.* Therefore if that nation does not amend, it will be a veſſel of wrath. *Lewis.* True. *Fred.* Therefore the wrath purpoſed againſt that nation may be avoided, as in the caſe of the Ninevites. *Lewis.* It may. *Fred.* Therefore that nation was not created to wrath. *Lewis.* It was not. *Fred.* And yet if it does not amend, wrath is purpoſed againſt it. *Lewis.* It is. *Fred.* You ſee therefore, the purpoſe of God is not inevitable; but it is his will that even thoſe who are by that purpoſe deſtined to death, ſhould yet repent and live.

He goes on. *At what inſtant I ſhall ſpeak concerning a nation and a kingdom, to build and to plant it: if it do evil in my ſight, then I will repent of the good wherewith I ſaid I would benefit them.* Now tell me: when God ſays to any nation, Thou ſhalt live, is it his will that they ſhould? *Lewis.* It is. *Fred.* If that nation offends him, and ſo procures its own deſtruction, Does it not act contrary to his will? *Lewis.* Certainly. *Fred.* He does not then deſtroy it, becauſe he created it for deſtruction, but becauſe it would not obey him. *Lewis.* True. *Fred.* But he did not create it, to diſobey him. *Lewis.* No; for he would not have promiſed it life, if he had created it to death. *Fred.* Therefore that nation becomes a veſſel of wrath, through its own diſobedience, not God's creation. On the whole then, God is a good potter, who makes no veſſel, on purpoſe to deſtroy it.

[*To be continued.*]

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ORIGINA

ORIGINAL SERMONS

BY THE

Rev. *JOHN WESLEY*, M. A.

SERMON VII.

FREE THOUGHTS ON THE BRUTE CREATION:

A Sermon on Romans viii. 19, 20, 21, 22.

The earneſt expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifeſtation of the ſons of God,

For the creature was made ſubject to vanity, not willingly, but by reaſon of him that ſubjected it.

Yet in hope that the creature itſelf alſo ſhall be delivered from the bondage of corruption, into the glorious liberty of the ſons of God.

For we know, that the whole creation groaneth, and travaileth in pain together until now.

1. NOTHING is more ſure, than that as *the Lord is loving to every man*, ſo his mercy *is over all his works*; all that have ſenſe, all that are capable of pleaſure or pain, of happineſs or miſery. In conſequence of this, *he openeth his hand, and filleth all things living with plenteouſneſs: he prepareth food for cattle*, as well as *herbs for the children of men*. He provideth for the fowls of the air, *feeding the young ravens when they cry unto him. He ſendeth the ſprings into*

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into the rivers, that run among the hills, to give drink to every beaſt of the field, and that even the wild aſſes may quench their thirſt. And ſuitably to this, he directs us to be tender of even the meaner creatures, to ſhew mercy to theſe alſo. *Thou ſhalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn*, (a cuſtom which is obſerved in the Eaſtern countries, even to this day.) And this is by no means contradicted by St. Paul's queſtion, *Doth God take care for oxen?* Without doubt, he does. We cannot deny it, without flatly contradicting his word. The plain meaning of the Apoſtle is, Is this all that is implied in the text? Hath it not a farther meaning? Does it not teach us, We are to feed the bodies of thoſe, whom we deſire to feed our ſouls? Mean time it is certain, God *giveth graſs for the cattle*, as well as *herbs for the uſe of men*.

2. But how are theſe Scriptures reconcileable to the preſent ſtate of things? How are they conſiſtent with what we daily ſee round about us, in every part of the creation? If the Creator and Father of every living thing, is rich in mercy towards all: if he does not overlook or deſpiſe any of the works of his own hands: if he wills even the meaneſt of them to be happy, according to their degree; how comes it to paſs, that ſuch a complication of evils oppreſſes, yea overwhelms them? How is it, that miſery of all kinds overſpreads the face of the earth? This is a queſtion which has puzzled the wiſeſt philoſophers in all ages. And it cannot be anſwered, without having recourſe to the oracles of God. But taking theſe for our guide, we may enquire,

I. What was the original ſtate of the Brute Creation?

II. In what ſtate is it at preſent? And

III. In what ſtate will it be, at the manifeſtation of the children of God!

I. 1. We may enquire, in the firſt place, What was the original ſtate of the Brute Creation? And may not we learn this, even from the place which was aſſigned them, namely, the

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garden of God? All the beasts of the field, and all the fowls of the air, were with Adam in Paradise. And there is no question, but their state was suited to their place: it was paradisiacal, perfectly happy. Undoubtedly it bore a near resemblance to the state of man himself. By taking therefore a short view of the one, we may conceive the other. Now *man was made in the image of God.* But *God is a Spirit.* So therefore was man. Only that spirit being designed to dwell on earth, was lodged in an earthly tabernacle. As such, he had an innate principle of *Self-motion.* And so, it seems, has every spirit in the universe; this being the proper distinguishing difference between Spirit and Matter, which is totally, essentially passive and inactive, as appears from a thousand experiments. He was, after the likeness of his Creator, endued with *Understanding*, a capacity of apprehending whatever objects were brought before it, and of judging concerning them. He was endued with a *Will*, exerting itself in various Affections and Passions: and lastly, with *Liberty*, or Freedom of Choice, without which all the rest would have been in vain, and he would have been no more capable of serving his Creator, than a piece of earth or marble. He would have been as incapable of Vice or Virtue, as any part of the inanimate creation. In these, in the power of Self-motion, Understanding, Will, and Liberty, the natural image of God consisted.

2. How far his power of Self-motion then extended, it is impossible for us to determine. It is probable, that he had a far higher degree, both of swiftness and strength, than any of his posterity ever had, and much less any of the lower creatures. It is certain, he had such strength of understanding, as no man ever since had. His Understanding was perfect in its kind: capable of apprehending all things clearly, and judging concerning them according to truth, without any mixture of error. His will had no wrong bias of any sort, but all his passions and affections were regular, being steadily and uniformly guided by the dictates of his unerring Understanding; embracing

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bracing nothing but good, and every good in proportion to its degree of intrinſic goodneſs. His Liberty likewiſe was wholly guided by his Underſtanding: he choſe or refuſed, according to its direction. Above all (which was his higheſt excellence, far more valuable than all the reſt put together) he was a creature capable of God, capable of knowing, loving, and obeying his Creator. And in fact, he did know God, did unfeignedly love, and uniformly obey him. This was the ſupreme perfection of man, (as it is of all intelligent beings,) the continually ſeeing, and loving and obeying the Father of the ſpirits of all fleſh. From this right ſtate, and right uſe of all his faculties, his happineſs naturally flowed. In this the eſſence of his happineſs conſiſted; but it was increaſed by all the things that were round about him. He ſaw with unſpeakable pleaſure, the order, the beauty, the harmony of all the creatures: of all animated, all inanimate nature; the ſerenity of the ſkies, the ſun walking in brightneſs, the ſweetly variegated clothing of the earth; the trees, the fruits, the flowers;

"And liquid lapſe of murmuring ſtreams."

Nor was this pleaſure interrupted by evil of any kind. It had no alloy of ſorrow or pain, whether of body or mind. For while he was innocent he was impaſſive, incapable of ſuffering. Nothing could ſtain his purity of joy. And to crown all, he was immortal.

3. To this creature, endued with all theſe excellent faculties, thus qualified for his high charge, God ſaid, *Have thou dominion over the fiſh of the ſea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth,* Gen. i. 28. And ſo the Pſalmiſt, *Thou madeſt him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou haſt put all things under his feet. All ſheep and oxen, yea and the beaſts of the field: the fowl of the air, and the fiſh of the ſea; and whatſoever paſſeth through the paths of the ſeas!* Pſal. viii, ver. 6, &c. So that

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man was God's Vicegerent upon earth, the Prince and Governor of this lower world; and all the bleſſings of God flowed through him to the inferior creatures. Man was the channel of conveyance between his Creator, and the whole brute creation.

4. But what bleſſings were thoſe that were then conveyed, through man, to the lower creatures? What was the original ſtate of the brute creatures, when they were firſt created? This deſerves a more attentive conſideration, than has been uſually given it. It is certain theſe, as well as man, had an innate principle of *Self-motion*: and that at leaſt in as high a degree as they enjoy it at this day. Again. They were endued with a degree of *Underſtanding*, not leſs than that they are poſſeſt of now. They had alſo a *Will*, including various paſſions, which likewiſe they ſtill enjoy. And they had *Liberty*, a power of Choice, a degree of which is ſtill found in every living creature. Nor can we doubt, but their Underſtanding too was in the beginning perfect in its kind. Their Paſſions and Affections were regular, and their Choice always guided by their Underſtanding.

5. What then makes the barrier between men and brutes? The line which they cannot paſs? It was not Reaſon. Set aſide that ambiguous term: exchange it for the plain word, Underſtanding: and who can deny that brutes have this? We may as well deny that they have ſight or hearing. But it is this: man is capable of God; the inferior creatures are not. We have no ground to believe, that they are in any degree capable of knowing, loving, or obeying God. This is the ſpecific difference between man and brute: the great gulph which they cannot paſs over. And as a loving obedience to God was the perfection of Men, ſo a loving obedience to man was the perfection of Brutes. And as long as they continued in this, they were happy after their kind; happy in the right ſtate and the right uſe of their reſpective faculties. Yea, and ſo long they had ſome ſhadowy reſemblance

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ſemblance of even *Moral Goodneſs*. For they had gratitude to man for benefits received, and a reverence for him. They had likewiſe a kind of benevolence to each other, unmixt with any contrary temper. How *beautiful* many of them were, we may conjecture from that which ſtill remains: and that, not only in the nobleſt creatures, but in thoſe of the loweſt order. And they were all ſurrounded not only with plenteous food, but with every thing that could give them pleaſure: pleaſure unmixt with pain; for pain was not yet: it had not entered into paradiſe. And they too were immortal. For *God made not Death; neither hath he pleaſure in the death of any living.*

6. How true then is that word, *God ſaw every thing that he had made: and behold it was very good.* But how far is this from being the caſe? In what a condition is the whole lower world? To ſay nothing of inanimate nature, wherein all the elements ſeem to be out of courſe, and by turns to fight againſt man. Since man rebelled againſt his Maker; in what a ſtate is all animated nature? Well might the Apoſtle ſay of this, *The whole creation groaneth together, and travaileth together in pain until now.* This directly refers to the brute creation. In what ſtate this is at preſent we are now to conſider.

II. 1. As all the bleſſings of God in paradiſe flowed thro' man to the inferior creatures: as man was the great channel of communication, between the Creator and the whole brute creation: ſo when man made himſelf incapable of tranſmitting thoſe bleſſings, that communication was neceſſarily cut off. The intercourſe between God and the inferior creatures being ſtopped, thoſe bleſſings could no longer flow in upon them. And then it was that *the creature*, every creature *was ſubjected to vanity*: to ſorrow, to pain of every kind, to all manner of evils. *Not* indeed *willingly*; not by its own choice; not by any act or deed of its own: *but by reaſon of him that ſubjected it*; by the wiſe permiſſion of God, determining to draw eternal Good, out of this temporary evil.

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2. But

2. But in what reſpects was *the creature*, every creature, then *made ſubject to vanity?* What did the meaner creatures ſuffer, when man rebelled againſt God? It is probable, they ſuſtained much loſs, even in the lower faculties, their vigour, ſtrength and ſwiftneſs. But undoubtedly they ſuffered far more in their underſtanding, more than we can eaſily conceive. Perhaps, inſects and worms had then as much underſtanding as the moſt intelligent brutes have now, whereas millions of creatures have at preſent little more underſtanding than the earth on which they crawl, or the rock to which they adhere. They ſuffered ſtill more in their will, in their paſſions, which were then variouſly diſtorted, and frequently ſet in flat oppoſition to the little underſtanding that was left them. Their liberty likewiſe was greatly impaired, yea, in many caſes totally deſtroyed. They are ſtill utterly enſlaved to irrational appetites, which have the full dominion over them. The very foundations of their nature are out of courſe, are turned upſide down. As Man is deprived of *his* Perfection, his loving obedience to God, ſo Brutes are deprived of *their* Perfection, their loving obedience to Man. The far greater part of them flee from him, ſtudiouſly avoid his hated preſence. The moſt of the reſt ſet him at open defiance, yea, deſtroy him, if it be in their power. A few only, thoſe we commonly term domeſtic animals, retain more or leſs of their original diſpoſition, and (through the mercy of God) love him ſtill and pay obedience to him.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

A ſhort ACCOUNT of Mr. GEORGE STORY.

[*Written by himſelf.*]

I Was born in the year 1738, at *Harthill*, in the Weſt-Riding of *Yorkſhire*. At four years of age I had learned the Catechiſm, and had repeated it before the Miniſter in the Church,

About

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About that time, I had a narrow eſcape; being near the edge of a deep pond, my foot ſlipped, and I plunged in, but recovering myſelf, I ſtruggled to the ſide, and laying hold on ſome weeds, got out, no one being near that could give me any aſſiſtance.

In my ſixth year, I had read the Bible through ſeveral times, and other books that came in my way; particularly the Hiſtory of the Sufferings of the Proteſtants, in the Vallies of *Piedmont*; which fixed in me an averſion to the principles of the Church of *Rome*. Among the practical Treatiſes in this Hiſtory, was a Caveat againſt Dancing, wherein was aſſerted, that "Every ſtep a dancer takes, is a ſtep to hell." This ſo affected me, that no inducement could ever prevail upon me to attend the Dancing-ſchool; which I eſteem a ſingular mercy, as it prevented connections that might have proved very pernicious.

One day I wantonly threw a ſtone and killed a young bird belonging to a neighbour. Though no one ſaw me, yet for ſeveral nights I had little ſleep. The idea of the bird's expiring in agonies, through my wickedneſs, filled me with inexpreſſible anguiſh. I would have given agreat deal to have reſtored the little creature to life. Tears and prayers to God for pardon, and promiſes to offend him thus no more, was the only way wherein I found relief.

My Parents taught me early the fear of the Lord, as far as they knew; and though their inſtructions were tedious and irkſome, yet they made an impreſſion on my mind that was never loſt, but often recurred when I was alone, or in places of temptation.

Our Miniſter was a pious, venerable man, and performed his duty with a ſolemnity that often ſtruck me with awe of the divine preſence: particularly when he was reading the burial ſervice, I frequently had a diſtant proſpect of Judgment and Eternity. I was agreeably affected with thunder and lightning. It filled me with a ſenſe of God's majeſty and power;

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power; for which reaſon I would get into the midſt of it, though ever ſo dreadful, if I was not prevented, that I might enjoy the whole report, and ſee the full blaze.

In my ſeventh year, I loſt all reliſh for learning, and contracted ſeveral evil habits. The two following years, my time at ſchool was ſpent to little purpoſe: part of this I attribute to the being too early taught to read, and too cloſe application to it; and part to the want of a proper Maſter, who could ſuit my genius and engage my curioſity for uſeful knowledge. But my maſter dying, and being ſucceeded by one whoſe ability and method were adapted to my capacity, I ſoon recovered my thirſt for learning, and made conſiderable improvement therein.

Before I was well able to carry a gun, I was fond of ſhooting; till being out one day in the fields, my gun went off at half cock, and was within a very little of killing my brother; this filled me with ſuch horror, that I could not endure that exerciſe any more

When I was about ten years of age, God began to revive his work of grace in and about *Sheffield*; the rumour of which ſpread into our village, and occaſioned ſerious reflections in the minds of many. One evening, as I was hearkening to the converſation of my parents, on that ſubject, I was ſtruck with an obſervation they made, That prayer was nothing, unleſs the mind was ſtayed on God. At night, when I repeated my cuſtomary prayers, I watched my thoughts narrowly, and ſoon found that they wandered from the Lord all the time. This diſcovery deeply affected me; I ſtrove with all my might to think on God as being preſent, ſeeing and hearing me; and after repeated efforts, through grace, I prevailed. I now began to delight in duties; to pray fervently, and feelingly, with, or without a form, and many times the Lord anſwered me in ſuch a manner as clearly convinced me of his omniſcience and omnipreſence. I read the Bible with pleaſure and profit; the ſufferings of Chriſt filled me with wonder and

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and gratitude, as I now underſtood that he endured them all for my ſins, and to ſave my ſoul from eternal deſtruction. Reading in the Thirty-nine Articles, that Juſtification was by Faith, I endeavoured to caſt my ſoul upon the Lord in the beſt manner I was able, and at times was perſuaded that he had forgiven all my treſpaſſes. Though I had never heard any of the Methodiſt Preachers, yet from that time I felt an eſteem for them; and notwithſtanding they were loaded with all manner of reproach, and repreſented in the moſt deteſtable light, thoſe calumnies only increaſed my regard for them, becauſe I underſtood that true Chriſtians, in all former ages, had met with the ſame treatment from the world.

Having acquired all the learning that was taught at a country ſchool, my friends began to think of putting me to ſome buſineſs. Going one day to a Bookſeller's ſhop, in a neighbouring market town, I got acquainted with him, and my friends accepting of his propoſals, I ſoon after went with him to his place of reſidence. This introduced me into company, and expoſed me to temptations I never knew before; and yet the Spirit of God ſtrove with me more than ever: almoſt every night I was called to a ſtrict account by that inward Monitor, and reproved for the faults of the day: and I could ſeldom ſleep, till with prayers and tears I had implored mercy, and in ſome degree obtained it from the Lord: and in this manner I went on for about a year.

I had often been perplexed with the doctrine of Predeſtination, but now the Tempter drew me inſenſibly into it; he continually ſuggeſted, That if I was to be ſaved, I certainly ſhould, live as I liſt; but if I was ordained to be damned, there was no remedy; God himſelf could not ſave me; and therefore it was mere folly to give myſelf ſo much concern about it. But although theſe ſuggeſtions tended to ſtupify my conſcience, and harden my heart, yet I was more uneaſy than ever. The Methodiſts at that time were few and feeble; they had ſeldom any travelling Preachers; I ſometimes attended

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tended their prayer-meetings, and often followed them up and down the town, hoping they would turn and ſpeak to me; but none took any notice of me. I was left alone to ſtruggle with ſin and Satan.

One day hearing a Preacher was to be there, I attended; but he did not come. Upon this, one of the local Preachers, who was then a Calviniſt, gave an exhortation: in which he fairly repeated the words that Satan had ſo often ſuggeſted to me: viz. that if we were to be ſaved, we could not poſſibly periſh; and if we were to be damned, there was no help for us. This made a deep impreſſion, and confirmed all that the devil had been preaching to me for years. I believed the horrible doctrine, and from that time determined to give myſelf as little trouble as poſſible about Religion.

Being ſurrounded with books, I read the firſt that came to hand; Hiſtories, Novels, Plays, and Romances, by dozens; but they only pleaſed while my eyes were upon them, and afterwards furniſhed matter for a thouſand vain imaginations. I then read the Lives of the Heathen Philoſophers, with admiration, and determined to copy after them. I perfected myſelf in Geometry and Trigonometry; then I learned *Macauley's* Short-Hand; ſoon after, Geography and Aſtronomy, together with Botany, Anatomy, Phyſic, and ſeveral branches of Natural Philoſophy. Once I intended ſtudying the Law, and read a great deal in the Statutes at large, and other law books: but the ſubject was too dry and unentertaining for one of my deſultory diſpoſition. I could recollect reading over three hundred volumes, of one kind or another; (ſome of them were large folios) before I was ſixteen years old. My paſſion for books was inſatiable. I frequently read till ten or eleven o'clock at night, and began again at four or five o'clock in the morning; nor had I patience to eat my meat, unleſs I had a book before me.

But about this time I was weary of the Shop, and entered the Printing-Office. This opened a new ſcene of things, which

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which pleaſed me for a ſeaſon. I was determined to be a compleat maſter of my buſineſs, and in about two years, was able to accompliſh my day's work in ſix hours, ſo that I had much time upon my hands for ſtudy and recreations. One ſummer I was an Angler, and attended the rivers early every morning, but this, after a few months trial, brought me neither pleaſure nor profit. The next ſummer I commenced Floriſt, took a garden, was paſſionately fond of Auriculas, Polyanthoſes, &c. But this too, ſoon grew inſipid: happineſs was not to be found in theſe purſuits. In the midſt of my reading I met with ſome Deiſtical authors; I read and reaſoned, till the Bible grew not only dull, but, I thought, full of contradictions. I ſtaggered firſt at the divinity of Chriſt; and at length gave up the Bible altogether, and ſunk into Fataliſm and Deiſm.

This new light promiſed great ſatisfaction. I thought myſelf much wiſer than others; but alas, it ſoon led into a dreary labyrinth! My ideas of God and Religion, were quite confounded; I felt the wretchedneſs of my heart, but could diſcover no way to eſcape from it.

About the age of eighteen, the management of the Printing-Office fell to my ſhare. I had a weekly News-Paper to publiſh, all the paragraphs to ſelect from the public prints, the advertiſements to prepare, the preſs to correct, and the journeymen and apprentices to ſuperintend. This flattered my vanity, increaſed my native pride, and conſequently led me further from God. I then ſought happineſs in card-playing; but after repeated trials, it appeared ſuch a ſilly waſte of time, and ſo oppoſite to common ſenſe, that I was obliged to give it up. Twice or thrice I got into company, and was intoxicated with liquor; but in the midſt of this folly I ſaw its madneſs, and turned from it with abhorrence. I likewiſe ſaw its ruinous conſequences in thoſe I was daily ſurrounded with. However, I hoped a horſe-race was a more manly and rational amuſement: I therefore attended the races at *Doncaſter*, with

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the moſt flattering expectation of the happineſs I ſhould find that week. The firſt day vaniſhed away without any ſatisfaction: the ſecond was ſtill worſe; as I paſſed through the company, dejected and diſappointed, it occurred to my mind, "What is all this immenſe multitude aſſembled here for? To ſee a few horſes gallop two or three times round the courſe, as if the devil was both in them and their riders! Certainly we are all mad; we are fit for Bedlam, if we imagine that the Almighty made us for no other purpoſe but to ſeek happineſs in ſuch ſenſeleſs amuſements!" I was aſhamed and confounded, and determined never to be ſeen there any more.

[*To be continued.*]

Some Account of the Death of MARY COOK.

London, May 25, 1745.

SHE had been ill for above ſix months, grew much worſe a week or two ago. She had been long remarkably ſerious, and greatly deſirous of knowing her intereſt in Chriſt; but then her deſires were much increaſed, and ſhe had no reſt in her ſpirit, but cried unto him day and night. On Monday laſt, ſhe mourned more than ever, and would not be comforted. Then ſhe lay ſtill awhile, and on a ſudden broke out,

"Praiſe God from whom pure bleſſings flow!"

Her mother aſked her the cauſe of this; ſhe ſaid, "O mother, I am happy, I am happy! I ſhall ſoon go to heaven;" and many words ſhe ſpoke to the ſame effect. I called upon her a few hours after, and found her ſtill in a ſettled peace. She told me, "I am aſſured of God's love to my ſoul. I am not afraid to die. I know the Lord will take me to himſelf; Lord haſten the time! I long to be with thee." On Tueſday and Wedneſday

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Wedneſday ſhe ſpoke little, being exceeding weak, but continued inſtant in prayer. On Wedneſday about noon, ſhe deſired her mother to get her up into the chair, which ſhe did. A little before three, her mother holding her in her arms, ſhe deſired her to let her go. Then placing herſelf upright in the chair, with her hands laid in her lap, and a calm majeſty in her countenance, ſhe ſaid, "Lord, receive my ſoul!" and then expired.

Some Account of the Death of MARY THOMAS.

Briſtol, June 6, 1745.

ON Saturday night, *Mary Thomas* was taken home. She was always conſtant in the uſe of all the means, and behaved well both at home and abroad. After ſhe was taken ill, ſhe was diſtreſſed indeed, between the pain of her body, and the anguiſh of her ſoul. But where is all pain gone, when Jeſus comes? When he manifeſts himſelf to the heart? In that hour ſhe cried out, "Chriſt is mine! I know my ſins are forgiven me." Then ſhe ſung praiſe to him that loved her, and bought her with his own blood. The fear of death was gone, and ſhe longed to leave her father, her mother, and all her friends. She ſaid, "I am almoſt at the top of the ladder. Now I ſee the towers before me, and a large company coming up behind me. I ſhall ſoon go. 'Tis but for Chriſt to ſpeak the word, and I am gone. I only wait for that word, Riſe up, my love, and come away."

When they thought her ſtrength was gone, ſhe broke out again,

"Chriſt hath the foundation laid,
And Chriſt ſhall build me up;
Surely I ſhall ſoon be made
Partaker of my hope."

Author

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Author of my faith he is;
He its finiſher ſhall be:
Perfect love ſhall ſeal me his
To all eternity."

So ſhe fell aſleep. O Lord, my God! glory be to thee for all things. I feel ſuch deſires in my ſoul after God, that my ſtrength goes away. I feel there is not a moment's time to ſpare: and yet how many do I loſe? Lord Jeſus, give me to be more and more diligent in all things. It is no matter to me, how I was an hour ago. Is my ſoul now waiting upon God? O that I may in all things, and through all things, ſee nothing but Chriſt! O that when he comes, he may find me watching!

SARAH COLSTON.

Some Account of the Death of ISAAC KILBY.

Briſtol, June 27, 1745.

I Sat up with *Iſaac Kilby* three nights, and being greatly comforted by many of his expreſſions, I believed it would not be loſing time to ſet a few of them down.

On Wedneſday, June 18. When I came into the houſe, he was ſuppoſed to be near his end. His body was in great pain, and juſt gaſping for breath. But his mind was in perfect peace.

He had little ſtrength to ſpeak. But when he did (which was now and then on a ſudden, as if immediately ſupported for that purpoſe) his words were ſtrangely powerful; juſt as if they came from one, who was now before the throne of glory.

When he had juſt drank ſomething, I ſaid, "All may drink of the water of life freely." He lifted up his hands in great love, and ſaid, "Yea, all, all: all the world."

After

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After long silence, he suddenly asked me, how I felt myself? I replied, "I find great consolation from the Lord." He said, "How strange it is that such a rebel as I, should bring glory to God!"

When dosing, his mind would rove, but even then his discourse consisted chiefly, of strong exhortation to some of his acquaintance, to repent and persevere in the ways of God.

On Friday I called, and found him in the same spirit, full of pain, yet full of joy unspeakable. I could not forbear sitting up with him again. All his words were full of divine wisdom, expressing a deep sense of the presence and mercy of God, and of his own unworthiness.

Mention being made concerning his burial, (in the beginning of his sickness, he had desired, that Mr. *Wesley* might bury him, and preach a sermon from that text, *Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth,)* he said, "Now I do not think of such things. Bury me as you will. Yet I should be glad to have a sermon preached. But just as Mr. *Wesley* pleases."

He said to me, "O go on, and you will rejoice as I do, in the like condition!" He prayed, That he might die before the morning: but added, "*Not as I will, but as thou wilt.*"

Thus he continued till Wednesday June 25, when I sat up with him again. Being now much weaker, he roved more than ever. Yet when I asked, "*Isaac*, how do you find your soul?" He answered, "I rejoice in God my Saviour. I am as clay in the hands of the potter." And about half an hour after twelve, he went to sing praise to God and the Lamb for ever.

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An Extract from A SURVEY *of the* WISDOM *of* GOD *in the* CREATION.

Of BRUTES.

Of their Ears, Noſe, Teeth, and Windpipe; of their vegetative and ſenſitive Motions: of their Soul.

THE comparative anatomy of the *Ear*, yields abundant inſtances of the Creator's Wiſdom. In Birds, the outward ear is cloſe and covered; not protuberant, as that would obſtruct their flight. In Beaſts, its form is agreeable to the poſture and motion of the body, but admirably varied in the ſeveral ſpecies, according to their various occaſions. In ſome, as the Hare, it is large, open, and erect; by which means that timorous, helpleſs creature, is warned of the leaſt approach of danger. In others, it is covered, to keep out noxious bodies. In thoſe which are forced to mine and dig for their habitation, it is ſhort, and lodged deep and backward in the head. Thus Moles have no auricle at all, but only a round hole, between the neck and ſhoulder. And this is cloſed with a little ſkin, which opens and ſhuts like an eyelid.——The Sea-calf alſo, as well as Lizards and Serpents, have no outward Ear. And the Tortoiſe, with moſt kinds of Fiſhes, have the paſſage quite covered over.

But among all the varieties in the ſtructure of this organ, none are more remarkable than thoſe of the *paſſage* into the *os petroſum*. In an Owl, which perches upon a tree or beam, and hearkens after the prey beneath her, it comes farther out above than below, for the better reception of ſounds from beneath. In a Fox, which ſcouts under the prey at rooſt, it comes farther out below than above. In a Pole-cat, which hearkens ſtraight forward, it is produced behind, for the taking a forward ſound. Whereas a Hare, whoſe enemy comes behind, is ſupplied with a bony circle, directed backward: by means of which ſhe receives diſtinctly the ſmalleſt ſound which comes that way.

The

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The more accurate the ſenſe of *Smelling* is in any creature, the longer are the laminæ in the noſtrils, and the more in number, folded up, and crowded together, to contain more nervous filaments, and to detain the odoriferous particles, in their windings and turnings. An admirable proviſion this, for the good of many creatures, the chief acts of whoſe lives are performed by the miniſtry of this ſenſe. In inſects and many other creatures, it is of great uſe, in helping them to proper places for hatching their eggs, and breeding up their young. And moſt irrational animals, beaſts, birds and reptiles, do by their ſmell find out their food. With what ſagacity do ſome of them diſcover it, in the midſt of mud and dirt? How curiouſly do others pick and chuſe ſuch plants as afford them wholeſome food, (perhaps medicine too) avoiding ſuch as tend to hurt or deſtroy them? And all this principally by the ſmell, together, with its near ally, the taſte.

The various forms of the *Teeth* in various creatures, is another inſtance of the Divine Wiſdom. How curiouſly are they adapted to the peculiar food and occaſion of each ſpecies! Thus in the Rapacious they are fitted to catch and hold their prey; in the Herbaceous, to gather and chew vegetables. In thoſe which have no teeth, as Birds, the bill ſupplies that defect; together with their additional ſtomach. And it is a remark which hardly fails, All ſuch animals as have four ſtomachs, have no teeth at all.

There are great varieties in the teeth of other animals. Trout have teeth upon their tongues; Cod-fiſh at the bottom of their gullet. Crocodiles have three rows of teeth on the ſame jaw; Sharks, four or five; Sea-devils, ſo called, have ſeveral rows of moveable teeth.

The variation of the *Wind-pipe* in various creatures is likewiſe obſerveable, as it is neceſſary for that of the voice. In an Hedge-hog, which has a very ſmall voice, it is hardly more than membranous. In a Pigeon, which has a low, ſoft note, it is partly membranous, partly cartilaginous. In an Owl,

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which has a good audible note, it is more cartilaginous. But that of a Jay (as of a Linnet) has bones inſtead of cartilages.

The rings of the wind-pipe likewiſe are fitted for the modulation of the voice. For in Dogs and Cats, which uſe a great many notes, they are (as in Man) open and flexible; whereby all or any of them is more or leſs dilated or contracted, in order to a deeper or ſhriller note. But they are one entire ring in the *Japan* Peacock, which uſes one ſingle note.

As to the *Motions* of Brutes, it is not eaſy to conceive, that even thoſe of the *Vegetative* kind, can be the mere mechanical effects of matter, however modified. Much leſs can we conceive this of their *Senſitive* motion: for we have not the leaſt reaſon to doubt, but the ſame impreſſions of external objects, raiſe the ſame perceptions in them, as in us.—No queſtion, they ſee, and hear, and ſmell, and taſte, and feel in the ſame manner as men!

We cannot therefore deny, that there is ſomething in Brutes, which perceives the impreſſions made by outward objects; and that they perform a thouſand actions, which can never be explained by mere mechaniſm: thoſe in particular which ſpring from what we call *Inſtinct*, as the feeding and tending their young, the building their neſts and preparing their habitation, upon or in the earth.

It is true, ſome things in brutes, as well as in men, may be mechanically accounted for. But others cannot: ſo that we are conſtrained to own, there is in them alſo ſome ſuperior principle, of whatever kind it be, which is endued with ſenſe, perception and various appetites. For from their outward actions we may as eaſily learn, as we could from thoſe of a man born deaf and dumb, that there are in this principle or *Soul* two different faculties: that of *perceiving* or *knowing*, anſwerable to our underſtanding, and that of *deſiring* and *ſhunning*, anſwerable to our will. That this principle is immaterial, appears from this ſingle conſideration, it has a power of *Self-motion*; which no matter can have, being wholly and eſſentially paſſive.

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Pembroke, April 28, 1781.

REMARKS *upon Mr. Locke's* ESSAY *on* HUMAN UNDERSTANDING.

1. FOR ſome days I have employed myſelf on the road, in reading Mr. *Locke's* Eſſay on Human Underſtanding. And I do not now wonder at its having gone through ſo many Editions, in ſo ſhort a time. For what compariſon is there between this deep, ſolid, weighty treatiſe, and the lively, glittering triſle of Baron *Monteſquieu?* As much as between tinſel and gold, between glaſs-beads, and diamonds. A deep fear of God and reverence for his Word, are diſcernable throughout the whole. And though there are ſome miſtakes, yet theſe are abundantly compenſated, by many curious and uſeful Reflections. I think therefore a little time will be well employed in pointing out thoſe little miſtakes, and in extracting ſome of the moſt uſeful paſſages of that excellent treatiſe.

2. How admirable are thoſe paſſages in the Introduction. "Sect. 4. If by this enquiry into the nature of the Underſtanding, I can diſcover the powers thereof; *how far* they reach; to what things they are in any degree proportionate; and where they fail us, I ſuppoſe it may be of uſe, to prevail with the buſy mind of man to be more cautious in meddling with things exceeding its comprehenſion; to ſtop, when it is at the utmoſt extent of its tether; and to ſit down in a quiet ignorance of thoſe things, which, upon examination, are found to be beyond the reach of our capacities. We ſhould not then perhaps be ſo forward, out of an affectation of an univerſal knowledge, to raiſe queſtions, and perplex ourſelves and others with diſputes about things, to which our Underſtandings are not ſuited; and of which we cannot frame in our minds any clear or diſtinct perceptions, or whereof (as it has perhaps too often happened) we have not any notions at all.

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If we can find out, how far the Underſtanding can extend its view; how far it has faculties to attain certainty; and in what caſes it can only judge and gueſs, we may learn to content ourſelves with what is attainable by us in this ſtate.

" Sect. 5. For though the *comprehenſion* of our Underſtandings, comes exceeding ſhort of the vaſt extent of things; yet, we ſhall have cauſe enough to magnify the bountiful Author of our Being, for that portion and degree of knowledge, he has beſtowed on us, ſo far above all the reſt of the inhabitants of this our manſion. Men have reaſon to be well ſatisfied with what God hath thought fit for them, ſince he has given them (as St. *Peter* ſays πάντα πρὸς ζωὴν καὶ εὐσέβειαν. Whatſoever is neceſſary for the conveniencies of life, and information of virtue; and has put within the reach of their diſcovery the comfortable proviſion for this life and the way that leads to a better. How ſhort ſoever their knowledge may come of an univerſal or perfect comprehenſion of whatſoever is, it yet ſecures their great concernments that they have light enough to lead them to the knowledge of their Maker, and the ſight of their own duties. Men may find matter ſufficient to buſy their heads, and employ their hands with variety, delight, and ſatisfaction; if they will not boldly quarrel with their own conſtitution, and throw away the bleſſings their hands are filled with, becauſe they are not big enough to graſp every thing. We ſhall not have much reaſon to complain of the narrowneſs of our minds, if we will but employ them about what may be of uſe to us; for of that they are very capable: and it will be an unpardonable, as well as childiſh peeviſhneſs, if we undervalue the advantages of our knowledge, and neglect to improve it to the ends for which it was given us, becauſe there are ſome things that are ſet out of the reach of it. It will be no excuſe to an idle and untoward ſervant, who would not attend his buſineſs by candle-light, to plead that he had not broad ſun-ſhine. The candle, that is ſet up in us, ſhines bright enough for all our purpoſes.

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The diſcoveries we can make with this, ought to ſatisfy us: and we ſhall then uſe our Underſtandings right, when we entertain all objects in that way and proportion, that they are ſuited to our faculties; and upon thoſe grounds, they are capable of being propoſed to us; and not peremptorily, or intemperately require demonſtration, and demand certainty, where probability only is to be had, and which is ſufficient to govern all our concernments. If we will diſbelieve every thing, becauſe we cannot certainly know all things; we ſhall do much-what as wiſely as he, who would not uſe his legs, but ſit ſtill and periſh, becauſe he had no wings to fly.

" Sect. 6. When we know our own *ſtrength*, we ſhall the better know what to undertake with hopes of ſucceſs: and when we have well ſurveyed the *powers* of our own minds, and made ſome eſtimate what we may expect from them, we ſhall not be inclined either to ſit ſtill, and not ſet our thoughts on work at all, in deſpair of knowing any thing; nor on the other ſide, queſtion every thing, and diſclaim all knowledge, becauſe ſome things are not to be underſtood. 'Tis of great uſe to the ſailor to know the length of his line, though he cannot with it fathom all the depths of the ocean. 'Tis well he knows, that it is long enough to reach the bottom, at ſuch places, as are neceſſary to direct his voyage, and caution him againſt running upon ſhoals, that may ruin him. Our buſineſs here is not to know all things, but thoſe which concern our conduct. If we can find out thoſe meaſures, whereby a rational creature, put in that ſtate which man is in, in this world, may, and ought to govern his opinions and actions depending thereon, we need not be troubled, that ſome other things eſcape our knowledge.

" Sect. 7. This was that which gave the firſt *riſe* to this *Eſſay* concerning the *Underſtanding*. For I thought that the firſt ſtep towards ſatisfying ſeveral enquiries, the mind of man was very apt to run into, was, to take a ſurvey of our own Underſtandings, examine our own powers, and ſee to what things they were adapted. Till that was done, I ſuſpected we

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began at the wrong end, and in vain ſought for ſatisfaction in a quiet and ſure poſſeſſion of truths, that moſt concerned us, whilſt we let looſe our thoughts into that vaſt ocean of *being*, as if all that boundleſs extent, were the natural and undoubted poſſeſſion of our Underſtandings, wherein there was nothing exempt from its deciſions, or that eſcaped its comprehenſion. Thus men, extending their enquiries beyond their capacities, and letting their thoughts wander into thoſe depths, where they can find no ſure footing; 'tis no wonder, that they raiſe queſtions, and multiply diſputes, which never coming to any clear reſolution, are proper only to continue and increaſe their doubts, and to confirm them at laſt in perfect Scepticiſm. Whereas were the capacities of our Underſtandings well conſidered, the extent of our knowledge once diſcovered, and the horizon found, which ſets the bounds between the enlightened and dark parts of things; between what is, and what is not comprehenſible by us, men would perhaps with leſs ſcruple acquieſce in the avowed ignorance of the one, and employ their thoughts and diſcourſe, with more advantage and ſatisfaction in the other."

3. I think that point, "That we have no innate Principles," is abundantly proved, and cleared from all objections, that have any ſhadow of ſtrength. And it was highly needful to prove the point at large, as all that follows reſt on this foundation, and as it was at that time an utter paradox, both in the Philoſophical and the Religious world.

4. That all our ideas come either from Senſation or Reflection, is fully proved in the ſecond book. And why ſhould any one be angry, at his uſing the word *Idea*, for "whatever is the object of the mind in thinking?" Although, it is true, it is his favourite word, which he often thruſts in, not ſo properly.

5. That "*Socrates* aſleep and *Socrates* awake is not the ſame perſon," (p. 72.) I can by no means allow. This odd aſſertion depends upon another, which will be conſidered by and by.

[*To be continued.*]

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An Account of JOHN OKEY: *taken from a Tomb-Stone, in Bolton Church-Yard.*

JOHN OKEY, the ſervant of God, was born in *London*, 1608, came into this town 1629, married *Mary*, the daughter of *James Crompton*, of *Breightmet*, 1635: with whom he lived comfortably twenty years, and begat four ſons and ſix daughters; ſince then he lived ſole till the day of his death. In his time were many changes and terrible alterations: eighteen years civil wars in *England*, beſides many dreadful ſea-fights. The crown or command of *England* changed eight times. Epiſcopacy laid aſide fourteen years. *London* burnt by Papiſts, and more ſtately built again. *Germany* waſted three hundred miles: two hundred thouſand Proteſtants murdered in *Ireland* by the Papiſts. This town three times ſtormed, once taken and plundered. He went through many troubles and divers conditions. Found real joy and happineſs only in holineſs,—the faith, fear, and love of God in Jeſus Chriſt. He died the 20th of April, and lieth here buried, 1684. Come, Lord Jeſus, O come quickly!

An Account of the ſurpriſing Deliverance of Mr. J. ROGERS.

[*Concluded from* vol. iv. page 431.]

[N. B. This Account would have been concluded ſooner; if the following part of the Copy had not been miſlaid.]

SHE [Mrs. *Tooly*] complied with their requeſt,[a] and very freely told them her ſtory. She ſaid, that after her grandfather's death, ſhe was left ſole heireſs of his great eſtate; and being in the bloom of youth, and having none to control her,

[a] The requeſt of Mr. Rogers and Mr. Bradbury, who deſired to know how ſhe, who had been bred up with an averſion to Diſſenters and ſerious religion, made ſuch a figure among them; and was ſo eminent for religion.

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ſhe ran after all the faſhionable diverſions of the times in which ſhe lived, without any manner of reſtraint. But at the ſame time ſhe confeſſed, that at the end of them all, ſhe found a diſſatisfaction both with herſelf and them, that always ſtruck a damp to her heart, which ſhe did not know how to get rid of, but by running the ſame fruitleſs round over and over again.

She contracted ſome ſlight illneſs, upon which ſhe thought ſhe would go to *Bath*, as hearing that was a place for pleaſure, as well as health. When ſhe came there, ſhe was led by Providence to conſult an Apothecary, who happened to be a very worthy, religious man. He enquired what ſhe ailed? "Why, Doctor, ſaid ſhe, I do not ail much as to my body; but I have an uneaſy mind, that I cannot get rid of." "Truly, Miſs, ſaid he, I was ſo too, till I met with a book that cured me of it." "Books! ſaid ſhe; I get all the books I can lay my hands on; ſuch as plays, novels, remances, &c. but after I have read them, my uneaſineſs is the ſame." "That may be, ſaid he, but the book I now ſpeak of, I can ſay of it what I can ſay of no other I ever read; I never tire in reading it; but can beginto read it again, as if I had never read it before. And I always ſee ſomething new in it." "Pray, Doctor, ſaid ſhe, what book is that?" "Nay Miſs, anſwered he, that is a ſecret I do not tell to every one." "But, ſaid ſhe, cannot I get a ſight of that book?" Yes, ſaid he, if you ſpeak me fair, I can help you to it." "Pray get it me then, Doctor, and I will give you any thing you pleaſe." Yes, ſaid he, "if you will promiſe one thing, I'll bring it you; and that is, that you will read it over carefully; and if you ſhould not ſee much in it at firſt, that you will give it a ſecond reading."

She promiſed faithfully ſhe would: and after raiſing her curioſity, by coming twice or thrice without bringing it, he at laſt brought it, took it out of his pocket, and gave it her. It was a New Teſtament. When ſhe looked on it, ſhe ſaid, "Poh,

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"Poh, (with a flirt,) I could get that at any time." "Why, Miſs, ſo you might," replied the Doctor; "but remember I have your ſolemn promiſe, that you will read it carefully." "Well, ſaid ſhe, though I never read it before, I will give it a reading."

Accordingly ſhe began to read it; and ſoon ſaw ſomething in it which deeply concerned her, and which cauſed her to grow ten times more uneaſy than ſhe was before. So ſhe got away back to *London*, to ſee what the diverſions there would do again. But all was in vain.

She lodged at the court end of the town, and had a gentlewoman with her by way of a companion. One Saturday evening ſhe dreamed, that ſhe was in a place of worſhip, and heard a ſermon which ſhe could remember nothing of when ſhe awaked, but the text; but the dream made ſuch an impreſſion on her mind, that the idea ſhe had of the place and the Miniſter's face, was ſo ſtrong as if ſhe had been acquainted with both for a number of years. She told her dream to her companion on the Lord's-day morning; and after breakfaſt ſaid, ſhe was reſolved to go in queſt of it, if ſhe ſhould go from one end of *London* to the other.

Accordingly they ſet out, and went into this and the other church, as they paſſed along: but none of them anſwered what ſhe ſaw in her dream. About one o'clock, they found themſelves in the heart of the city; they then went into an eating-houſe, to get a bit of dinner; and then ſet out again in ſearch of the place.

About half an hour after two, they were in the Poultry, and ſeeing a great many people going down the Old Jewry, Mrs. *Tooly* determined to ſee where they were going. She mixed herſelf among them, and they carried her to the Meeting-houſe in the Old Jewry. So ſoon as ſhe had entered the door, and looked about, ſhe turned to her companion, and ſaid, "This is the very place I ſaw in my dream!" She had not ſtood long, till Mr. *Shower*, Miniſter of the place, went up into the pulpit; and ſo ſoon as ſhe looked on him, ſaid, "This

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is the very man I saw in my dream! and if every part of it hold true, he will take for his text, Psal. cxvi. 7, *Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.*" When he rose to pray, she was all attention, and every sentence went to her heart. Having finished prayer, he took that very passage for his text; and there God met with her in a saving manner; and she at last obtained what she so long sought for in vain elsewhere, rest in Christ, to her troubled soul.

N. B. The publisher* thinks it only necessary to say, that the foregoing account of Mr. *Rogers* and Mrs. *Tooly*, is sufficiently authenticated by the gentleman from whom the writer of the letter had it, the Rev. Dr. *Wood*, at *Norwich*.

FRENCH MERCY,

Exemplified in the Case of Monsieur ISAAC LEFEVRE.

1. MR. *Isaac Lefevre*, was born at *Chatelchinon*, in the *Nevernois*, of honourable parents. He was sent to *Geneva* in the year 1683, where he went through the course of Philosophy. Afterwards he went to *Orleans*, and studied the Law. Having taken his Degrees, he went to *Paris*, and was admitted by the Advocate-General, as one of the Advocates of the Court of Parliament. After living some time in *Paris*, he took a journey into *Poiton*, to settle the affairs of a Lady of quality: thence he returned to *Paris*, just at the time that the Edict of *Nantz* was revoked. Knowing then there was no safety for him in *France*, he determined to retire into *Switzerland*. But as he was on the way, he was seized on the 4th of February, 1686, and sent to *Bezanson*, where he

* This has been published before.

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he was ſtripped of all that he had. They then ſent him to priſon, and clapped him in irons. After three weeks he was tried, and condemned the ſame day. The day following he was put into the dungeon. "I am, ſaid he, in a place where the air is infected, and feed on ſuch diet as would formerly have poiſoned me. But I find ſuch ſweetneſs and conſolation as I could not have hoped for."

2. After two months and ſome days, he was removed to *Dijon*. He came thither on the 30th of May: but the hardſhip of the journey, added to the irons which were left upon him, who was of a delicate conſtitution, had bruiſed and hurt him greatly. In a letter, dated June 1, he ſays, "I ſuffer great pains all over my body: and I ſhould not have come alive to *Dijon*, but that my irons were taken off at *Auſonne*, and I was ſet on horſeback; whereas I was before in a waggon, and in a killing poſture, preſt on all ſides. I am now treated with humanity, and begin to recover the ſtrength I ſtand in need of, to bear the chains that are preparing for us."

3. Having continued in priſon at *Dijon* about two months, he was conducted to *Chalons*, where the chain arrived from *Paris*. Hence they were to go by water, and their chains were ſomething lighter. Yet the journey was uneaſy enough. In his letter from *Marſeilles*, of Auguſt 20th, he ſays, "It ſeems to me, as if I had been gone above ſix months from *Dijon*. My fleſh and my ſkin are grown old, and I have been as in the pains of death. Indeed, I could have expected nothing elſe, had we not made a little ſtop at *Avignon*. I am now mixt with a very great number of galley-ſlaves, and have been eight and forty hours, without being able to cloſe my eyes, or to eat or drink what they gave me. But my life is not precious to me. If it were God's will, I could leave it with delight. Yet the Lord works miracles to preſerve it to me." He came to *Marſeilles* in Auguſt, and being very ill, was put into the Hoſpital for the galley-ſlaves. But being a little better in September, he was removed to the Galley,

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Grande Reale. " I went on board, ſays he, yeſterday, and was immediately loaded with irons. But to all this, I oppoſe the will of God. If poverty, ſickneſs, and pain, are what he chuſes, why ſhould I refuſe them? If he ſhould kill me, yet will I hope in him, and praiſe him all the days of my life. I lie on a board about two feet broad: I have nothing to cover me; but the ſlaves near me have ſtript themſelves of their own clothes for me."

4. At the intreaty of ſome of his friends, he was put on board another galley, named the *Magnificent*, where at firſt he was uſed more tenderly. But after two days, the liberty of ſeeing his friends was taken from him, and of conferring with them by writing. Neither was he ſuffered to converſe with any of thoſe that were in the ſame galley, being always faſtened to the chain, which was kept ſhorter than uſual. At that time he was ſent for by the Biſhop, and earneſtly ſolicited to change his Religion. But this only confirmed his reſolution, to ſuffer all things for the Truth's ſake.

5. He continued on board the galley, only till April 1687: and was then, by an order from above, put into a dungeon, in Fort St. *John*, at *Marſeilles*. As he was now cut off from all intercourſe with men, being conſtantly guarded day and night, his friends had very ſeldom any opportunity of hearing whether he was dead or alive, during this hard captivity, which laſted ſixteen years. His priſon was a vault which was formerly a ſtable; but being too moiſt, was found unhealthy for the horſes. There was ſtill a rack and manger in it. No light came in, but by the door; the upper part whereof was broken, and grated within and without. The air of it was foul, and of an ill ſcent; every thing moiſtened and rotted in it.

6. At firſt he lay two or three nights in a moiſt manger, and above a month on a ſhort and narrow cheſt, having no covering but his galley-ſlave jacket. Nevertheleſs, he ſlept quietly, only ſometimes the cold interrupted his ſleep: but this cauſed a defluxion in his teeth; pains in the veins, rheumatiſm,

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rheumatiſm, and at laſt a continual fever. But though he was of a weak conſtitution, yet God raiſed him up five ſeveral times from extraordinary ſickneſſes. In common he had ſharp colics in his ſtomach, and flying pains, eſpecially in his neck and ſhoulders. Nobody durſt come near him, nor even look at the door, much leſs ſpeak to him.

7. At ſome intervals of times, his pains redoubling, he thought he was not far from death: under which apprehenſion he ſaid, "I declare before God, I freely forgive all that have offended me in any manner whatſoever. It is not likely I ſhould live much longer, unleſs God touch the hearts of thoſe that give orders for my food: the aliments which they give me being full of naſtineſs and impurities, I muſt die ſoon, unleſs God acts in an extraordinary manner on my body and on my food." Of this he ſpoke again in the year 1699, that they had afflicted him by the corruption of all that they gave him either to eat or drink. But "the Lord, ſaid he, ſupports my weak nature, in a miraculous manner." Yea, he comforts and ſupports me ſenſibly; he gives me ſtrength to ſuffer my affliction with joy. And if I ſhould tell you, that I am ſometimes ſo happy, that I forget all I have ſuffered, I ſhould tell you the truth!

8. "They do not forget, ſays he in another letter, to try all ways to weary out my patience. The Mayor promiſed me a mattreſs and covering; my mattreſs being quite rotten, and my covering all rags: but I never had them. Yet whatever my anguiſh be, I eſteem it more expedient, to ſuffer life than to deſire death. As God will be glorified by my ſufferings, the longer they are and the harder to be borne, the more glory he will have by them: his will be done. I am always purſued with the ſame violence. There is no intermiſſion. They deny me all manner of commerce with the living, and alſo with the dead. But the Lord, who is my God and my protector, has had pity on my weakneſs, and given me ſuch patience as I never dared to hope for. Glory be to his Name!"

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9. In November 1695, he wrote thus, "I now enter into the tenth year of my ſufferings, and by the grace of God, I have neither loſt ſpirit, nor faith, nor patience; nor have I totally loſt my health. My dear kinſwoman, the Lord hath heard your prayers, and thoſe of his ſervants that intercede for me. He has ſpared my weakneſs; he has pitied my frailty; and he will finiſh what concerneth me. If I was but cleanſed from all my ſins, I ſhould be too happy. But I confeſs with grief and confuſion, that I am a man of little faith. I am a ſinner. I have deſired my liberty with too much fervency." Mean time his mind was conſtantly employed, in meditating on the myſteries of ſalvation, of which he ſpake with as much light and ſolidity, as the moſt accompliſhed divine. To ſome who wondered at this, he ſaid, "I never learnt the things I tell you, till I was a galley-ſlave and a priſoner of Jeſus Chriſt. Nor am I the only one that has learnt to ſpeak in irons, and to pray on the ſea. My dear companions have received the ſame grace."

10. Notwithſtanding all the pains that were taken to prevent it, he found means for ſeveral years to correſpond now and then, with his friends; but for two years and four months, this intercourſe was quite cut off. By what means it was reſtored we do not know. But he looked upon it as a ſingular favour from God: and he ſeems to have enjoyed that privilege, more or leſs, from the year 1699, to near the end of his life.

11. In June 1700, he writes, "The corruption and malignity of the food which they give me, has ſtrange effects on my body. It cauſes me to void more or leſs blood every day. I had formerly ſome days of eaſe: but for ſome time, this has been my daily bread.[a] And very often it gives me the colic in my breaſt and ſtomach for divers hours. The laſt fit made

[a] There is no doubt but poiſon was mixed with it, as his life was a conſtant reproach to them.

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me ſuffer violent pain from the evening to the next morning. I vomited ſharp and bitter water by fits, and my pains were increaſed, not leſſened thereby. Afterwards, a Phyſician was ordered to inſpect my food; but it was no better than before." There is little doubt but their deſign was, to make an end of him. But it pleaſed God to preſerve him ſtill longer, as a pattern of patience and perſeverance.

12. In June 1702, God was pleaſed to put an end to his miſeries. For a year before, he was not permitted to ſend or to receive any letter. But on the 9th of June, a Lady was permitted to ſee him. She found him full of faith and the Holy Ghoſt, but quite weak and faint: and on the 11th, about eleven o'clock at night, he reſted from his labours: having for above ſeventeen years triumphed over all the cruelty which men and devils could invent.

The following Paper is truly Original.

Since the Piece on War has been honoured with a place in the Arminian Magazine, theſe Lectures on the Cauſe and Cure of it, may ſerve as a Supplement.

The CAUSE *and* CURE *of* WAR.

THE word of the Lord to the *lucre-loving* Paſtor,* (whoſe people periſh through his *ſenſual life*, or *lazy labours*, licenſing their ſins;) is eminently applicable to the aggreſſors in War, who fight, not from *neceſſity*, but draw the ſword and ſinners ſlay by *choice*. "They ſhall die in their iniquity; but their blood will I require at thine hand!"

* Theſe *cenſure* no Divine, who loves God above *gold*, and ſouls more than *ſilver*, Matt. xxii. 37. 39. And he that "loves the Creature more than the Creator," but ill deſerves the name, "Divine."

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The Cauſe of War.

The Americans *chuſe* War (a mountainous load!) rather than bear a pound of Brethren's *maſſy* burdens; or longer brook Parental government: and, to ſecure *enriching* Independence, fleece themſelves of ages' hoarded caſh, to fee their fathers butchers! "Great and good Allies!" And fall by thouſands into death's dark priſons; earth and ſeas!

The French *chuſe* War, to *win the wealth*, and waſte the lives of *hated* Proteſtants!

The Spaniards *chuſe* War, to *keep* their *ſilver-cheſting* "Compact"—and caſt away invaluable blood! and heaps of treaſure.

The Dutch *chuſe* War, and thereby *break* their *coſtly* "Covenant"—[b], ſooner than break their *bags of gold*, to help *oppreſſed* and *beſt* of friends and helpers, claiming *promiſed* aid.

O love of money! Root of evil! Soul-tormenting paſſion! *Piercing them through with many ſorrows*, laſting as eternity! 1 Tim. vi. 10. "If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." 1 John ii. 15.

The Cure of War.

"Love God: love thy neighbour: love your *enemies*"—thundered forth from the Sovereign of angels and men! ſhould ſilence the *wars* and *contentions* of (Bible-bleſt) Chriſtendom; who by *profeſſion* venerate the Oracles of heaven. But the conduct of nominal Chriſtians ſo contradicts revelation, (and fulfils it too!) that not only "nation riſes up againſt nation, and kingdom againſt kingdom," but counties, cities, towns, villages, houſes, brothers! are *unchriſtianly* divided! The *peaceleſs* demons, Avarice, Ambition, Anger, breed our battles, foreign and domeſtic; and like the fiends in former days, ſtill *drive* too large *a herd the downward road.*

"Love not the world, nor the things of the world," *obeyed*, leads fallen mortals up to *love divine*, which paradiſe us with

[b] The Papiſts *keep*—Proteſtants *break* their "Treaty!" How *low* are High Mighty nations fallen from *grace!* Matt. vii. 10.

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two worlds at once! No man can ſo taſte the ſweets of creature-good, as he who *knows*, "My God is reconciled." None can enjoy, with *calm delight*, the gifts of Providence, ſave grateful men who love the gracious Giver. *No enemy to God*,[d] if on a Throne, can ſhare the pleaſures Senſe imparts, like humble, thankful ſaints: the fears of Death, and frowns of Heaven! imbitter ſinners' ſenſual delights. *This bitterneſs of ſpirit* makes the wealthy wretched—the proud man peeviſh—the paſſionate, a plague to man and beaſt! This *bitterneſs of ſpirit* (*lowneſs of ſpirits*, by Phyſicians called) is ſent to make us ſick of *ſin*, and bring the burthened back to God, for *ſatisfying* bleſſings. This *bitterneſs of ſpirit*[e] is a *drop* of mental miſery, (to ſave from *ſeas* of grief!) which makes the *avaricious* ſigh for happineſs; and ſigh away his days *in vain*; becauſe he will not quit the ſhadow—*love* of terreſtrial objects, and ſeek as *heartily*, celeſtial, ſoul-delighting comforts. While his poor *pardoned* vaſſals ſhout,

> "On all the *groveling* kings of earth,
> With pity we look down;
> And claim, in virtue of our birth,[f]
> A never-fading crown."

Lay not up for yourſelves, the riches of earth, but of heaven; is the great Proprietor's all-wiſe command. And who are wiſeſt in *his ſight*, the duteous, or undutiful? The charitable ſteward; or the covetous? The happy poor in ſpirit here, and hereafter, rich as heaven can make them, ages without number! or they that blindly barter boundleſs wealth, for momentary treaſure?—Let Conſcience ſolve theſe moſt momentous queries! while mild its accents, uſeful its advice! Nor let it thunder in a dying hour or judgment-day, the *waſte* of Talents! *loſs* of Time! and *lack* of all that time *well-uſed* procures, the angel-pleaſures of Eternity!

[d] Col. i. 21. Rom. viii. 7. 9. [e] Rom. vii. 15. Heb. ii. 15. [f] John i. 13. iii. 3.

Immortal beings! Everlaſting ſpirits! Look down, O look before ye leap, into a fathomleſs Abyſs! a dread Eternity! Eternity's the ocean whence ye flowed; and thither you *muſt* ſoon return: and can you bear the *gain* of *endleſs* pain! and *loſs* of *boundleſs* pleaſure? The *fear* of this, how hard to bear! and how much more the full reward of *man's iniquity filled up!*

" Pain is for man; and O how vaſt a pain!
For him who made the Godhead bleed in vain!"

Look up, ye never-dying ſouls! and through Almighty merits live for ever! Be what ye would be, *wiſe*, and *rich*, and *great*, and *always bleſſed!* Be happy here. Be happy evermore. Renounce the *cauſe* of mortal and immortal miſery, and the *effect* ſhall ceaſe. " Receive a kingdom, ſtable as the heavens." *Retain*, and reign in grace beneath. Reign then in rapturous glory!

The way to *bliſs*—would mortals know?
Then ſearch the ſcripture-truths below,
Till ſin-born ſorrows ceaſe:
Then walk in wiſdom's pleaſant ways,
The pleaſing paths of prayer and praiſe,
Till all your hours are peace.

The Love of God—how deep! how high!
That lifts loſt ſinners to the ſky!
To godlike grandeur there!
That cancels all their crimſon crimes!
That helps from hell,[6] to heaven-born climes!
That makes men perfect here!

[6] Pſalm cxvi. 1. 8.

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The powér of Faith, what tongue can tell!
That conquers ſin, and death, and hell!
Till human is divine!
That claims, through Chriſt, both earth and heavén!
The treaſures to the faithful givén,
That ſays, they're *juſtly* mine.

LETTERS.

LETTER CCVIII.

[From Miſs B. to a Friend.]

May 29, 1762.

Dear Friend,

I See there is a jealouſy in God, which I did not ſo clearly diſcern before. Well, this I can ſay, bleſſed be his Name, *all* my *will* is his, and I renounce, from the bottom of my heart, every comfort that does not ſpring from his pure Love alone. But this I know, God has ſo laid your burden upon me, that I muſt continue to cry exceedingly for you. Oh take warning by *me!* That Saviour who ſeeks your heart, is jealous above all you can conceive. He will not have a divided heart; no, not in the leaſt degree. O that he may now deſcend, and fill your ſoul with the pure flame of *his* Love! I know there is a furnace for you to paſs through, and the longer before you enter, the hotter it will grow. But fear not, my dear Friend! He that will walk with you is the Son of God. The preſent difficulty is here: how to enter into this furnace? But is not God faithful? And will he not ſhew you, how to put away all That which his Spirit abhors? I know he will: only let your weapons be earneſt Prayer, con-

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ſtant and continued, (whether you feel a deſire to it or not.) And in a ſhort time the Lord will guide you, as his pillar of fire did the Iſraelites, till every enemy is fallen before you, and you are in full poſſeſſion of the promiſed land!

I am, yours, &c.

M. B.

LETTER CCIX.

[From Mrs. S. R. to the Rev. Mr. Weſley.]

The following Letters, wrote in the courſe of a few months, by one who is now in *Abraham's* boſom, breathe deep, ſtrong ſenſe, though unimproved by Education; with a deep, and ſtrong, unaffected Piety. I know few like them in the *Engliſh* Tongue. So much of the Anſwers to them is occaſionally inſerted, as may ſerve to make the Replies which followed, more readily underſtood.

London, Aug. 10, 1757.

Rev. and dear Sir,

I Have conſidered well your Propoſal, and it appears to me to be the will of God, which my ſoul deſires to do. For this month paſt it has been laid upon my mind to pray, that I might be the ſervant of his Servants, and that God would uſe me for his glory, in whatever way he pleaſed: ſo that when I received your letter, I ſaw it was an anſwer to prayer, and needed not to intreat the Lord, to ſhew if it was his will. I am conſcious of my own weakneſs, but truſt in him who is everlaſting ſtrength, and believe, whatſoever he calleth me to, he will give me ſtrength to perform.

I remain, dear Sir,

Your affectionate, but unworthy Child and Servant,

S. R.

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LETTER

LETTER CCX.

[*From the ſame.*]

Briſtol, Nov. 13, 1757.

Rev. and dear Sir,

I Received your welcome Letter with much pleaſure: it was the mouth of God to my ſoul. O Sir! God has made me deeply ſenſible, what a wondrous work he hath wrought in me, and truly out of nothing, leſs than nothing. I am altogether what you deſcribe me to be, and much leſs. Nothing is ſo great a wonder to me, as that God ſhould deal ſo bountifully with one of yeſterday. I do not wonder you ſhould tremble for me: I almoſt tremble for myſelf, to think I cannot fear amidſt thoſe great ſnares and dangers I am ſurrounded with. If I could have choſe for myſelf, I ſhould have been glad to be deſpiſed by all. But is not God's time beſt? As to your confidence in me, I am no leſs amazed: but all is of God. O Sir, often have I ſaid, ſince I have been in your houſe, if all the Omnipotence of God does not ſtand on my ſide, I ſhall diſhonour Him in this place! But I feel my life is hid with Chriſt in God. Dear Sir, pray that all your deſires may be anſwered in me, by me, and upon me. If God is able and willing to keep me, I ſhall ſtand,

"Firm as a beaten anvil to the ſtroke!"

I find no power to reſiſt any thing: but my ſoul *ſinks* below all. I take it as a great bleſſing from God, that you deal with me, as a father with a child. The day that I ſhall think myſelf paſt your help, I ſhall have little reaſon to think well of myſelf.

I truſt, God will enable me to keep to your Rules, and to ſhine as a light in a land of darkneſs. It is eaſy to obey, where God has the heart. We are all in peace with God, and in love with one another.

Digitized by Google Dear

Dear Sir, look not at the things which are seen, but the things which are not seen! Time is well-nigh at an end: eternity is at hand! O that with Enoch you may walk with God and be perfect! I pray God, you may forget the things that are behind, and reach forth to the things which are before! I believe you will excuse my simplicity and freedom with you: that burning love I feel to your soul, makes me almost forget you are my father in Christ. Pray, Sir, speak plainer still to me. I find my soul like a little child, waiting to be taught of God. I would not only be free from sin, but worship him as the angels do above!

I am your affectionate Child and Servant,

S. R.

LETTER CCXI.

[From the Rev. Mr. Wesley, to Mrs. S. R.]

Norwich, Nov. 22, 1757.

My dear Sister,

MAY the peace and love of God spring up in your heart, as in time past, and more abundantly! You have refreshed my bowels in the Lord: I feel your words, and praise God on your behalf. I not only excuse, but love your simplicity, and whatever freedom you use, it will be welcome.

Surely God will never suffer me to be ashamed of my confidence in you. I have been censured for it by some of your nearest friends: but I cannot repent of it. Will not you put forth all your strength, (which indeed is not yours; it is the Spirit of the Father which now worketh in you,) 1. In managing all things pertaining to the House, so as to adorn the Gospel of God our Saviour? 2. In feeding the sheep he has committed to your immediate care, and carrying the weak and

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sickly

ſickly in your boſom? 3. In aſſiſting, quickening and directing the Family at Kingswood, whom I truſt you will always bear upon your heart? 4. In reproving, ſtirring up, or confirming all whom the providence of God ſhall put into your hands? And laſtly, In watching over, and helping forward in the ways of God, one who has more need of help than all the reſt? And who is always willing to receive it from *you*, becauſe you always ſpeak the truth in love.

Do you find no interruption or abatement at any time of your joy in the Lord? Do you continually ſee God? And that without any cloud, or darkneſs, or miſt between? Do you pray without ceaſing, without ever being diverted from it, by any thing inward or outward? Are you never hindered by any perſon or thing? By the power or ſubtlety of Satan, or by the weakneſs or diſorders of the body, preſſing down the ſoul? Can you be thankful for every thing without exception? And do you feel all working together for good? Do you do nothing, great or ſmall, merely to pleaſe yourſelf? Do you feel no touch of any deſire or affection, but what ſprings from the pure love of God? Do you ſpeak no words but from a principle of love, and under the guidance of his Spirit? O how I long to find you unblameable in all things, and holy as he that hath called you is holy!

I am, yours, &c.

J. W.

LETTER CCXII.

[From the Rev. Mr. J. Fletcher, to the Rev. Mr. Weſley.]

Madely, June 6, 1781.

Rev. and dear Sir,

I Rejoice to hear that your ſpiritual bow abides in ſtrength. I would have wiſhed you joy about it ſince my arrival, if I knew where a letter could overtake you. I heartily thank you about the directions you give me to hinder my bow, ſo far ſplit,

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ſplit, from breaking quite. Now I muſt imitate your prudence, or the opportunity of doing it will ſoon be loſt for good.

I would do ſomething in the Lord's vineyard, but I have not ſtrength. I can hardly, without over-doing myſelf, viſit the ſick of my Pariſh: I was better when I left Switzerland, than I am now; I had a great pull back in venturing to preach in the fields, in the Cevennes, to about two thouſand French Proteſtants. I rode thirty miles to that place from Montpellier, on horſeback, but was obliged to be brought back in a carriage. And now that I am here I can neither ſerve my Church, nor get it properly ſerved. Mr. G—s owns, the place is not fit for him, nor he for it. He will go when I can get ſome body to help me: could you ſpare me brother B——? It would be a charity. Unleſs I can get a Curate zealous enough to ſtir among the people, I will give up the place: it would be little comfort to me to ſtay here to ſee the dead bury the dead. I thank God however, for reſignation to his will. As ſoon as I ſhall diſcern it clearly, I ſhall follow it, for I truſt I have learned in what ſtate ſoever I am, therewith to be content. What a bleſſing is Chriſt to the ſoul, and health to the body! When you go to, or come from the Conference, be ſo good as to remember that you have now a pilgrim's houſe in the way from Shrewſbury to Broſeley; and do not go and climb our hills without baiting. At our firſt interview, I ſhall aſk your thoughts about a French Work or two I have upon the anvil; but which I fear I ſhall not have time to finiſh. Be that as it will, God needs not the hand of Uzzah nor my finger, to keep up his ark. I read with pleaſure and edification, your Arminian Magazine. Your ſtorehouſe is inexhauſtible. The Lord ſtrengthen you to *Neſtor's* years, or rather, to the uſeful length of St. *John's* life. It is worth living to ſerve the Church, and to teach Chriſtians to love one another. I am, Rev. and dear Sir,

Your affectionate, though unprofitable Servant,

JOHN FLETCHER.

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LETTER

LETTER CCXIII.

[From the same.]

Madeley, June 24, 1781.

Rev. and dear Sir,

AS to Miss *L*——, I believe her to be a simple, holy follower of the Lord. Nothing throws *unscriptural* Mysticism down like holding out the promise of the Father, and the fulness of the Spirit, to be received *now, by faith* in the two Promisers, the *Father* and the *Son*. Ah! what is the *penal fire* of the Mystics, to the *burning love* of the *Spirit*, revealing the glorious power of the *Father* and the *Son*, according to John xiv. 26, and filling us with all the fulness of God? Plain Scripture is better than all Mystic refinements.

When I was at N——, near Geneva, three Ministers received the Word, and preached the Truth. When persecution arose because of the Word, the two Pastors were afraid; but the Curate of the first Pastor, a Burgess of the town, stood by me. This Timothy opened his house, when the Pastors shut both their pulpits and houses; and I heard him preach a Discourse before I came away, worthy of *you*, Sir, upon the heights and depths of holiness. He wrote an apology for me, which he sent to the head of the persecuting Clergy, and so stopped the torrent of wrath. He made observations upon the mischief done to Christianity by a bad Clergy, such as George Fox, and you, Sir, would not disown. When I told him of you and the Methodists, he express a great desire to come to England, to hear you, to see the English brethren, and to learn English, that he might read your Works, and perhaps translate some of them. He can have no Living in his own country, because we will not *swear to prosecute all who propagate Arminian Tenets*: which is more honest than the Clergy, many of whom are Arians, Socinians or Deists, and do not scruple to take the Calvinian Oaths! I shall endeavour to wait upon you at Leeds at the time of the Conference: in the mean time, I am, Rev. and dear Sir, your obedient Servant, and affectionate Son in the Gospel, JOHN FLETCHER.

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POETRY.

On CHURCH-COMMUNION.

PART II.

[By Dr. Byrom.]

IF once eſtabliſhéd the eſſential part,
The inward Church, the Temple of the Heart,
Or houſe of God, the ſubſtance, and the ſum
Of what is prayéd for in—*thy kingdom come*;
To make an outward correſpondence true,
We muſt recur to Chriſt's example too.

Now in his outward life we plainly find,
Goodneſs demonſtrated of every kind;
What he was born for, that he ſhowéd throughout,
It was the buſineſs that he went about:
Love, kindneſs, and compaſſion, to diſplay
Towards every object coming in his way.

But Love ſo high, Humility ſo low,
And all the Virtues which his actions ſhow;
His doing good, and his enduring ill,
For Man's ſalvation, and God's holy will:
Exceed all terms—his inward, outward plan,
Was Love to God; expreſſéd by Love to Man.

Mark of the Church which he eſtabliſhéd then,
Is the ſame Love, ſame proof of it to Men;
Without let Sects parade it how they liſt,
Nor Church nor unity can ne'er ſubſiſt:
The name may be uſurpéd, but want of powér,
Will ſhew the Babel, high or low the Towér.

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And

And where the ſame behaviour ſhall appear,
In outward form, that was in Chriſt ſo clear;
There is the very outward Church that he
Willéd all mankind to ſhew, and all to ſee;
Of which whoever ſhews it from the heart,
Is both an inward and an outward part.

What Excommunication can deprive
A pious ſoul that is in Chriſt alive,
Of Church-Communion? or cut off a limb,
That life and action both unite to him?
For any circumſtance of place or time,
Or mode or cuſtom, which infers no crime?

If he be that which his beloved *John*
Calls him,—*The Light, enlightening every one*
That comes into the world—will he exclude
One from his Church, whoſe mind he has renewéd,
To ſuch degree, as to exert, in fact,
Like inward Temper, and like outward Act?

Inviſible, and viſible effect
Of true Church Membership, in each reſpect,
Let the one Shepherd from above behold,
The Flocks, howe'er diſperſéd, are his one Fold:
Seen by their hearts, and their behaviour too,
They all ſtand preſent in his gracious view.

From the OLNEY COLLECTION.

The Gourd. Jonah chap. iv. 7.

AS once for Jonah, ſo the Lord,
To ſooth and cheer my mournful hours,
Preparéd for me a pleaſing gourd,
Cool was its ſhade, and ſweet its flowérs.

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To prize his gift was ſurely right;
But through the folly of my heart,
It hid the Giver from my ſight,
And ſoon my joy was changéd to ſmart.

While I admiréd its beautéous form,
Its pleaſant ſhade and grateful fruit;
The Lord, diſpleaſéd, ſent forth a worm,
Unſeen, to prey upon the root.

I trembléd when I ſaw it fade,
But guilt reſtrainéd the murm'ring word;
My folly I confeſſéd, and prayéd,
Forgive my ſin, and ſpare my gourd.

His wondrous love can ne'er be told,
He heard me and relievéd my pain;
His word the threaténing worm controlléd,
And bid my gourd revive again.

Now, Lord, my gourd is mine no more,
'Tis thine, who only couldéſt it raiſe;
The idol of my heart before,
Henceforth ſhall flouriſh to thy praiſe.

THE WISH.

[By Mrs. B———, of Limerick.]

TO me ſhould God indulgent grant,
My Wiſh, and fill up evéry want:
Speak as to Solomon from heavén,
Aſk what thou wilt, it ſhall be givén.

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Nor gilded roofs, nor regal ſtate,
Nor all that ſplendid is, or great,
Or gay, or fameḋ, my ſoul deſires;
For higher ſtill my Wiſh aſpires.

Too mean are all earth-born delights;
Pure, heavénly joy my ſoul invites;
And aſks, though priſonéd in this clod,
A nearer union with my God.

That evéry moment I might feel
His love, and know I do his will;
Might feel no ſlackneſs on my part,
But praiſe flow conſtant from my heart.

I aſk no portion here below,
Content with what my God beſtow;
But ſhould I aſk, I favéd would be,
From riches, and from poverty.

Few, and ſelect my friends ſhould be,
Dear to my Jeſus and to me;
Who's holy converſe ſtill ſhould prove,
A furthérance to my faith and love.

But joinéd in holy friendſhip one,
I like my Lord, would have my John;
My choſen Friend, my other part,
And next to Jeſus in my heart.

Who's watchful and impartial love,
Should mark my failings, and reprove;
Should all my griefs and comforts ſhare,
One heart, one mind, and one in prayér.

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His love unchangeable and free,
Faithful and true to God and me;
A friend in every ſtate the ſame,
And worthy of that ſacred Name.

Thus happy in my God and Friend,
I'd wait till life's ſhort journey end;
Then with my friends above appear,
And have my Wiſh compleated there.

ON THE DEATH OF A MUCH-LOVED WIFE.

[By the Rev. Mr. G.]

DISTRACTING ſcene! Oh fatal ſtroke!
All human ſkill is now too late;
The cords of life at length are broke,
And Nature muſt ſubmit to Fate!

No longer now my Lucia needs
Our friendly aid; the conflict's o'er:
A tranſient calm the ſtorm ſucceeds,
And now alas! ſhe breathes no more.

Yet ſmiles atteſt a ſoul ſerene;
Her mortal frailties are forgiven:
Let Hope illume the tragic ſcene,
Her pardon now is ſealed in heaven.

But ah! to what far diſtant coaſt,
Is flown the ſpirit of my dear?
In what wild region art thou loſt?
Oh gentle ſpirit, tell me where!

Whether

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Whether beyond the radiant pole,
Unnumbered leagues, on wings conveyed,
Where comets blaze, or planets roll,
Through azure depths of ſpace art ſtrayed?

No; rather 'midſt the angelic throngs,
To thy bleſt ſoul a place is given;
Where ſeraphs chant immortal ſongs,
With cherubs, round the throne of heaven.

Perhaps with ſympathetic care,
Inviſible to mortal eyes,
Thou hoverèſt in the fields of air,
A witneſs to our tears and ſighs.

There pleaſed, thy ſweet maternal love,
Our youthful offſpring ſtill ſurveys;
Sent by the indulgent powers above,
The guardian of their thoughtleſs days.

Oh let me burſt this clay-built ſhrine!
That veils my Lucia from my ſight;
Unite my raviſhed ſoul with thine,
In realms of empyreal light!

There, undiſturbed by grief or pain,
Let hymns of praiſe our hearts employ,
Till each loved friend we meet again,
And endleſs bliſs in heaven enjoy!

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SHORT HYMNS.

Rom. xv. 2. *Let every one of us pleaſe his neighbour, for his good to edification.*

EVERY gift on me beſtowed,
Let me, Lord, to all impart;
Studious of my neighbour's good,
Serve him with a willing heart;
Serve with complaiſance divine,
Serve, till both are wholly thine.

---

2 Tim. iv. 18. *The Lord ſhall deliver me from every evil work, and will preſerve me unto his heavenly kingdom.*

THAT ſtedfaſt faith divine,
Jeſus on me beſtow,
To' aſſure this trembling heart of mine,
Thou wilt not let me go;
In every time of need,
Thou wilt my ſoul defend,
And ſave from every evil deed,
Till all my conflicts end.

With me, moſt gracious Lord,
In my temptation ſtay,
And by thy comfortable word
Preſerve unto that day,
When thou, our King, ſhalt come,
With all thine angels down,
And take thy ſuffering ſervants home,
And with thy glory crown.

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THE Arminian Magazine, For FEBRUARY 1782.

Of ELECTION: tranſlated from SEBASTIAN CASTELLIO's *Dialogues, between* Lewis *and* Frederic.

DIALOGUE II.

[*Continued from page 7.*]

Fred. GOD proceeds. *Therefore ſpeak to the men of Judah, and to the inhabitants of Jeruſalem, ſaying, Thus ſaith the Lord, Behold I frame evil againſt you, and deviſe a device againſt you. Return ye now every one from his evil way, and make your ways and your doings good.* You ſee here that *goodneſs of God* which St. Paul ſpeaks of *leading* them *to repentance.* But you likewiſe ſee their *hardneſs and impenitent heart.* They ſaid, Nay, *but we will walk after our own devices: and we will every one do the imagination of his evil heart.* Do not you ſee whence the wrath of God ariſes? And can you believe that God, who ſo kindly calls them to repentance, and

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who is so angry at their sins, created them to sin? Can you think God such a potter, as to be angry at his vessels for being such as he himself willed them to be?

Lewis. As to this I am satisfied. But there is another text which I wish you would explain. *Whom he foreknew, them he predestinated to be conformed to the image of his Son. Moreover whom he did predestinate, them he also called; and whom he called, them he also justified; and whom he justified, them he also glorified.* Now this seems to contradict what you said, That some are predestinated and called, and yet do not attain salvation. *Fred.* Those who are elected of God, will never perish through him: but they may themselves make his counsel void, as it has a condition annext, namely, to renounce themselves, and abide in him to the end. *Lewis.* Does our salvation then depend upon our perseverance? *Fred.* It depends upon all the gifts of God, which are partly without us, partly within us. The mercy of God, his predestinating, electing, calling us, these are without us. In these gifts he commands us nothing, and requires nothing of us, but bestows them upon us without any condition. In us, are Faith, Courage, Knowledge, Temperance, Patience, Goodness, brotherly Love, Charity. These, if we persevere, we receive from the free mercy of God, and without them we cannot be saved.

Lewis. But I have one difficulty remaining. The Scripture says, *There is no respect of persons with God.* But it seems there is respect of persons with him, if gratuitous Election be allowed: for when he chose Abraham, and then the Israelites out of the nations, without any regard to their merit, was not this respect of persons? *Fred.* Consider, there are two sorts of respect of persons, one of which is evil, the other not. The latter sort is, when one gives of his own, and that freely, as much as he will, to whom he pleases. So the King (Matt. xxii.) invited whom he pleased to the marriage. So their master gave to one servant, five talents, to another, two, to another, one. Thus God freely chose Abraham and

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and the Iſraelites, nor has any one reaſon to complain. So variouſly he diſtributes his goods to various nations. He has placed ſome in a fruitful and happy ſoil, as *Italy* and *France*; ſome in a barren ſoil, expoſed to perpetual ſtorms, as *Switzerland*. The ſame we may obſerve in man. Some are endued with a ſound Judgment, or a retentive Memory; others are wanting in both. Yet none has cauſe to complain, ſeeing God does not owe any thing to any man. He that has the leaſt, is a debtor for all that he has.

The other ſort of reſpect of perſons is evil. As if one values a rich man for his riches, more than a poor man; or if a Judge condemns a widow or an orphan, becauſe they have none to help them. This reſpect of perſons God is not capable of. So St. Paul; *There is no reſpect of perſons with God. For they who have ſinned without the law, ſhall be judged without the law. And they that have ſinned under the law, ſhall be judged by the law.* And here you ſee Predeſtination falls to the ground. For if God created any man to damnation, he hated and condemned him before he ſinned; and therefore had reſpect of perſons, in condemning an innocent man.

But we may obſerve, whereas before the coming of Chriſt, God called the Iſraelites alone his people, this difference is taken away by his coming, who hath broken down the middle-wall, and made both one, ſo that *in Chriſt there is neither Jew nor Gentile, but only a new creature.* Therefore, although Chriſt at firſt obſerved that diſtinction, (for he forbade his diſciples to *go to the Gentiles*, and ſaid of himſelf, *I am not ſent but unto the loſt ſheep of the houſe of Iſrael*; whence it is plain, that the Iſraelites were then the Elect, and the only elect people,) yet after *the veil was rent in twain* at his reſurrection, he took that diſtinction away; commanding his diſciples to *go and preach the goſpel to all nations.* And even before the diſtinction was taken away, he did not ſo reject other nations, but that any of them might be received into the common

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wealth of Iſrael, provided they were circumciſed. But if before the coming of Chriſt, a Gentile, and one not elected (for the Gentiles were not elected before Chriſt) might yet become elected, by being adopted into the houſe of Abraham: how much more now the diſtinction is taken away, may any none-elect perſon be elected?

Lewis. But what will become of thoſe ancient nations, to whom the Law was not given? Or thoſe to whom the Goſpel is not preached? *Fred.* The Goſpel either has been, or will be preached to all nations. For ſo our Lord has told us expreſsly. *Lewis.* But in the mean time, many die without hearing it, who ſeem to periſh thereby. For if they had heard it, they would have amended their lives. *Fred.* They who have ſinned without law, ſhall be condemned without law. *Lewis.* But how can they ſin without law! Since *where there is no law, there is no tranſgreſſion?* *Fred.* They had the law of nature, which forbids to kill, lie, deceive: if they ſinned againſt this, they will be judged by it. *Lewis.* But Chriſt ſays, *If I had not come, they had not had ſin.* And, *This is the condemnation, that when light is come into the world, men love darkneſs rather than light.* *Fred.* They will not be puniſhed for rejecting Chriſt, to whom he was not offered; but they will be puniſhed for rejecting the light, (whatever it be called) which was offered them. For to whom little was given, of him little ſhall be required.

Lewis. I have one difficulty more. In our converſation you have frequently mentioned the Free-will of man. The diſputes concerning this are many. I wiſh you could clear up the point. Pray come and dine with me to-morrow, and we will talk about it. *Fred.* I will come, provided you will give me a Pheaſant. *Lewis.* I gladly would; but I know not where to get one. *Fred.* But you can give me a Pullet. *Lewis.* Yes, two if you pleaſe. *Fred.* My dear Lewis, there is no need of my coming to you, to diſpute about Free-will. For you yourſelf have in few words cleared the whole argument.

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ment. *Lewis.* I? Indeed I did not ſo much as think of it. *Fred.* So much the greater is the force of truth, that you have explained it, without thinking of it. You deſired, that I would come to you to-morrow. *Lewis.* I did. *Fred.* Do you think it is in my power, to accept of your invitation? *Lewis.* Certainly, or I would not have invited you. *Fred.* If ſo, I have a Free-will. And nothing but your invitation excited in me the will of going to you. And did not *you* ſay, you would give me a Pheaſant if you could? *Lewis.* Yes. *Fred.* Then you have a Free-will too: you had a will to give it me, when I aſked you, whereas you had no will to do it before. But ſtill you have not the power; whereas with regard to the pullets, you have the will and power too. Thus you ſee we have a Free-will in all things, but power in ſome only, Lewis. You have decided the point in few words. However, come to-morrow, for I have many objections. *Fred.* I will come if it pleaſe God. And let us beſeech him, who has all power, that our converſation may be for our good and his glory!

[*The End of the Second Dialogue.*]

SERMON VII.

FREE THOUGHTS ON THE BRUTE CREATION:

A Sermon on Romans viii. 19, 20, 21, 22.

[*Concluded from page* 14.]

3. SETTING theſe few[a] aſide, how little ſhadow of good, of gratitude, of benevolence, of any right temper is now to be found in any part of the brute creation? On the contrary, what ſavage fierceneſs, what unrelenting cruelty, are invariably obſerved in thouſands of creatures, yea, is inſepa-

[a] The few domeſtic and friendly Animals. See page 14, of the preceding Number.

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rable from their natures? Is it only the Lion, the Tyger, the Wolf, among the inhabitants of the foreſts and plains; the Shark and a few more voracious monſters among the inhabitants of the waters; or the Eagle among birds, that tears the fleſh, ſucks the blood, and cruſhes the bones of their helpleſs fellow-creatures? Nay, the harmleſs Fly, the laborious Ant, the painted Butterfly, are treated in the ſame mercileſs manner, even by the innocent Songſters of the grove! The innumerable tribes of poor inſects are continually devoured by them. And whereas there is but a ſmall number, comparatively, of beaſts of prey on the earth, it is quite otherwiſe in the liquid element: there are but few inhabitants of the waters, whether of the ſea, or of the rivers, which do not devour whatſoever they can maſter. Yea, they exceed herein all the beaſts of the foreſt, and all the birds of prey. For none of theſe have been ever obſerved to prey upon their own ſpecies,

Sævis inter ſe convenit urſis.

Evèn ſavage-bears will not each other tear.

But the water-ſavages ſwallow up all, even of their own kind, that are ſmaller and weaker than themſelves: yea, ſuch at preſent is the miſerable conſtitution of the world, to ſuch *vanity* is it now *ſubjected*, that an immenſe majority of creatures, perhaps a million to one, can no otherwiſe preſerve their own lives than by deſtroying their fellow-creatures.

4. And is not the very form, the outward appearance of many of the creatures, as horried as their diſpoſitions? Where is the beauty which was ſtamped upon them, when they came firſt out of the hands of their Creator? There is not the leaſt trace of it left: ſo far from it, that they are ſhocking to behold! Nay, they are not only terrible and grieſly to look upon, but deformed, and that to a high degree. Yet their features,

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features, ugly as they are at beſt, are frequently made more deformed than uſual, when they are diſtorted by pain, which they cannot avoid, any more than the wretched ſons of men. Pain of various kinds, weakneſs, ſickneſs, diſeaſes innumerable, come upon them, perhaps from within, perhaps from one another, perhaps from the inclemency of ſeaſons, from fire, hail, ſnow, or ſtorm, or from a thouſand cauſes which they cannot foreſee or prevent.

5. Thus, *as by one man ſin entered into the world, and death by ſin; even ſo death paſſed upon all men.* And not on man only, but on thoſe creatures alſo, that *did not ſin after the ſimilitude of Adam's tranſgreſſion.* And not death alone came upon them, but all its train of preparatory evils: pain, and ten thouſand ſufferings. Nor theſe only, but likewiſe all thoſe irregular paſſions, all thoſe unlovely tempers, (which in men are ſins, and even in the brutes, are ſources of miſery) *paſſed upon all* the inhabitants of the earth, and remain in all, except the children of God.

6. During this ſeaſon of *vanity*, not only the feebler creatures are continually deſtroyed by the ſtronger; not only the ſtrong are frequently deſtroyed by thoſe that are of equal ſtrength: but both the one and the other are expoſed to the violence and cruelty of him that is now their common enemy, Man. And if his ſwiftneſs or ſtrength is not equal to theirs, yet his art more than ſupplies that defect. By this he eludes all their force, how great ſo ever it be: by this he defeats all their ſwiftneſs, and notwithſtanding their various ſhifts and contrivances, diſcovers all their retreats. He purſues them over the wildeſt plains, and through the thickeſt foreſts. He overtakes them in the fields of air, he finds them out in the depths of the ſea. Nor are the mild and friendly creatures, who ſtill own his ſway, and are duteous to his commands, ſecured thereby from more than brutal violence, from outrage and abuſe of various kinds? Is the generous horſe, that ſerves his maſter's neceſſity or pleaſure, with unwearied diligence:

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gence: is the faithful dog, that waits the motion of his hand, or his eye, exempt from this? What returns for their long and faithful ſervice, do many of theſe poor creatures find? And what a dreadful difference is there, between what they ſuffer from their fellow-brutes, and what they ſuffer from the tyrant, Man? The Lion, the Tyger, or the Shark, gives them pain from mere neceſſity, in order to prolong their own life; and put them out of their pain at once. But the human ſhark, without any ſuch neceſſity, torments them of his free choice: and perhaps continues their lingering pain, till after months or years, death ſigns their releaſe.

III. 1. But will *the creature*, will even the brute creation always remain in this deplorable condition? God forbid that we ſhould affirm this, yea, or even entertain ſuch a thought! While *the whole creation groaneth together*, (whether men attend or not,) their groans are not diſperſed in idle air, but enter into the ears of him that made them. While his creatures *travail together in pain*, he knoweth all their pain, and is bringing them nearer and nearer to the birth, which ſhall be accompliſhed in its ſeaſon. He ſeeth *the earneſt expectation* wherewith the whole animated creation *waiteth for* that final *manifeſtation of the ſons of God:* in which *they themſelves alſo ſhall be delivered*, (not by annihilation: annihilation is not deliverance,) *from the* preſent *bondage of corruption, into* a meaſure of *the glorious liberty of the children of God.*

2. Nothing can be more expreſs. Away with vulgar prejudices, and let the plain word of God take place. They *ſhall be delivered from the bondage of corruption, into glorious liberty:* even a meaſure, according as they are capable of *the liberty of the children of God.*

A general view of this is given us in the twenty-firſt chapter of *the Revelation.* When he that *ſitteth on the great white throne* hath pronounced, *Behold I make all things new:* when the word is fulfilled, *The tabernacle of God is with men, and they ſhall be his people; and God himſelf ſhall be with them and be*

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be their God: then the following bleſſing ſhall take place, (not only on the children of men; there is no ſuch reſtriction in the text; but) on every creature according to its capacity. *God ſhall wipe away all tears from their eyes. And there ſhall be no more death, neither ſorrow nor crying. Neither ſhall there be any more pain: for the former things are paſſed away.*

3. To deſcend to a few particulars. The whole brute creation will then undoubtedly be reſtored, not only to the vigour, ſtrength, and ſwiftneſs, which they had at their creation, but to a far higher degree of each than they ever enjoyed. They will be reſtored, not only to that meaſure of underſtanding which they had in paradiſe, but to a degree of it, as much higher than that, as the underſtanding of an Elephant is beyond that of a Worm. And whatever affections they had in the garden of God, will be reſtored with vaſt increaſe, being exalted and refined in a manner, which we ourſelves are not now able to comprehend. The liberty they then had will be compleatly reſtored, and they will be free in all their motions. They will be delivered from all irregular appetites, from all unruly paſſions, from every diſpoſition that is either evil in itſelf, or has any tendency to evil. No rage will be found in any creature, no fierceneſs, no cruelty, or thirſt for blood. So far from it, that *the wolf ſhall dwell with the lamb, the leopard ſhall lie down with the kid; the calf and the young lion together, and a little child ſhall lead them. The cow and the bear ſhall feed together, and the lion ſhall eat ſtraw like the ox. They ſhall not hurt nor deſtroy in all my holy mountain,* Iſaiah xi. 6, &c.

4. Thus in that day all the *vanity* to which they are now helpleſsly *ſubject*, will be aboliſhed: they will ſuffer no more, either from within or without: the days of their groaning are ended: at the ſame time there can be no reaſonable doubt, but all the horridneſs of their appearance, and all the deformity of their aſpect will vaniſh away, and be exchanged for their primeval beauty. And with their beauty, their hap-

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pineſs will return, to which there can now be no obſtruction. As there will be nothing within, ſo there will be nothing without, to give them any uneaſineſs: no heat or cold, no ſtorm or tempeſt, but one perennial ſpring. In the new earth, as well as in the new heavens, there will be nothing to give pain, but every thing that the wiſdom and goodneſs of God can create to give happineſs. As a recompenſe for what they once ſuffered, while under the *bondage of corruption*, when God has *renewed the face of the earth*, and their corruptible body has put on incorruption, they ſhall enjoy happineſs, ſuited to their ſtate, without alloy, without interruption, and without end.

5. But though I doubt not, that the Father of all has a tender regard for even his loweſt creatures, and that in conſequence of this, he will make them large amends for all they ſuffer while under their preſent bondage, yet I dare not affirm, that he has an *equal regard* for them and for the children of men. I do not believe, that

> "He ſees *with equal eyes*, as Lord of All,
> A Hero periſh, or a Sparrow fall!"

By no means. This is exceeding pretty; but it is abſolutely falſe. For though

> "Mercy, with truth and endleſs grace,
> O'er all his works doth reign,
> Yet chiefly he delights to bleſs
> His favourite creature, Man."

God regards his meaneſt creatures much; but he regards man much more. He does not *equally regard* a Hero and a Sparrow, the beſt of men and the loweſt of brutes. "How *much more* does your heavenly Father care for you?" ſays he who is *in the boſom of the Father*. Thoſe who thus ſtrain the point are clearly confuted by his queſtion, "Are not ye *much better*

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better than they?" Let it ſuffice, that God regards every thing that he hath made, in its own order, and in proportion to that meaſure of his own image, which he has ſtamped upon it.

6. May I be permitted to mention here a conjecture, concerning the brute creation? What if it ſhould then pleaſe the All-wiſe, the All-gracious Creator, to raiſe them higher in the ſcale of beings? What if it ſhould pleaſe him, when he makes us *equal to Angels*, to make them what we are now? Creatures capable of God? Capable of knowing, and loving, and enjoying the Author of their being? If it ſhould be ſo, ought our eye to be evil, becauſe he is good? However this be, he will certainly do what will be moſt for his own glory.

7. If it be objected to all this, (as very probably it will.) "But of what uſe will thoſe creatures be, in that future ſtate?" I anſwer this by another queſtion, What uſe are they of now? If there be, (as has commonly been ſuppoſed) eight thouſand ſpecies of inſects, who is able to inform us, of what uſe ſeven thouſand of them are? If there are four thouſand ſpecies of fiſhes, who can tell us, of what uſe are more than three thouſand of them? If there are ſix hundred ſorts of birds, who can tell of what uſe five hundred of thoſe ſpecies are? If there be four hundred ſorts of beaſts, to what uſe do three hundred of them ſerve? Conſider this; conſider how little we know of even the preſent deſigns of God: and then you will not wonder, that we know ſtill leſs, of what he deſigns to do in the new heavens and the new earth.

8. "But what end does it anſwer, to dwell upon this ſubject which we ſo imperfectly underſtand?" To conſider ſo much as we do underſtand, ſo much as God as been pleaſed to reveal to us, may anſwer that excellent end, to illuſtrate that mercy of God, which *is over all his works*. And it may exceedingly confirm our belief, that much more he is *loving to every man*. For how well may we urge our Lord's word, *Are not ye much better than they?* If then the Lord takes ſuch care of the fowls of the air, and of the beaſts of the field, ſhall he not

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much more take care of *you*, creatures of a nobler order? If *the Lord will ſave*, (as the inſpired writer affirms) *both man and beaſt*, in their ſeveral degrees, ſurely *the children of men* may *put their truſt under the ſhadow of his wings!*

9. May it not anſwer another end, namely, furniſh us with a full anſwer to a plauſible objection againſt the juſtice of God, in ſuffering numberleſs creatures, that never had ſinned, to be ſo ſeverely puniſhed? They could not ſin, for they were not moral agents. Yet how ſeverely do they ſuffer? Yea, many of them, beaſts of burden in particular, almoſt the whole time of their abode on earth. So that they can have no retribution here below. But the objection vaniſhes away, if we conſider, that ſomething better remains after death, for theſe poor creatures alſo! That theſe likewiſe ſhall one day be delivered from this bondage of corruption, and ſhall then receive an ample amends for all their preſent ſufferings.

10. One more excellent end may undoubtedly be anſwered by the preceding conſiderations. They may encourage us to imitate him, whoſe mercy is over all his works. They may ſoften our hearts towards the meaner creatures, knowing that the Lord careth for them. It may enlarge our hearts towards thoſe poor creatures to reflect, that as vile as they appear in our eyes, not one of them is forgotten in the ſight of our Father which is in heaven. Through all the vanity to which they are now ſubjected, let us look to what God hath prepared for them. Yea, let us habituate ourſelves to look forward, beyond this preſent ſcene of bondage, to the happy time when they will be delivered therefrom, into the liberty of the children of God.

11. From what has been ſaid I cannot but draw one inference, which no man of reaſon can deny. If it is this which diſtinguiſhes men from beaſts, That they are creatures capable of God; capable of knowing, and loving, and enjoying him: then whoever is *without God in the world*; whoever does not know, or love, or enjoy God, and is not careful about

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about the matter, does in effect disclaim the nature of man, and degrade himself into a beast. Let such vouchsafe a little attention to those remarkable words of Solomon: *I said in my heart concerning the estate of the sons of men,—they might see, that they themselves are beasts.*[a] *These* sons of men are undoubtedly beasts; and that by their own act and deed. For they deliberately and wilfully disclaim the sole characteristic of Human Nature. It is true they may have a share of Reason: they have speech, and they walk erect. But they have not the mark, the only mark, which totally separates man from the brute creation. *That which befalleth beasts, the same thing befalleth them.* They are equally without God in the world, *so that a man* (of this kind) *hath no pre-eminence above a beast.*

12. So much more, let all those who are of a nobler turn of mind, assert the distinguishing dignity of their nature! Let all who are of a more generous spirit, know and maintain their rank in the scale of beings. Rest not, till you enjoy the Privilege of Humanity, the Knowledge and Love of God. Lift up your heads, ye creatures capable of God. Lift up your hearts to the source of your being!

> "Know God, and teach your souls to know
> The joys that from Religion flow."

Give your hearts to him, who, together with ten thousand blessings, has *given* you *his Son, his only Son!* Let your continual *fellowship* be *with the Father, and with his Son, Jesus Christ!* Let God be in all your thoughts, and ye will be men indeed: let him be your God and your All! The desire of your eyes, the joy of your heart, and your portion for ever!

November 30, 1781.

[a] Eccles. iii. 18.

A short

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A ſhort ACCOUNT *of Mr.* GEORGE STORY,

[*Continued from page* 20.]

WHEN I was twenty years old, I was glad of the opportunity of ſeeing *London*. I went up full of the moſt ſanguine expectation of finding the happineſs I was in ſearch of, and therefore loſt no time in ſeeing and hearing every thing new and curious that I could gain acceſs to. But new things quickly grew old, and the repeated ſight of them ſoon proved diſguſtful. No happineſs followed, but an unaccountable anguiſh of ſpirit, whenever I attended to the ſenſations of my own mind. Then I would gladly have travelled into any part of *Europe* or *America*, hoping a continual change of ſcenes would ſatisfy me. But it was war time, and I could not embark for *Holland* without a paſsport from the Secretary of State, which I did not know how to procure.

At length I reſolved to try if Religion would afford me any relief. I went to ſeveral places of worſhip, but even this was in vain: there was ſomething dull and diſagreeable, wherever I turned my eyes, and I knew not that the malady was in myſelf. At length I found Mr. *Whitfield's* chapel in *Tottenham-Court-Road:* and was agreeably entertained with his manner of preaching: his diſcourſes were ſo engaging, that when I retired to my lodgings, I wrote down the ſubſtance of them in my journal, and frequently read them over with pleaſure: but ſtill nothing reached my caſe, nor had I any light into the ſtate of my ſoul. Mean time on the week nights I went to the Theatres; nor could I diſcern any difference between Mr. *Whitfield's* preaching and ſeeing a good tragedy.

Being now weary of every thing, and every place being equal to me, (for I carried about with me a mind that was never

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never at reſt,) I embraced the invitation of my friends, and returned into the country. I was kindly received and ſolicited to enter into buſineſs for myſelf. But reflecting that I was young and unexperienced, I declined the offer, and engaged with a perſon to manage his Printing-Office. I was now in an agreeable ſituation. I wanted for nothing. I had more money than I knew what to do with. Yet notwithſtanding I was as wretched as I could live, without knowing either the cauſe of this miſery, or any way to eſcape.

I had now for ſome years attempted to regulate my conduct according to Reaſon; but alas! I ſtood condemned, in a thouſand inſtances, even at the bar of that partial Judge. From my infancy I was exceeding paſſionate; and this evil grew upon me, and cauſed bitter reflections on various occaſions. I knew that Anger was a paroxyſm of Madneſs, that it was contrary to Reaſon in every reſpect; I therefore guarded againſt it with all my might. Sometimes I conquered; and thoſe tranſient victories greatly pleaſed me; but if an unexpected temptation ſuddenly occurred, all my reſolutions were but as a thread of flax before the fire: and my behaviour was more like that of an enraged wild beaſt, than of a rational creature. Sometimes, when among facetious company, I endeavoured to catch their ſpirit. But in the midſt of levity I had a dread upon me. Experience taught me, that their laughter was madneſs. As ſoon as I returned to ſober thoughts, I found my feigned mirth left a melancholy upon my mind. And this was ſucceeded either by ſtorms of paſſion, or an averſion even to life. During this dark night of apoſtaſy, I loſt all remembrance of God's former goodneſs. I wandered to different places of religious worſhip, but found ſufficient matter every where to be diſguſted; at length I forſook them all, and on Sundays, confined myſelf to my room, or retired to the centre of a neighbouring wood. Here I conſidered, with the cloſeſt attention I was able, the arguments for and againſt Deiſm. I would gladly have given credit

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credit to the Chriſtian Revelation, but could not. My Reaſon leaned to the wrong ſide, and involved me in endleſs perplexities. I likewiſe endeavoured to fortify myſelf with ſtronger arguments and firmer reſolutions againſt my evil tempers; for ſince I could not be a Chriſtian, I wiſhed however to be a good moral Heathen. Internal anguiſh frequently compelled me to ſupplicate the Divine Being for mercy and truth; I ſeldom gave over till my heart was melted, and I felt ſomething of God's preſence. But I retained thoſe gracious impreſſions only for a ſhort time.

Being employed in abridging and printing the Life of *Eugene Arum*, who was hung in chains at *Knareſborough*, for murder, I obſerved that by intenſe application he attained to a prodigious knowledge in the Sciences and Languages. I was ſo engaged with this account, that I determined on the ſame acquiſitions: vainly imagining, that as I had the deſire, ſo I had the capacity to learn every thing. While I was muſing upon theſe matters, and fixing the plan for my future proceedings, the following thoughts faſtened upon my mind, and broke in pieces all my ſchemes. "The wiſdom of this world is fooliſhneſs with God. What did this man's wiſdom profit him? It did not ſave him from being a thief, and a murderer; no, nor from attempting even his own life. True Wiſdom is fooliſhneſs with men. He that will be wiſe, muſt firſt become a fool, that he may be wiſe!" I was like a man awakened out of ſleep. I was aſtoniſhed. I felt myſelf wrong. I was conſcious I had been purſuing a vain ſhadow; and that God only could direct me into the right path. I therefore applied to him with earneſt importunity, intreating him to ſhew me the true way to happineſs; which I was determined to follow, however difficult or dangerous.

Juſt at this time a work of grace broke out in the village where I was born, through the labours of a perſon remarkably zealous for the cauſe of God. My mother, in particular, was deeply convinced of the Truth, which ſhe ſoon experienced,

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rienced, and retained the life and power thereof to her dying day. She was much concerned for me, hoping if I could be brought among religious perſons, I ſhould, likewiſe, ſoon be convinced. She therefore, by an acquaintance, intreated me to converſe with the Methodiſts. I anſwered, "If my Mother deſires it, I will viſit them with all my heart." The firſt time I entered a Methodiſt's houſe, they went to prayer with me and for me, a conſiderable time. I looked upon them as well-meaning, ignorant people, and thought no more about the matter. In a few days they deſired I would come and ſee them again. Conſidering it was my Mother's requeſt, I went, without heſitation. I found four or five perſons in the houſe, with whom I diſputed about Religion for ſome hours, till I had fairly wearied them. They laboured to convince me, that I was a ſinner, and in danger of eternal death, if I did not repent and return to God. Theſe were ſubjects I had no kind of idea of; and as their arguments were only ſupported by Scripture, for which I had very little regard, all they ſaid made not the leaſt impreſſion.

As I was about to withdraw, not a little elevated with my imaginary victory, one of the company deſired to aſk me a few queſtions, the firſt was, "Are you happy?" My countenance inſtantly fell, and I anſwered from the dictates of my conſcience, "No:" ſhe then enquired, if I was not deſirous of finding happineſs? I replied, it had been my purſuit ever ſince I could remember; that I was willing to obtain it on any terms, and that I had ſought for it every way I could think of, but in vain. She then ſhewed me the true way of obtaining the happineſs I wanted, aſſuring me if I ſought the Lord with all my heart I ſhould certainly find in him that peace and pleaſure which the world could not beſtow. Every word ſunk deep into my mind; and from that moment I never loſt my convictions, nor my reſolution to be truly devoted to God.

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I immediately broke off all connection with my companions; threw my uſeleſs books into the fire; and fought the Lord with all my might. I ſoon diſcovered the importance of the Scriptures; that there was no other Revelation of the Divine will to mankind; that I muſt credit the truths contained therein, however oppoſite they appeared to my own vitiated Reaſon. I found my Reaſon had been deceived and corrupted by the ſuggeſtions of an enemy, and that I could truſt it no more, till it was renewed by grace: that my memory was filled with a train of falſe ideas, every moment preſenting themſelves, and leading me from God; and that my underſtanding was totally dark, till divine illumination ſhould viſit me.

Reading Mr. *Hervey's* Dialogues, this light ſhone upon me, and I was much delighted with the diſcovery of the divinity of Chriſt, and the atonement which he made for ſinners. About this time I heard Mr. *Fugill* preach; his diſcourſe was ſuited to one in my ſtate, and the power of my evil reaſonings was ſuſpended while he deſcribed the work of grace in the ſoul; I ſaw the way of Juſtification and full Sanctification ſo clearly, that I could trace the path as if it had been a road delineated in a map.

The next diſcovery I had was the hardneſs of my heart; this called off my attention from every thing elſe: neither fears nor joys, heaven nor hell, made any impreſſion on it: I often thought that Satan himſelf could not poſſibly have a more obdurate heart. I found it was full of Pride, Ambition, Anger, evil Deſire, Unbelief, and every thing that was vile and vain. Being invited to join the Society, I gladly embraced the opportunity, and found much encouragement to ſeek the Lord, notwithſtanding all the wretchedneſs I felt in myſelf.

Attending to the experience of the people, I obſerved that almoſt all of them, during the time of conviction, were exerciſed with horrible fears and terrors; and thence I concluded,

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cluded, it was neceſſary I ſhould have the ſame. For at that time I did not know, that frequently, thoſe diſtracting terrors were from the Enemy, in order to drive the ſoul into deſpair. I therefore uſed every method to bring myſelf under dreadful apprehenſions: hoping this would break my ſtubborn heart: but I could never find that kind of experience. After ſeveral weeks ſtruggling with this obduracy, at laſt I reſigned myſelf to the Lord, when he was pleaſed to regard my diſtreſs; and while *W. Brammah* was at prayer, the ſoftening power of grace deſcended and removed the ſtony heart.

I now found a great change in my mind, but it was not compleat; for I had no conſciouſneſs of the pardon of ſin, which I was convinced was the privilege of the children of God: therefore I could not conclude myſelf juſtified: however, I began to ſeek for that bleſſing with all diligence; many difficulties occured in the way. The old train of pernicious ideas continually preſented themſelves: I could not meditate a moment without ſinking into Deiſm: and I was equally embarraſſed with the doctrine of predeſtination. Indeed their connection ſeemed inſeparable; I could not by any means disjoin one from the other. And I repeatedly found that the moment I ſuffered my mind to embrace either of them, I loſt ſight of God, and plunged into blackneſs of darkneſs. The wretchedneſs I then felt was inſupportable, accompanied with ſuggeſtions to blaſpheme, or to embrace Atheiſm. After many ſore conflicts, the Lord ſhewed me a path by which I might eſcape; and that was by ſtaying my mind upon him, and ceaſing from theſe reaſonings. This I found was a ſafe, though painful path: it equally mortified my proud reaſon, and vain imaginations. While gracious promiſes occurred, and encouraged me to follow on to know the Lord. Now I began to look up for the pardon of ſin; I ſaw that it was purchaſed by Chriſt, and that God gave it freely; that no works or ſufferings of mine, could in the leaſt degree merit this bleſſing; but that it was to be received by Faith.

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But here again I was greatly embarraſſed; the Scriptures univerſally teſtified that I muſt believe or periſh; my friends were continually urging me to believe, and I ſhould be ſaved. Upon cloſe examination I found that I did believe every truth in the Bible; yet this did not bring a ſenſe of Juſtification. And I durſt not think that God was reconciled to me, when I was conſcious of the contrary. But the Lord ſoon brought me out of this dilemma, by ſhewing me, that to forgive was his prerogative; and to believe, was my duty. This believing *for* ſalvation, I found was a diſtinct thing from believing I *was* ſaved; I found it implied, the lifting up of my heart to the Lord, in fervent prayer, looking to him with a ſingle eye and ſteady aim; without evil reaſonings or vain wanderings; cleaving to him with all my ſtrength; caſting my ſoul upon his mercy, and depending upon his promiſes.

While I perſiſted in this, I found I was ſaved from many evils, and the great bleſſing I had in view was often near: ſometimes I could lay hold on it for a moment, and found Peace and Joy; but I had been ſo long habituated to Unbelief, that it often roſe ſpontaneouſly and overturned all my Conſolation. I had therefore to renew my efforts hourly, and to riſe as ſpeedy as poſſible from every fall. In this exerciſe I continued about two months. Many times I loſt my way by too ſcrupulouſly regarding the Experience of others, yet I had never found any thing like Deſpair, unleſs I wilfully reaſoned myſelf into it: nor could I attain to any deep Terrors, which were too much inſiſted on as a neceſſary branch of Conviction. I likewiſe formed wrong ideas of Juſtification: I wanted ſome great work to be wrought upon me, that I might have ſomething very remarkable to boaſt of. And therefore, when the Lord gently drew near, and manifeſted his peace in a ſmall degree, I rejected it with diſpleaſure. I even contended with the Lord, till he ſtrongly impreſſed upon my mind theſe words, "I will bring the blind by a way that they know not; I will lead them in paths that they have

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not known; I will make darkneſs light before them, and crooked things ſtraight: theſe things will I do unto them, and not forſake them." I was now convinced of the neceſſity of receiving, with thankfulneſs, the ſmalleſt tokens of the divine favour; and that I muſt ſuffer, with child-like ſimplicity, the Lord to lead me in his own way. This was ſoon followed by a clear manifeſtation of pardoning mercy, that excluded all doubts, temptations, and fears, accompanied with a joy unſpeakable and full of glory.

I continued praiſing a reconciled God for ſome days. The happineſs I felt carried me above every difficulty. I could diſcern and reject the firſt approach of temptation. I now thought, my mountain was ſo ſtrong, I ſhould never be moved. I did not know that I ſhould meet with war any more. Indeed I expected to go right forward to heaven, in a ſhort time. My mind had been ſo intenſely engaged in ſeeking pardon, that I had quite forgot there was a further work of grace to be wrought in me. But the Lord did not ſuffer me to remain long under that miſtake; he ſoon diſcovered the remains of the carnal mind, and the neceſſity of its removal: I had ſcarce begun earneſtly to ſeek after that bleſſing, before the Tempter returned with double rage. I ſaw an invaluable privilege before me, but the way was difficult; a thouſand arguments were preſented to diſcourage my purſuit.

Once I loſt the peace of God, by attending to a diſcourſe which ſet Juſtification exceeding high, confounding it with full Sanctification. Viewing myſelf in this falſe glaſs, and not finding I had all the marks which the Preacher ſaid belonged to one born of God, I fell into the ſnare of Satan; gave up my ſhield, and ſuffered myſelf to be perſuaded that all I had experienced of the goodneſs of God, was a mere deluſion. For ſome hours I was in as deep diſtreſs as I had ever known. And I ſaw no way to eſcape but by returning to the Lord in Faith; who then diſcovered and broke the ſnare.

I had

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I had ſuffered much by evil reaſonings on many occaſions; but now I was determined to uſe double vigilance againſt them. Yet the Enemy ſuggeſted to me, "Thou mayeſt now take thy time; thou art a Child of God; and if once in Chriſt, always in Chriſt: as for full Sanctification, it will be accompliſhed ſome time or other; perhaps in the article of Death. God has begun the work, and he will finiſh it; therefore take thy eaſe, and enjoy thy preſent comfort." But I ſaw, whether theſe were true or falſe arguments, yet the concluſion was deadly. Therefore I rejected the ſuggeſtions with all my might, and determined to be wholly devoted to God.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

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A ſhort Account of a CHILD.

June 28, 1746.

I Enquired more particularly of Mrs. *Nowers*, concerning her little ſon. She ſaid, "He appeared to have a continual fear of God, and an awful ſenſe of his preſence: that he frequently went to prayers by himſelf, and prayed for his father, and many others by name: that he had an exceeding great tenderneſs of conſcience, being ſenſible of the leaſt ſin, and crying and refuſing to be comforted, when he thought he had in any thing diſpleaſed God: that a few days ſince, he broke out into prayer aloud; and then ſaid, "Mamma, I ſhall go to heaven ſoon, and be with the little angels. And you will go there too, and my pappa; but you will not go ſo ſoon:" that the day before, he went to a little girl in the houſe, and ſaid, "Polly, you and I muſt go to prayers. Do not mind your doll. Kneel down now. I muſt go to prayers; God bids me." When the Holy Ghoſt teaches, is there any delay in learning? This child was then three years old! A year or two after he died in peace.

J. W.

A ſhort

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A ſhort Account of the RECTOR *of Wenſley.*

ON Wedneſday, July 16, 1746, I called upon good, old Mr. *Clayton*. He was exceeding weak, and ſeemed like one that had not got long to continue here. I called again on Monday 21, and found him very ill. He told me, No one elſe ſhould have been admitted: that he had much to ſay to me to tell Mr. *Weſley*, and deſired me to ſend his kind reſpects to him, and wiſhed him proſperity in his pious undertakings. Finding he was not able to talk much, I took my leave, not thinking it would be the laſt time. But when I returned into theſe parts on Saturday laſt, I found he died that morning between two and three. On Monday laſt I went to his burial, and I was unexpectedly made mourner for my good, old friend. I followed his corpſe to the ground, where I ſaw it ſolemnly interred. Many of the pariſhioners dropt tears, he having been a father to the poor. He died very poor, though he had an eſtate of forty pounds a year, and a living of near three hundred, of which he had been Rector three and forty years.

HENRY THORNTON.

Some Account of FRANCIS COXON.

March 30, 1747.

FRANCIS COXON, was at firſt the grand ſupport of the Society at *Biddick*. But after a time he grew weary of well-doing, complaining, "That it took up too much of his time." He then began to ſearch after curious

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rious knowledge, and to converſe with thoſe who were like-minded. The world obſerved it, and courted his company again, "Now he was not ſo preciſe." His ſchool was filled with children. Many flowed in, and he ſaid, "Soul take thy eaſe for many years." He came to *Newcaſtle* with *John Reach* the Saturday after I came; but had no leiſure to call upon me. At night they ſet out homeward. He was walking a little before his companion, about three miles from *Newcaſtle*, in a way he knew as well as his own houſe floor, when *John* heard him fall, and aſked, what is the matter? He anſwered, "God has overtaken me, I am fallen into the Quarry, and have broke my Leg." *John* ran to ſome houſes that were near and having procured help, carried him thither. Thence he was removed to another houſe, and a Surgeon ſent for, who came immediately. He ſoon recovered his ſpirits, and aſked how long it would be, before he could be in his ſchool again? And on Sunday, Monday, and Tueſday was full of the world, nor was God in all his thoughts. On Wedneſday, the Surgeon told him honeſtly, He thought he could not live. Then he awoke out of ſleep. The ſnares of death came about him, the pains of hell overtook him. He continued all Thurſday and Friday in the loweſt pit, in a place of darkneſs and in the deep; warning all to beware of drawing back unto perdition, and calling upon God with ſtrong cries and tears. On Sunday he found a little dawning of hope. This gradually increaſed all the day. On Monday, he knew God had healed his backſliding, and ſorrow and ſighing fled away. He continued all day in fervant prayer, mingled with praiſe and ſtrong thankſgiving. "This night, ſaid he, will be a glorious night to me. My warfare is accompliſhed. My ſin is pardoned." Then he broke out again into vehement prayer. About eight he left off ſpeaking, and ſoon after, without any ſtruggle or groan, gave up his ſoul to God.

J. W.

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An Extract from A SURVEY *of the* WISDOM *of* GOD *in the* CREATION.

Of ELEPHANTS.

THE largeſt land-animal in the world is an *Elephant*, which ſeems rather to belong to the hog-kind than any other. They are found only in the ſouth of *Afric*, and in the *Eaſt-Indies*, and are generally of a dark colour. Their eyes are like thoſe of a Hog. At the corners of their mouth grow two large teeth, ſix or ſeven feet long in the male, but not above one in the female. They feed on graſs, nuts, and other vegetables.

Of all quadrupeds, the Elephant is the ſtrongeſt, as well as the largeſt; and yet in a ſtate of nature, it is neither fierce nor formidable. Mild, peaceful, and brave, it never abuſes its ſtrength, and only uſes it for its own protection. In its native deſarts, the Elephant is a ſocial, friendly creature. The oldeſt of the company conducts the band; that which is next in ſeniority brings up the rear. The young, the weak, and the ſickly, fall into the centre; while the females carry their young. They maintain this order only in dangerous marches, or when they deſire to feed in cultivated ground: they move with leſs precaution in the foreſts, and ſolitudes; but without ever removing far aſunder.

Nothing can be more formidable than a drove of Elephants, as they appear at a diſtance, in an *African* landſcape: wherever they march, the foreſt ſeems to fall before them; in their paſſage they bear down the branches, on which they feed; and if they enter into an incloſure, they deſtroy all the labours of the huſbandman, in a very ſhort time. Their invaſions are the more diſagreeable, becauſe there is no means of repelling

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them; ſince it would require a ſmall army to attack the whole drove when united. It now and then happens, that one or two is found lingering behind the reſt, and it is againſt theſe that the art and force of the hunters are united; but an attempt to moleſt the whole body, would certainly prove fatal. They go forward directly againſt him who offers the inſult, ſlick him with their tuſks, ſeize him with their trunks, fling him into the air, and then trample him to pieces under their feet. But they are thus dreadful, only when they are offended, and do no manner of perſonal injury, when ſuffered to feed without interruption.

The Elephant has very ſmall Eyes, when compared to the enormous bulk of its body. But, though their minuteneſs may at firſt ſight appear deformed, yet, when we come to examine them, they are ſeen to exhibit a variety of expreſſions. It turns them with attention and friendſhip to its maſter; it ſeems to reflect and deliberate; and as its paſſions ſlowly ſucceed each other, their various workings are diſtinctly ſeen. It is remarkable for the excellence of its hearing. Its ears are extremely large. They are uſually dependent; but it can readily raiſe and move them. They ſerve alſo to wipe its eyes, and to protect them againſt the duſt and flies. It appears delighted with muſic, and readily learns to beat time, to move in meaſure, and even to join its voice with the drum and trumpet.

This animal's ſenſe of ſmelling is not only exquiſite, but it is pleaſed with the ſame odours that delight mankind. The Elephant gathers flowers with great pleaſure; it picks them up one by one, unites them in a noſegay, and ſeems charmed with perfume. The orange-flower is particularly grateful, both to its taſte and ſmell; it ſtrips the tree of all its verdure, and eats every part of it, even to the branches themſelves. It ſeeks in the meadows the moſt odoriferous plants to feed upon; and in the woods it prefers the cocoa, the banana, the palm and the ſage tree to all others.

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But it is in the ſenſe of feeling, that this animal excels all others of the brute creation, and perhaps man himſelf. The organ of this ſenſe is wholly in the trunk, which is an inſtrument peculiar to this animal; and that ſerves it for all the purpoſes of a hand. The trunk ends in two openings, or noſtrils, like thoſe of a hog. An Elephant of fourteen feet high, has the trunk about three feet long, and five feet and a half in circumference, at the mouth. It is hollow all along, but with a partition running from one end of it to the other. This tube is compoſed of nerves and muſcles, covered with a ſkin like that of the reſt of the body. It is capable of being moved in every direction, of being lengthened and ſhortened, of being bent or ſtraightened; ſo pliant as to embrace any body it is applied to, and yet ſo ſtrong that nothing can be torn from its gripe. To aid the force of this graſp, there are ſeveral very little eminences, like a caterpillar's feet, on the under-ſide of this inſtrument, which without doubt contribute to the ſenſibility of the touch, as well as the firmneſs of the hold. Through this trunk the animal breathes, drinks, and ſmells; and at the very point of it, juſt above the noſtrils, there is an extenſion of the ſkin, about five inches long, in the form of a finger, and which, in fact, anſwers all the purpoſes of one; for with the reſt of the extremity of the trunk, it is capable of aſſuming different forms at will, and, conſequently, of being adapted to the minuteſt objects. By means of this, the Elephant can untie the knots of a rope, unlock a door, and even write with a pen. It ſometimes happens, that the object is too large for the trunk to graſp; in ſuch a caſe, the Elephant makes uſe of another expedient. It applies the extremity of the trunk to the ſurface of the object, and, ſucking up its breath, lifts and ſuſtains ſuch a weight as the air in that caſe is capable of keeping ſuſpended. In this manner this inſtrument is uſeful in moſt of the purpoſes of life; it is an organ of ſmelling, of touching, and of ſuction; it not only provides for the animal's neceſſities, but it alſo ſerves for its ornament and defence.

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The legs are not ſo inflexible as the neck, yet they are very ſtiff, and bend not without difficulty. Thoſe before, ſeem to be longer than the hinder; but, upon being meaſured are found to be ſomething ſhorter. The joints by which they bend are nearly in the middle, like the knee of a man, and the large bulk which they are to ſupport, makes their flexure ungain. Yet while the Elephant is young, it bends the legs to lie down or riſe; but when it grows old, or ſickly, this becomes ſo inconvenient that the animal chuſes to ſleep ſtanding.

It is one of the ſtriking peculiarities of this animal, that his generative powers totally fail when he comes under the dominion of man; as if he ſeemed unwilling to propagate a race of ſlaves to increaſe the pride of his conqueror.

The Elephant when once tamed becomes the moſt gentle and obedient of all animals. It ſoon conceives an attachment for the perſon that attends it, careſſes him, obeys him, and ſeems to anticipate his deſires.

In a ſhort time it begins to comprehend the ſigns made to it, and even the different ſounds of the voice; it perfectly diſtinguiſhes the tone of command from that of anger or approbation, and acts accordingly. It receives his orders with attention, eagerly, yet without precipitation. All its motions are regulated, and its actions ſeem to partake of its magnitude, being grave and majeſtic. It is quickly taught to kneel down to receive its rider; it careſſes thoſe it knows with its trunk; with this ſalutes ſuch as it is ordered to diſtinguiſh, and with this, as with a hand, helps to take up part of its load. It ſuffers itſelf to be arrayed in harneſs; and ſeems to take a pleaſure in the finery of its trappings. It draws either chariots, cannons, or ſhipping with ſurpriſing ſtrength and perſeverance; and this with a ſeeming ſatisfaction, provided its maſter appears pleaſed with its exertions. And he frequently takes ſuch an affection for his keeper that he will obey no other: and it has been known to die for grief, when in ſome ſudden fit of madneſs, it has killed its conductor.

In

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In *Deli*, an Elephant paſſing the ſtreets, put his trunk into a taylor's ſhop, where ſeveral people were at work. One of the perſons of the ſhop, deſirous of amuſement, pricked the animal's trunk with his needle. The Elephant paſſed on without any ſigns of reſentment, but coming to a puddle of dirty water, filled his trunk, returned to the ſhop, and ſpurted it over all their finery.

Some of them are twenty feet in compaſs, and near fourteen high. They ſeem to have more ſenſe than any other brute, and are capable of fidelity and ſtrong affection: particularly to their companion: ſo that neither the male nor female is ever known to make a ſecond choice.

The female goes ſeventeen months with her young: they are fifty or ſixty years before they have their full ſtrength, are in full vigour at about a hundred, and live two or three hundred years.

[*To be continued.*]

REMARKS *upon Mr. Locke's* ESSAY *on* HUMAN UNDERSTANDING.

[*Continued from page* 30.]

6. THE following Reflections on Pleaſure and Pain, are well worthy the conſideration of every ſerious Reader.

"The infinitely wiſe Author of our being, having given us the power over ſeveral parts of our bodies, to move or keep them at reſt, as we think fit; and alſo by the motion of them to move ourſelves, and our contiguous bodies, in which conſiſts all the actions of Body: having alſo given a power to our Minds, in ſeveral inſtances, to chuſe, amongſt its

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its *Ideas*, which it will think on, and to purſue the enquiry of this or that ſubject with conſideration and attention, to excite us to theſe actions of thinking and motion, that we are capable of, has been pleaſed to join to ſeveral thoughts, and ſeveral ſenſations, a *Perception* of *Delight*. If this were wholly ſeparated from all our outward ſenſations, and inward thoughts, we ſhould have no reaſon to prefer one thought or action, to another; negligence, to attention; or motion to reſt. And ſo we ſhould neither ſtir our bodies, nor employ our minds; but let our thoughts (if I may ſo call it) run adrift, without any direction or deſign; and ſuffer the *Ideas* of our minds, like unregarded ſhadows, to make their appearances there, as it happened, without attending to them. In which ſtate, Man, however furniſhed with the faculties of Underſtanding and Will, would be a very idle unactive creature, and paſs his time only in a lazy, lethargic dream. It has therefore pleaſed our wiſe Creator, to annex to ſeveral objects, and to the *Ideas* which we receive from them, as alſo to ſeveral of our thoughts, a concomitant pleaſure, and that in ſeveral objects, to ſeveral degrees, that thoſe faculties which he had endowed us with, might not remain wholly idle, and unemployed by us.

Pain has the ſame efficacy and uſe to ſet us on work, that Pleaſure has; we being as ready to employ our faculties to avoid that, as to purſue this: only this is worth our conſideration, That *Pain is often produced by the ſame Objects and* Ideas, *that produce Pleaſure* in us. This their near conjunction, which often makes us feel pain in the ſenſations where we expected pleaſure, gives us new occaſion of admiring the wiſdom and goodneſs of our Maker, who deſigning the preſervation of our being, has annexed pain to the application of many things to our bodies, to warn us of the harm that they will do; and as advices to withdraw from them. But he not deſigning our preſervation barely, but the preſervation of every part and organ in its perfection, hath, in many caſes, annexed

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annexed pain to those very *Ideas*, which delight us. Thus heat, that is very agreeable to us in one degree, by a little greater increase of it, proves no ordinary torment; and the most pleasant of all sensible objects, light itself, if there be too much of it, if increased beyond a due proportion to our eyes, causes a very painful sensation. This is wisely and favourably so ordered by Nature, that when any object does, by the vehemency of its operation, disorder the instruments of sensation, whose structure cannot but be very nice and delicate, we might by the pain be warned to withdraw, before the organ be quite put out of order, and so be unfitted for its proper functions for the future. The consideration of those objects that produce it, may well persuade us, That this is the end or use of pain. For though great light be insufferable to our eyes, yet the highest degree of darkness does not at all disease them; because the causing no disorderly motion in it, leaves that curious organ unarmed, in its natural state. But yet excess of cold, as well as heat, pains us; because it is equally destructive to that temper, which is necessary to the preservation of life, and the exercise of the several functions of the body, and which consists in a moderate degree of warmth; or, if you please, a motion of the insensible parts of our bodies, confined within certain bounds.

Beyond all this, we may find another reason *why* God hath scattered up and down *several degrees of Pleasure and Pain, in all the things that environ and affect us*; and blended them together, in almost all that our thoughts and senses have to do with; that we finding imperfection, dissatisfaction, and want of compleat happiness, in all the enjoyments which the creatures can afford us, might be led to seek it in the enjoyment of him, *with whom there is fulness of joy, and at whose right hand are pleasures for evermore.*

Though what I have said, may not, perhaps make the *Ideas of Pleasure and Pain* clearer to us, than our own experience does, which is the only way that we are capable of having them;

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them; yet the conſideration of the reaſon, why they are annexed to ſo many other *Ideas*, ſerving to give us due ſentiments of the wiſdom and goodneſs of the ſovereign Diſpoſer of all things, may not be unſuitable to the main end of theſe enquiries: the knowledge and veneration of him, being the chief end of all our thoughts, and the proper buſineſs of all Underſtandings."

[*To be continued.*]

FRENCH MERCY.

Some Account of Mr. PETER MAURU.

1. MR. *Peter Mauru*, was born at *Loiſi*, in *Brie*. When the edict at *Nantz* was repealed, he preferred his conſcience to all other conſiderations, and reſolved to leave his native country. But he was ſtopped in *Burgundy*, carried to *Bezanſon*, and there condemned "to the Galleys *for ever!*"

2 Before he came to the Galleys, he was coupled in the way with *Philip de Boucher*. And becauſe *Philip* was not able to carry his chain, *Mauru* raiſed the collar with his hands above his head, and being ſtronger than him, bore it on his own head and ſhoulders, carrying in that manner all the burden, in the heat of the dog-days.

3. One of his companions ſays, "The patience of that confeſſor of Jeſus Chriſt is not to be imagined. One cannot conceive, how a man could ſuffer what he has ſuffered, and does ſuffer continually, and yet live. He was ſix or ſeven times ſick near unto death. But his long and dangerous illneſſes did not hinder him from being in all the ſummer expeditions. And he is actually now in the expedition, covered with ſweat and blood. He is a prodigy of humility, of piety and conſtancy. I do not think there is a greater ſaint upon earth."

4. "You

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"You desire, says he to a friend, that I would give you the particulars of what they have done to me. I cannot. It would take up too much time. But what is all this, to the treasures that are reserved in heaven? You desire me to tell you, how many blows I have received with cudgels or hoop-sticks? Sometimes above forty a day, for eight or ten days following: every day, above twenty. And this is a little painful; but the joy I feel in suffering for Christ, alleviates all the pain. And after we have suffered, the consolations of Christ abound in us by the Holy Ghost. And he hath not only comforted and rejoiced my soul, but assured me, He will support me to the last breath.

5. "When I was put on board, the Captain enquired why I was sent to the Gallies? And learning it was for my Religion, he fixt me to the form near the pump, and set one over me, to put me continually upon needless labour. But he only tired himself, and seeing me complain of nothing, he went away. They then shifted my seat, that others might abuse me: but they too soon became my friends. Finding these means ineffectual, they tried others. They gave orders to an officer, to do whatever he would with me; only not to kill me. Every day the Captain contrived something new. Sometimes he would make me supply all the forms in the Galley with water. Sometimes he said, they had given me a letter, or that some one had spoken to me, though he knew the contrary: and all was, to find a pretence to beat me. He made me go with a great chain about me, to tap water-barrels. And one of them falling down, he caused another, whom he had sent with me, to beat me so, that those who saw it, threatened bring him before the Mayor. Afterwards he made me clean all the quarters of the Galley, and now and then shewed the Quarter-master some stains, to make me be beaten, and encouraged the galley-slaves to abuse me. Finding they would not, he removed them all, and picking out the most wicked of the Turks and Moors, placed them about me. But it was

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labour loſt; for all of theſe were more civil to me than the others had been. Sometimes he gave me no bread in the morning, but kept me faſting till one or two o'clock. Sometimes he coupled me with others, to carry cordage, who promiſed to work me to death. But God ſupplied me not only with ſtrength and patience; but alſo with joy, to ſuffer all for the love of my Saviour. And thoſe who had threatened to work me to death, before the day was ended, deſired me, Not to go ſo faſt.

6. "If my body ſuffered by day, my ſoul was glad in my Saviour day and night. My heart fed on that hidden manna, and poſſeſſed a joy the world knows nothing of. The eaſe of my body did not continue long; for in a little time they brought oars, to exerciſe the new comers. And while I was learning to row, they took occaſion to beat me at their pleaſure: yet frequently telling me, I might avoid all this, if I would return to the holy Roman Church? When we put to ſea, the rigour both of the work and the blows often brought me to death's door. At our return I fell into a great ſickneſs, for about a month. After I had been ill eleven days, they carried me to the Hoſpital, where they expected my death daily. But though I was not able to ſtir, yet I felt no pain. And the broth they gave me, bad as it was, ſeemed to me the beſt food I ever eat. I ſaid daily, This is the day of deliverance: I ſhall ſuffer no more pain. But God did not ſee good to releaſe me yet. When I began to recover, they carried me on board again. That day the fever returned, and I was ill in the Galley, from ſome days before Chriſtmas till Eaſter.

7. "Here they uſed me as ill as they could, wanting me to die, to ſave the credit of the Miſſionaries, who had aſſured them, That I could not live a year, being under their curſe. So, many perſons endeavoured to certify what they ſaid. But God made them all liars. There were ſome in all the voyages, who, to make themſelves ſport, cauſed me to be beaten

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beaten continually. When they saw me lift up my eyes to heaven, they said, 'God does not hear Heretics.' While we were at sea, no day passed, wherein I was not brought to such a condition, that I was ready to die. The other slaves, as miserable as they were, assisted me all they could. But in all the excess of pain which my flesh felt, my God did not leave me comfortless. And I am still ready to suffer whatever pleases him, being assured he will make me more than conqueror."

8. After having suffered thus, for above ten years, (with no intermission, but when they were afraid of his dying under the blows; for which they would have been called in question) his health was totally destroyed; and he fell into an extraordinary weakness, with a continual cough that gave him no rest day or night, till, with such a testimony of Faith and Love as confounded even his tormentors, he yielded up his soul to God.

He was in a languishing condition from the end of the year 1695, till the April after. The following testimony of him is given by one of the galley-slaves.

"I did not believe Monsieur *Maura* was so near death, when I was with him yesterday. He spoke with the same earnestness, as he was formerly used to do, and desired me to thank you for all your favours to him, and to tell you, He waited, with resignation, the Lord's hour."

Another that was with him when he died, writes, "He made an end answerable to his life. He preserved his senses as sound to the last gasp, as when he was in perfect health: his faith and constancy were brighter than ever. As his body grew weaker, his soul raised itself up with more zeal and vigour towards heaven. Those who had long waited to pervert him from the truth, were then constrained to forsake him, and to leave his holy soul in the hands of that sovereign Shepherd, who conducted it into the everlasting pastures.

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Some THOUGHTS *upon an important* QUESTION.

1. FOR many years I have earneſtly adviſed, both in public and in private, all in connexion with me, who have been brought up in the Eſtabliſhed Church, to continue therein: and of conſequence to attend the public ſervice of the Church, at all opportunities: and my reaſons for ſo doing I publiſhed to all the world, more than twenty years ago.

2. But a few months ago, I was favoured with a letter, which required me to review my ſentiments. It is ſigned by ſeveral members of our Society, men of a loving ſpirit, and of an unblamable converſation: and it is worthy of the greater regard, as they ſpeak not only in their own name, but in the name of many who wiſh to have a conſcience void of offence, both towards God and towards man.

3. Part of it runs thus:

"Having read many of your books, and heard many of your Preachers, and being in connexion with you, we have from time to time been adviſed by them and you, conſtantly to attend the Church. But we find that neither you nor your Preachers, have given any countenance to the doctrines of Calviniſm. This induces us humbly to aſk the following queſtions.

Firſt, Whether you would have us to go to that Church where the doctrines of Calviniſm are continually inculcated? And where the doctrines taught by you, Chriſtian Perfection in particular, are continually exploded?

Secondly, Whether you think we ſhall be profited, in any degree, by hearing ſuch Preaching?

Thirdly, Whether it is not a means of filling our hearts with prejudice either againſt thoſe Preachers or againſt the Truth?

Fourthly,

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Fourthly, Whether hearing them does not expose us to temptation from those who continually ask, How did you like the Sermon to-day? We cannot dissemble; and if we do not, we offend them.

If you please, you may give us your sentiments in the Arminian Magazine.

Baildon,
Near Bradforth,
July 24, 1781.

John W——,
Nathan. O——,
John R——,

Francis B——,
Joseph B——.

4. It is a delicate, as well as important point, on which I hardly know how to answer. I cannot lay down any general rule. All I can say at present is, "If it does not hurt you, hear them: if it does, refrain. Be determined by your own conscience. Let every man in particular act, *as he is fully persuaded in his own mind.*

JOHN WESLEY.

Nov. 19, 1781.

Some Account of Mr. PATRICK HAMILTON.

MR. PATRICK HAMILTON was brother's son to James Hamilton, earl of Arran, and sister's son to John Stuart, duke of Albany, which raised more attention to his doctrine, holy life, and sufferings. Having travelled into Germany, he became acquainted at Wittenberg with those eminent servants of Christ, Martin Luther, and Philip Melancthon, whereby he greatly increased in knowledge and learning; from whence he went to the university of Marpurg, which was then newly erected by Philip Landgrave of Hesse, where he was intimate with other learned men, especially with Francis Lambert. He was the first that publicly set up conclusions to be disputed there, concerning faith and good works. By reason of his

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his learning and integrity of life, he was had in admiration by many: but the zeal of God's glory did ſo eat him up, that he could not reſt till he returned into his own country.

In proceſs of time, the fame of his doctrine came to the ears of James Beaton, archbiſhop of St. Andrew's, who invited him to St. Andrew's, where after divers days conference, he had his liberty, the biſhop ſeeming to approve his doctrine, acknowledging, that in many things there needed a reformation in the church. Yet, fearing their kingdom ſhould be endamaged, they laboured with the king to go on pilgrimage to St. Dotheſſe in Roſs, that ſo, by reaſon of his abſence, no interceſſion might be made to him.

The king being gone, Mr. Hamilton was ſeized by the biſhop's officers, and carried to the caſtle; and the morrow after he was brought forth unto judgment, and condemned to be burnt. The articles for which he ſuffered were about pilgrimages, purgatory, prayers to ſaints, and for the dead. And that his condemnation might have the greater authority, they cauſed it to be ſubſcribed by all thoſe that were there preſent; and, to make their number great, they took the ſubſcription of the very children who were of the nobility. Immediately after dinner, the fire was prepared, and he was led to execution; yet moſt men thought it was only to terrify him, and to cauſe him to recant. But God, for his own glory, and for the manifeſtation of their brutal tyranny, had otherwiſe decreed: for he ſo ſtrengthened him, that neither the love of life, nor fear of this cruel death, could move him to ſwerve from the truth.

At the place of execution he gave to his ſervant, that had long attended him, his gown, coat, cap, and his other garments, ſaying, After this, thou canſt receive no commodity of me, except the example of my death, which I pray thee to bear in mind; for, though it be fearful before men, yet it is the entrance into eternal life, which none ſhall poſſeſs who deny Jeſus Chriſt before this wicked generation: and ſo, being

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being tied to a ſtake, they ſet fire to ſome powder, which with the blaſt ſcorched his left hand, and the ſide of his face, but did not kindle the wood, till they ran to the caſtle for more combuſtible matter; which being at laſt kindled, with a loud voice he cried, Lord Jeſus receive my ſpirit! The fire was ſlow, and put him to the greater torment. But that which moſt grieved him, was the clamour of ſome wicked men ſet on by the friars, who continually cried, Turn thou heretic; call upon our lady; ſay *ſalve regina*: to whom he anſwered, Depart from me, and trouble me not; and ſpeaking to one Campbell, a friar, that was the ringleader, who ſtill roared on him with great vehemence, he ſaid, Wicked man, thou knoweſt the contrary, and haſt confeſſed the contrary to me; I appeal to thee before the tribunal ſeat of Jeſus Chriſt. After which words he reſigned up his ſpirit unto God, in the year of Chriſt 1527. A few days after, Campbell the friar died.

Some Account of Mr. WISHART.

MR. WISHART firſt preached in Roſs, and then in Dundee; where, with great admiration of all that heard him, he expounded the Epiſtle to the Romans, till, at the inſtigation of the Cardinal, one Robert Mill, a principal man there, and formerly a profeſſor of religion, inhibited him from preaching, requiring him, that he ſhould trouble their town no more, for he would not ſuffer it; and this was ſpoken to him in the public place: whereupon he muſed awhile, with his eyes bent unto heaven, and then looking ſorrowfully upon the ſpeaker and people, he ſaid: "God is my witneſs that I never intended your trouble, but your comfort; yea, your trouble is more dolorous to me, than it is to yourſelves; but I am aſſured, that, to refuſe God's word, and to chaſe from you his meſſenger, ſhall not preſerve you from trouble, but ſhall bring

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bring you into it: for God ſhall ſend you miniſters that ſhall neither fear burning nor baniſhment. I have offered you the word of ſalvation; with the hazard of my life I have remained amongſt you: now ye yourſelves refuſe me, and I muſt leave my innocency to be declared by my God: if it be long proſperous with you, I am not led by the Spirit of Truth; but if unlooked for trouble come upon you, acknowledge the cauſe, and turn to God, who is gracious and merciful: but if you turn not at the firſt warning, he will viſit you with fire and ſword." Then went he into the Weſt-country, where he made offers of God's word, which were gladly received by many, till the Biſhop of Glaſgow, by the inſtigation of the Cardinal, came with his train to the town of Ayr, to reſiſt Wiſhart. The earl of Glencairn, and ſome other gentlemen hearing of it, came thither alſo with their retinue, and when they were all come together, the biſhop would needs have the church himſelf to preach in; ſome oppoſed, but Wiſhart ſaid, let him alone, his ſermon will not do much hurt, let us go to the market-croſs; and ſo they did, where Wiſhart preached ſuch a ſermon, that his very enemies were confounded. After that Wiſhart remained with the gentlemen in Kyle, preaching ſometimes in one place, ſometimes in another; but coming to Mauchlin, he was by force kept out of the church. Some would have broke in, but he ſaid to one of them, brother, Jeſus Chriſt is as mighty in the fields as in the church, and himſelf often preached in the deſart, at the ſea-ſide, and other places: 'tis the word of peace God ſends by me, the blood of none ſhall be ſhed this day for the preaching of it; and ſo going into the fields, he ſtood upon a bank, where he continued in preaching to the people above three hours; and God wrought ſo wonderfully by that ſermon, that one of the moſt wicked men in all the country, the laird of Sheld, was converted by it, and his eyes ran down with ſuch abundance of tears, that all men wondered at it. Preſently news was brought to Wiſhart that the plague was broke out in Dundee, which

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which began within four days after he was prohibited from preaching there, and raged so extremely, that 'tis almost beyond credit how many died in twenty four hours; this being related to him, notwithstanding the importunity of his friends, he would needs go thither, saying, they are now in trouble and need comfort; perhaps this hand of God will make them now to reverence the word of God, which before, they lightly esteemed. Coming to Dundee, the joy of the faithful was exceeding great, and without delay, he signified that the next day he would preach; and because most of the inhabitants were either sick, or employed about the sick, he chose the East-gate for the place of his preaching, so that the whole were within, and the sick without the gate: his text was Psal. 107. "He sent his word and healed them," wherein he treated of the profit and comfort of God's word, the punishment that comes by the contempt of it, the readiness of God's mercy to such as truly turn to him, and the happiness of those whom God takes from this misery. By which sermon, he so raised up the hearts of those that heard him, that they regarded not death, but judged them more happy that should then depart, than such as should remain behind; considering that they knew not whether they should have such a comforter with them. He spared not to visit them that lay in the greatest extremity, and to comfort them; he provided all things necessary for such as could take food, the town being very bountiful to them, through his instigation. But whilst he was thus busying himself for the comfort of the afflicted, the devil stirred up the Cardinal, who corrupted a desperate Popish-priest, called John Weighton, to slay him. And on a day, the sermon being ended and the people departed, suspecting no danger, the priest stood waiting at the bottom of the stairs, with a naked dagger in his hand under his gown; but Mr. Wishart, having a sharp piercing eye, saw the priest as he came down, and said to him, My friend, what would you have? and withal, clapping his hand

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upon the dagger, took it from him; the prieſt herewith being terrified, fell down upon his knees, confeſſed his intention, and craved pardon; a noiſe being hereupon raiſed, and it coming to the ears of thoſe who were ſick, they cried, Deliver the traitor to us, or we will take him by force; and ſo they burſt in at the gate: but Wiſhart taking him in his arms, ſaid, Whoſoever hurts him, ſhall hurt me; for he hath done me no hurt, but much good, by teaching me more heedfulneſs for the time to come: and ſo he appeaſed them, and ſaved the prieſt's life. Afterwards he preached in divers other places, the people much flocking to hear him.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

LETTERS.

LETTER CCXIV.

[From Miſs B. to a Friend.]

June 5, 1762.

Dear Friend,

O How blind and dark is all human wiſdom! Teach me, my Saviour, by thy Spirit! I thought God called me to give up correſponding with *you*: and I found, I could readily comply. But whether he does call me to it or no, I cannot ſee. I rather think, he does not. It ſeems to me at preſent, I am to continue this prayer, "Let thy Star appear, and I will follow it:" and that in the mean time, I am to continue writing; only with the cloſeſt prayer and ſtricteſt watchfulneſs.

The burden I feel for you is very heavy; much heavier than I uſed to feel for my own ſoul. But if in a little meaſure I am like my Lord, what does his tender heart feel for you?

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The way you are to take is ſtraight before you: fly to your loving, bleeding, dying Saviour. See him hanging on the accurſed tree, his head drooping beneath *your* load, and crying in the midſt of his agony, "Fear not! all thy ſins were laid on my head, and I bore them all away! Return unto *me*; for I have redeemed thee! Wound me not afreſh! Renounce all for my ſake, and I will adorn thee with the robes of my Righteouſneſs." O accept the offer! He is *your* Saviour. Caſt yourſelf juſt as you are, upon him!

Shutting yourſelf up will not do. The root is within. Cut off every thing that would nouriſh it. Thoſe things, we here falſely called *Innocent*, are the right eye to be plucked out. If you were beſieging ſtrong enemies, and had no hopes of conquering but by ſtarving them, would it be *innocent*, now and then to throw them a little bread? O beware of ſuch innocent things, as may coſt you your life! And ought you not to guard others, as well as yourſelf, againſt them? Remember, you are anſwerable, if you do not teach us, the ſtricteſt, narroweſt path of Self-denial! Yet God will be better pleaſed with your ſacrificing yourſelf to him, than if you were to ſave the whole world.

I am, yours, &c.

M. B.

LETTER CCXV.

[From Mrs. S. R. to the Rev. Mr. Weſley.]

Briſtol, Nov. 29, 1757.

Dear and honoured Sir,

I Received yours with no little ſatisfaction. For ſeveral days my ſoul had been grieved for you. For I have heard of what has lately been, and it has pierced my ſoul through.

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The Lord knows, how I bear all your burdens: I am a partaker of your griefs. And yet will not God bring great good out of this evil? O may it anſwer the end for which it is ſent! May you not hear the voice of God in this? "Look at no creature: truſt to no creature: lean on no arm of fleſh!" Surely God intends a great bleſſing for your ſoul, by beating you off from every prop! O when will you be willing to be forſaken of all, as your dear Maſter was? When we are thus willing, doth he not take the will for the deed? Doth he ſtrip us of all human comfort? Experience ſhews, he doth not. It appears to me at preſent, that I ſhall be able to comfort you, and yet to commend myſelf to your conſcience in the ſight of God. Shall *I* make your hands hang down, by any thing I ſay or do? I pray that God would firſt take me to his boſom; I do not wonder, that you ſhould fear for me, after all this. O pray that the Lord would keep me every moment! I am very ſenſible, that I am liable to miſtake every day; to be deceived, as to perſons or things. But God has hitherto given me a watchful ſpirit. If you have heard any thing I have ſaid or done amiſs, I ſhould be glad to know it; for I have the cauſe of Chriſt ſo much at heart, I would not ſtagger any one. The Lord Jeſus keep me from hearkening to the voice of a ſtranger? I find more and more, the need of being taught of God, in all I think, ſpeak or do. The Lord anſwer your laſt prayers on my ſoul!

As to your queſtions, I anſwer, I do always find joy in the Lord, though at ſome times more than others. Likewiſe, I always ſee God, though at ſome times more clearly. I find a conſtant offering up of myſelf to God in every thing I do: and my ſoul is thankful for every thing without exception, as I ſee all things working together for good. I do not know that I do any thing merely to pleaſe myſelf. God knows I do not feel any affection contrary to the pure love of God. I think I do not ſpeak any thing, but from a principle of love. But I have need to grow in all theſe things. For I have but one grain of true holineſs.

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Permit me to aſk, if God ſhould ſtrip you of all earthly friends, would you believe he did all things well? O Sir, do not chuſe for yourſelf! Be willing *I* ſhould be eſtranged from you alſo. I truſt, I ſhall always behave as your child: but if not, *Behold the Lamb!*

I remain, dear Sir,

Your affectionate, but unworthy Child and Servant,

S. R.

LETTER CCXVI.

[From the Rev. Mr. Weſley, to Mrs. S. R.]

London, Nov. 30, 1757.

My dear Siſter,

YOUR letter came in a ſeaſonable time, as rain in a time of drought. How fain would we excuſe thoſe we love? I would gladly acquit thoſe who ſeverely condemn each other. The wrong to myſelf is not worth a thought; it gives me not a moment's uneaſineſs. But I am pained for others, who if they do not ſin againſt God, yet give great occaſion to the enemy to blaſpheme.—

You may learn an excellent leſſon herefrom. Suppoſe you are ſaved from ſin, it is certain that you are not ſaved from a poſſibility of miſtake. On this ſide therefore Satan may aſſault you: you may be deceived either as to perſons or things. You may think better, or (which is far more ſtrange) you may think worſe of them than they deſerve. And hence words or actions may ſpring, which if not ſinful in *you*, are certainly wrong in themſelves: and which will and muſt appear ſinful to thoſe, who cannot read your heart. What grievous inconvenience would enſue? How would the good that is in you be evil ſpoken of? How would the great gift of God be

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doubted of, if not disbelieved and denied for *your* cause? Therefore in the name of God I exhort you, keep close every moment to the Unction of the Holy One! Attend to the still, small voice! Beware of hearkening to the voice of a stranger! My eyes ach, my head-achs, my heart-achs. And yet I know not when to have done. O speak nothing, act nothing, think nothing, but as you are taught of God.

Still may he with your weakness stay,
Nor for a moment's space depart:
Evil and danger turn away,
And keep your hand, your tongue, your heart.

So shall you always comfort, not grieve,

Your affectionate Brother,

J. W.

LETTER CCXVII.

[From Mrs. S. R. to the Rev. Mr. Wesley.]

Dec. 1, 1757.

Rev. and dear Sir,

I Have been more than once or twice forsaken of all. And I verily believe, was God to call me to it, I should still be willing to drink of this cup. May I be more and more willing so to do! As great a value as I have for *you*, I verily think I could give you up. And I am fully assured, were God to strip me of all my friends, I should know he did all things well, I do not dare to chuse: I only say, "*If it be thy will*, let not *this friend* be estranged from me."

I remain, dear Sir,

Your affectionate, but unworthy Child and Servant,

S. R.

LETTER

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LETTER CCXVIII.

[From Mr. John Manners, to the Rev. Mr. Wesley.]

Jan. 17, 1763.

Rev. Sir,

SINCE I was able, when I could be spared from the Round, I have laboured a good deal in fresh places. And in the Spring I shall think it my duty to do it more; especially since there is such an universal Call, as I never knew before. The language of most places is, "Come over and help us."

After much opposition, I joined nineteen together in Society, in Malton, and fifteen in Pickering. There will be a glorious work in both places, if one may judge of the future, by the present. The power of God greatly accompanies his word, and prevails over the hearts of sinners.

We have added, during the last three or four months, upwards of eighty Members to the Societies: and a proportionable number have been justified by Faith, and have found peace with God. And indeed, it is no wonder, for there never was such a spirit of life, and of joy, among the people in general, as is at present. The ways of Wisdom are not only ways of pleasantness and peace, but as new as at the first entrance thereinto. By this, the ways of God are distinguished from all the ways of sin. The Lord was pleased to bless with the remission of their sins, seven persons lately, in one place, where they had but a small share of public Means. But they forgat not to assemble themselves together, neither did God forget to meet with them.

When I was in Malton last, I went on the Sabbath-day to preach at Setterington. The congregation being very large, we asked the owner of the town, for a place large enough to contain them. He answered us, "As it is for the worship of God, I dare not refuse it. And I will send as many of my servants

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ſervants as can be ſpared to hear for themſelves." But before I had finiſhed my diſcourſe, the Curate, Mr. Hebdon came, and called aloud among the people for the Church-wardens and Conſtable, who followed him out, and received a charge to pull me down. They came and told me. I deſired them to give my reſpects to Mr. Hebdon, and tell him if he had any thing to ſay to me, I was ready to anſwer for myſelf: but he was gone. I then finiſhed my diſcourſe in peace. He threatened in the following week to baniſh all the Methodiſts from town and country. But in going from an entertainment the next Saturday night, he fell from his horſe and broke his neck!

God has been pleaſed to take lately to himſelf, ſix or ſeven perſons of our little number. William Shipton, Dinah Holmes, and Richard Richmond, of York. The two former were ſaved, only as by fire. Which, although it proves God abundantly merciful, yet ſhews what a poor uſe too many make of all the Means which God gives them. The latter, nearly a Lazarus in condition, lived five or ſix years in the clear light of God's countenance; in the moſt ſolid peace; and a becoming reſignation to the diſpenſations of Providence; and then died.

Hannah Wood, of Cave, when her departure was at hand, bid the nurſes call her huſband, for ſhe had only three minutes to live: when one was gone, ſhe bid them haſten him, for ſhe had but two to live: when another was gone, ſhe ſaid, ſhe had only one; and in a minute ſhe expired. She fell into the arms of Death, as a man falls upon his couch, when weary. She lived a ſteady, uniform Chriſtian; a loving Wife; a tender Mother; a good Miſtreſs; and then died the death of the Righteous.

Margaret Banks, of Stockton, a young woman, all the time of her long illneſs; exhorted all around her to ſeek and ſerve God; telling them, ſhe knew ſhe was going home too, and ſhould be happy with him for ever. She praiſed and ſung

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ſung praiſes to God, day and night. When I aſked her if ſhe did not rather chuſe life, than death, as ſhe was young? She anſwered, "No: I had rather die now. I have no deſire to live." Her laſt words were, "I am happy."

I am, your obedient Son and Servant,

JOHN MANNERS.

LETTER CCXIX.

[From the Rev. J. Rouquet, to the Rev. Mr. Weſley.]

Briſtol, Jan. 22, 1763.

Dear Sir,

THE Word is, Only believe! O that I could believe! Jeſus help my unbelief! This is all I wait to prove; and I believe that he hath not ſaid unto me, ſeek my face in vain. O that I may ſeek aright, and never reſt till I alſo have apprehended That, for which I am apprehended of God, in Chriſt Jeſus! Dear Sir, pray for me. I would be the Lord's Free-man. I would be all Faith; all Love. I think I would. And yet were this my *one* deſire, I believe the Lord would ſoon come to my help. I find that the converſe of Chriſtian-friends is a great bleſſing. I am glad of the opportunities I enjoy, and I believe our meeting will be more profitable than ever, as our friend, Mr. Stonehouſe, has freely declared his ſentiments, and engaged me in a diſpute (by writing) concerning Perfection. To me it is the One Thing needful. Therefore I cannot avoid being explicit on this head, in theſe meetings eſpecially, and to the Sunday morning congregation; and I find an unſpeakable bleſſing in my own ſoul in ſo doing, as alſo in preſſing the preſent Now. I doubt not but you have heard good news of your Brother. It re-

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joices my heart to see his strength renewed, both in body and soul, and that the Lord hath blessed him to several. I observe a quickening among the people. Five or six I am told have lately been justified. I heard that two more had been set at liberty in Newgate; but I cannot find out who they are, so I let it drop. I believe Mr. O. has been of real service here: but I could wish he would speak a little more to the main point. I think he might press the matter more home. It might be a means of bringing the people forward. Indeed I fear the confusions in London have made the hands of many hang down. There is no reason for it; but such is our frame. Above all I lament, that any professing this Renewal, should be found so wanting in the main branches of it. Is it any thing short of the whole mind that was in Christ: loving God with all our heart, and our neighbour as ourselves? Doth not this imply that we should walk even as Christ walked? Whoever abideth in him *ought so to walk*. Surely then if we are as Christ was in this world, we shall walk in love like him. Like him endure the contradiction of sinners, much more the infirmities of his children; for every one that is perfect shall be as his Master. For my part, I freely own, I stand in doubt of every man, whose *meek and lowly walk* doth not prove that he hath learned of Jesus. God grant I may never rest, till the Tree being made good, all its Fruit is good also: found unto the praise, and honour, and glory of God! May God fill you with Wisdom and the Abundance of his Grace! and, at this time more especially, comfort your heart, and establish you in every good thing, to the praise and glory of his Grace in Christ Jesus.

I am, dear Sir,

Your very affectionate Friend and Servant,

JAMES ROUQUET.

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POETRY.

POETRY.

On CHURCH-COMMUNION.

[By Dr. Byrom.]

PART III.

A Local union, on the other hand,
Though crowded numbers ſhould together ſtand,
Joining in one ſame Form of prayer and praiſe,
Or Creed expreſsed in regulated phraſe;
Or ought beſide—though it aſſume the name
Of Chriſtian-Church, may want the real claim.

For if it want the ſpirit and the ſign,
That conſtitute all worſhip as divine,
The love within, the teſt of it without,
In vain the union paſſes for devout:
Heartleſs, and tokenleſs if it remain,
It ought to paſs, in ſtrictneſs, for profane.

At firſt, an unity of heart and ſoul,
A diſtribution of an outward dole,
And every member of the body fed,
As equally belonging to the head,
With what it wanted, was, without ſuſpenſe,
True Church-Communion in the Chriſtian ſenſe.

Whether averſe the many, or the few,
To hold communion in this righteous view,
Their thought commences hereſy, their deed
Schiſmatical, though they profeſs the Creed;
Ways of diſtributing, if new, ſhould ſtill
Maintain the old communicative will.

Broken by every loveleſs, thankleſs thought,
And not behaving as a Chriſtian ought;

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By want of meekneſs, or a ſhow of pride,
Tow'rds any ſoul for whom our Saviour dièd;
While this continues, men may pray and preach,
In all their forms, but none will heal the breach.

Whatever helps an outward form may bring,
To Church-communion, it is not the thing;
Nor a Society, as ſuch, nor place,
Nor any thing beſides uniting grace:
They are but acceſſaries at the moſt,
To true communion of the Holy Ghoſt.

This is the eſſential fellowſhip, the tie,
Which all true Chriſtians are united by:
No other union does them any good,
But that which Chriſt cemented with his blood,
As God and Man; that having loſt it, men
Might live in unity with God again.

What he came down to bring us from above,
Was grace, and peace, and law-fulfilling love;
True ſpirit-worſhip which his Father ſought,
Was the ſole end of what he did and taught:
That God's own Church and Kingdom might begin,
Which Moſes and the Prophets uſhèrèd in.

From the OLNEY COLLECTION.

A Prayer for the Lord's promiſed preſence. Zech. ii. 10.

SON of God! thy people ſhield!
Muſt we ſtill thine abſence mourn?
Let thy promiſe be fulfilléd,
Thou haſt ſaid, "I will return!"

Gracious Leader now appear,
Shine upon us with thy light!
Like the ſpring, when thou art near,
Days and ſuns are doubly bright.

As

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As a mother counts the days
Till her abſent ſon ſhe ſee;
Longs and watches, weeps and prays,
So our ſpirits long for thee.

Come, and let us feel thee nigh,
Then thy ſheep ſhall feed in peace;
Plenty bleſs us from on high,
Evil from amongſt us ceaſe.

With thy love, and voice, and aid,
Thou canſt every care aſſuage;
Then we ſhall not be afraid,
Though the world and Satan rage.

Thus each day for thee we'll ſpend,
While our callings we purſue;
And the thoughts of ſuch a friend
Shall each night our joy renew.

Let thy light be ne'er withdrawn,
Golden days afford us long!
Thus we pray at early dawn,
This ſhall be our evening ſong.

The ARBOUR: *an* ODE *to* CONTENT.

[By Mr. Thomas Cole.]

PART I.

TO theſe lone ſhades where peace delights to dwell,
May Fortune oft permit me to retreat;
Here bid the world, with all its cares farewel,
And leave its pleaſures to the rich and great.

Oft as the ſummer's ſun ſhall clear this ſcene,
With that mild gleam which points its parting ray;
Here let my ſoul enjoy each eve ſerene,
Here ſhare its calm till life's declining day.

No

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No gladſome image then ſhould 'ſcape my ſight,
From theſe gay flowers, which border near my eye,
To yon bright cloud that decks, with richeſt light,
The gilded mantle of the Weſtern ſky.

With ample gaze I'd trace that ridge remote,
Where opening cliffs diſcloſe the boundleſs main;
With earneſt ken, from each low hamlet note
The ſteeple's ſummit peeping o'er the plain.

What various works that rural landſcape fill,
Where mingling hedge-rows beauteous fields incloſe;
And prudent culture, with induſtrious ſkill,
Her checkered ſcene of crops and fallows ſhows!

How ſhould I love to mark that riv'let's maze,
Through which it works its untaught courſe along;
Whilſt near its graſſy banks the herd ſhall graze,
And blithſome milk-maid chant her artleſs ſong!

Still would I note the ſhades of lengthning ſheep,
As ſcattered o'er the hill's ſlant brow they move;
Still note the day's laſt glimmering luſtre creep,
From off the verge of yonder up-land grove.

Nor ſhould my leiſure ſeldom wait to view
The ſlow-winged rooks in homeward train ſucceed;
Nor yet forbear the ſwallow to purſue,
With quicker glance, cloſe ſkimming o'er the mead.

But moſtly here ſhould I delight to' explore
The bounteous laws of Nature's myſtic power;
Then muſe on him who bleſſeth all her ſtore,
And give to ſolem thoughts the ſober hour.

Let mirth unenvyed laugh, with proud diſdain,
And deem it ſpleen one moment thus to waſte;
If ſo ſhe keep far hence her noiſy train,
Nor interrupt thoſe joys ſhe cannot taſte.

Far

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Far ſweeter ſtreams ſhall flow from Wiſdom's ſpring,
Then ſhe receives from Folly's coſtliéſt bowl;
And what delights can her chief dainties bring,
Like thoſe which feaſt the heavénly penſive ſoul?

The LORD's PRAYER.

[By the Rev. Dr. Gibbons.]

OUR Father high-enthronéd above,
With boundleſs glory crownéd;
Fountain of Life, and Light and Love,
To thouſand worlds around.

Hallowéd and honouréd be thy Name,
By evéry grateful mind,
Whether a pure etheréal flame,
Or elſe in fleſh confinéd.

Ereſt thine empire, gracious King,
And ſpread it's powér abroad,
Till earth and all her millions ſing
The praiſes of their God.

O be thy will below obeyéd,
As 'tis obeyéd above!
And the profoundéſt homage paid,
In all the joys of love!

To nature, in her daily want,
Thy daily bounties give,
And with our food thy bleſſing grant;
By both thy creatures live.

Our debts are grown immenſely large,
But Lord efface the ſcore,
As we a brother's debts diſcharge,
And never claim them more.

Int-

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Into temptation's poiſoned air,
O never let us ſtray!
Guard us from evil by thy care,
Along life's dangerous way.

Thine is the kingdom, Lord, by right,
Unbounded and ſupreme,
And thine the all-ſuſtaining might,
And glory's peerleſs beam.

Theſe are for ever thine, in ſongs
Heaven's bliſsful myriads cry;
Theſe are for ever thine, our tongues
In humble notes reply.

A SHORT HYMN.

Titus ii. 14. *He gave himſelf for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity.*

'TIS this muſt baniſh my complaints,
Muſt make an end of ſin in me,
I grant it the faint-hearted ſaints,
That only *death* can ſet me free:
But whoſe ſhall purge my inbred ſtain?
The death of God, and not of man.

Believing the pure fountain flowed,
To make my life and nature clean,
I ſeek redemption in thy blood,
From outward and from inward ſin,
Whoe'er expect it from their own,
Jeſus, I truſt thy death alone.

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THE Arminian Magazine, For MARCH 1782.

Of FREE-WILL: tranſlated from SEBASTIAN CASTELLIO's *Dialogues, between* Lewis *and* Frederic.

DIALOGUE III.

Lewis. YOU ſhewed me many things yeſterday, which I did not know before. And therefore I hope to learn ſomething to day likewiſe. *Fred.* Yeſterday our whole Converſation turned, on the duty of God to man (if I may ſo ſpeak). But the knowledge of this does us no good, unleſs we know what is our duty to God. *Lewis.* But I truſt we ſhall know our own duty to day, if we diſcourſe of the Will and Freedom of Man. For this being cleared up, we ſhall know what we are able, either to will or to perform. *Fred.* Be it ſo. I then aſk firſt, Would you have us diſpute of the Will, or the Freedom of Man? *Lewis.* Are they not the ſame? *Fred.* By no means. For Freedom or Liberty is a

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Power of *doing* what we *will*. So when I say, "I am at liberty in this," it means, I *can* do as I *will* herein. Now would you have me speak of the Will of man, or of his Liberty? *Lewis.* If you please, of both.

Fred. Let us then enquire, first, What man is able to will: next, What he does will: and lastly, What his Will can effect. *Lewis.* Agreed. *Fred.* But give me leave to take the matter a little higher. And first, I observe, God willeth all men to be saved. I repeat this, though I observed it before, because the whole controversy turns upon it. That he created Adam to be saved, cannot be doubted, since he created him in his own image. And we proved yesterday that all the seed of Adam were, like him, created for salvation; whence it follows, that if any are ordained to punishment, it is only because of their sin. This appears from what God said to Adam, "If thou eatest thereof, thou shalt die." Now, since *by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin, and so death passed upon all men, as all had sinned:* the question is, Whether God willeth all men to be healed? I answer, It is his will. For the same fatherly Love which induced him to create a child unto Health, must make him willing to heal him when sick. Nor is there any among *us* so wicked, as not to be willing that all his sick children should, if possible, be cured. But if we that are evil do this, what shall the good God do! And if we have from God, this fatherly mind towards our Children, how much more must God himself have it? Can any Good be in man, but the same must be in God, in an infinitely higher degree? *Can a mother*, saith he, *forget her child? She may. Yet will I not forget thee.* "But he speaks this of the Jews." What then? *Is he the God of the Jews only, and not of the Gentiles also?* Yea, he is the God and Father of all men. And therefore he sent his Son, to call them all.

This

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This may be proved by many Scriptures. [a] *Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the ſin of the world.* And, [b] *God willeth all men to be ſaved, and to come to the knowledge of the truth.* If you ſay, "God does not here ſpeak of *all men*, but only of *all ſorts* of men;" St. *Paul* himſelf confutes you in the very place, adding, *For there is one God, and one Mediator between God and man, the man Chriſt Jeſus, who gave himſelf a ranſom for all.* Here you ſee, that Chriſt is the Mediator of all of whom his Father is the God. If then God is the God not only of *all ſorts*, but of *all men*; Chriſt is the Mediator and Saviour of all. And this the Apoſtle confirms, where he ſays to the Athenians, [c] *God now commandeth all men every where to repent: becauſe he hath appointed a day, in which he will judge the world in righteouſneſs, by that man whom he hath ordained; whereof he hath given aſſurance unto all men, in that he hath raiſed him from the dead.* Here certainly he excepts no man. But St. *Peter* ſpeaks plainneſt of all. [d] *There were falſe prophets alſo among the people, even as there will be falſe teachers among you, who will privily bring in damnable hereſies, even denying the Lord that bought them, and bring upon themſelves ſwift deſtruction.* He certainly ſpeaks here of the wicked, the reprobates, and yet affirms that *the Lord bought them*; which would be falſe, had not Chriſt been ſent to ſave them. And a little after, [e] *The Lord is not ſlack concerning his promiſe; but is long-ſuffering to us-ward, not willing that any ſhould periſh, but that all ſhould come to repentance.* Surely he ſpeaks of individuals, when he ſays, *Not willing that any ſhould periſh.*

This well agrees with St. *Paul's* ſaying, That *the goodneſs of God leadeth unto repentance*, even thoſe that finally harden their hearts. Again. *He hath concluded them all in unbelief, that he might have mercy upon all.* Upon all! Namely all thoſe whom he had *concluded in unbelief.* You muſt either

[a] John i. 29. [b] 1 Tim. ii. [c] Acts xvii. 31. [d] 2 Pet ii. [e] chap. iii. 9. [f] Rom. ii.

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confute all theſe, or confeſs, that *God willeth all men to be ſaved*. *Lewis*. This is undeniable. *Fred*. It remains to point out, what is the way of ſalvation; for we cannot be ſaved by any other way. Now, if the Diſeaſe of Adam and of his poſterity was contracted by diſobedience, it muſt be removed by Obedience. Therefore in order to reſtore man, God has given him precepts, by obeying which he may be ſaved. Theſe precepts do not bring Death, but Life: for God intends not to kill men, but to quicken them. And ſhould a man periſh by not obeying God's precepts, this does not come to paſs, becauſe they were deſigned to kill him; but becauſe he himſelf does not obey them. For the end of the commandment is Life: for, pray obſerve, God commands what he would have done; which indeed is ſo plain, that I ſhould not have mentioned it, did not many affirm, that "the will of God is ſometimes contrary to his Commandments!" Let them worſhip a god who ſpeaks one thing, and means another: we worſhip the God of truth: and are well aſſured, he commands nothing which he would not have done. *David* ſhews this when he ſays, [s] *I delight to do thy will, O my God: yea, thy law is within my heart*. You ſee here, the Will of God is contained in his Law. As to thoſe who make God to have two Wills, one of them contrary to the other, they have been confuted already.

Lewis. But here a difficulty occurs. You ſaid yeſterday, God wills nothing which cannot be done. Now you ſay, God wills that we ſhould do all that he commands. But our Friends ſay, God commands what we cannot do. And for this they cite St. *Paul*, who ſays, *The law was given by reaſon of tranſgreſſions*: that *by the law is the knowledge of ſin*, and that *the law entered, that offences might abound*. *Fred*. I oppoſe to them the words of the Law given by himſelf: (Deut. iv. 1.) *Now therefore hearken, O Iſrael, unto the ſtatutes and*

[s] Iſaiah lx. 8.

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unto the judgments, which I teach you, for to do them, that ye may live. And a little after, *Behold I have taught you ſtatutes and judgments, even as the Lord my God commanded me, that ye ſhould do ſo in the land whither ye go to poſſeſs it.* And elſewhere (c. xxx. v. 19, 20,) *I have ſet before you life and death, bleſſing and curſing: therefore chuſe life, that both thou and thy ſeed may live: that thou mayeſt love the Lord thy God, and that thou mayeſt obey his voice, and that thou mayeſt cleave unto him.*

From theſe and the like paſſages it appears, that the Law was not given unto ſin or death; but unto life and righteouſneſs. *Lewis.* What then do you anſwer to thoſe words of St. *Paul? Fred.* The ſame that St. *Paul* himſelf anſwers, explaining his own words: *The law which was ordained for life, was found death unto me.* Here you ſee, the law was ordained not for death, but for life. And when he ſays, *It was found death unto me,* it is as if he had ſaid, the *deſign* of the law was life; but the *event* of it was Death. Therefore all thoſe ſayings concerning the *law being given unto ſin,* ſpeak not of the *deſign,* but the *event* of it. Thus it may be called the *Law of ſin and death,* with regard to its event; yet with regard to its *deſign,* the *Law of righteouſneſs and life.*

[*To be continued.*]

SERMON VIII.

On Epheſians v. 16.

Redeeming the Time.

1. SEE *that ye walk circumſpectly,* ſays the Apoſtle in the preceding verſe, *not as fools, but as wiſe men: Redeeming the time,* ſaving all the time you can for the beſt purpoſes.

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poſes; buying up every fleeting moment, out of the hands of ſin and Satan, out of the hands of ſloth, eaſe, pleaſure, worldly buſineſs: the more diligently, becauſe the preſent *are evil days*, days of the groſſeſt ignorance, immorality and profaneneſs.

2. This ſeems to be the general meaning of the words. But I purpoſe at preſent to conſider, only one particular way of *redeeming the time*, namely, from Sleep.

3. This appears to have been exceeding little conſidered, even by pious men. Many that have been eminently conſcientious in other reſpects, have not been ſo in this. They ſeemed to think it an indifferent thing, whether they ſlept more or leſs, and never ſaw it in the true point of view, as an important branch of Chriſtian Temperance.

That we may have a more juſt conception hereof, I will endeavour to ſhew,

I. What it is to *redeem the time* from Sleep.

II. The evil of not redeeming it. And,

III. The moſt effectual manner of doing it.

I. 1. And firſt, What is it, to *redeem the time from Sleep*? It is, in general, to take that meaſure of Sleep every night, which nature requires, and no more: that meaſure which is the moſt conducive to the health and vigour both of the body and mind.

2. But it is objected, "One meaſure will not ſuit all men: ſome require conſiderably more than others. Neither will the ſame meaſure ſuffice even the ſame perſons, at one time as at another. When a perſon is ſick, or if not actually ſo, yet weakened by preceding ſickneſs, he certainly wants more of this natural reſtorative, than he did when in perfect health. And ſo he will, when his ſtrength and ſpirits are exhauſted, by hard or long-continued labour."

3. All this is unqueſtionably true, and confirmed by a thouſand experiments. Whoever therefore they are that have attempted to fix one meaſure of ſleep for all perſons, did not underſtand

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understand the nature of the human Body, so widely different in different persons: as neither did they, who imagined, that the same measure would suit even the same person at all times. One would wonder therefore that so great a man as Bishop *Taylor*, should have formed this strange imagination: much more that the measure which he has assigned for the General Standard, should be only three hours in four and twenty. That good and sensible man, Mr. *Baxter*, was not much nearer the truth: who supposes four hours in four and twenty will suffice for any man. I know an extremely sensible man, who was absolutely persuaded, that no one living needed to sleep above five hours in twenty four. But when he made the experiment himself, he quickly relinquished the opinion. And I am fully convinced, by an observation continued for more than fifty years, that whatever may be done by extraordinary persons, or in some extraordinary cases, (wherein persons have subsisted with very little sleep for some weeks, or even months) a human body can scarce continue in health and vigour, without at least six hours sleep in four and twenty. Sure I am, I never met with such an instance: I never found either man or woman, that retained vigorous health for one year, with a less quantity of sleep than this.

4. And I have long observed, that Women in general, want a little more sleep than men: perhaps because they are in common, of a weaker, as well as a moister habit of body. If therefore one might venture to name one standard, (though liable to many exceptions and occasional alterations) I am inclined to think This would come near the mark: healthy men in general, need a little above six hours sleep: healthy Women, a little above seven, in four and twenty. I myself want six hours and a half, and I cannot well subsist with less.

5. If any one desires to know exactly what quantity of sleep his own constitution requires, he may very easily make the experiment, which I made about sixty years ago: I then waked every night about twelve or one, and lay awake for some

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ſome time. I readily concluded, that this aroſe from my lying longer in bed than nature required. To be ſatisfied, I procured an Alarum, which waked me the next morning at ſeven, (near an hour earlier than I roſe the day before) yet I lay awake again at night. The ſecond morning I roſe at ſix; but notwithſtanding this, I lay awake the ſecond night. The third morning I roſe at five: but nevertheleſs I lay awake the third night. The fourth morning I roſe at four, (as, by the Grace of God, I have done ever ſince.) And I lay awake no more. And I do not now lie awake (taking the year round) a quarter of an hour together in a month. By the ſame experiment, riſing earlier and earlier every morning, may any one find, how much ſleep he really wants.

II. 1. "But why ſhould any one be at ſo much pains? What need is there of being ſo ſcrupulous? Why ſhould we make ourſelves ſo particular? What harm is there in doing as our neighbours do? Suppoſe in lying from ten till ſix or ſeven in Summer, and till eight or nine in Winter?"

2. If you would conſider this queſtion fairly, you will need a good deal of candor and impartiality; as what I am about to ſay will probably be quite new, different from any thing you ever heard in your life: different from the Judgment, at leaſt from the Example of your Parents, and your neareſt Relations; nay, and perhaps of the moſt religious perſons you ever were acquainted with. Lift up therefore your heart to the Spirit of truth, and beg of him to ſhine upon it, that without reſpecting any man's perſon, you may ſee and follow the truth as it is in Jeſus.

3. Do you really deſire to know, what harm there is, in not redeeming all the time you can from Sleep? Suppoſe in ſpending therein an hour a day more than nature requires? Why, firſt, *it hurts your ſubſtance*, it is throwing away ſix hours a week, which might turn to ſome temporal account. If you can do any work, you might earn ſomething in that time, were it ever ſo ſmall. And you have no need to throw even

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even this away. If you do not want it yourself, give it to them that do: you know some of them that are not far off. If you are of no trade, still you may so employ the time, that it will bring money, or money's worth, to yourself, or others.

4. The not redeeming all the time you can from sleep, the spending more time therein, than your constitution necessarily requires, in the second place, *hurts your Health*. Nothing can be more certain than this, though it is not commonly observed. It is not commonly observed, because the evil steals on you by slow and insensible degrees. In this gradual, and almost imperceptible manner, it lays the foundation of many diseases. It is the chief, real (though unsuspected) Cause of all Nervous Diseases in particular. Many enquiries have been made, Why Nervous Disorders are so much more common among us than among our Ancestors? Other causes may frequently concur: but the chief is, we lie longer in bed. Instead of rising at four, most of us, who are not obliged to work for our bread, lie till seven, eight, or nine. We need enquire no farther. This sufficiently accounts for the large increase of these painful disorders.

5. It may be observed, that most of these arise, not barely from sleeping too long, but even from what we imagine to be quite harmless, the lying too long in bed. By *soaking* (as it is emphatically called) so long between warm sheets, the flesh is, as it were, parboiled, and becomes soft and flabby. The nerves in the mean time are quite unstrung, and all the train of melancholy symptoms, faintness, tremors, lowness of spirits, (so called) come on, till life itself is a burden.

6. One common effect of either sleeping too long, or lying too long in bed, is Weakness of Sight, particularly that weakness which is of the nervous kind. When I was young, my sight was remarkably weak. Why is it stronger now than it was forty years ago? I impute this principally to the blessing of God, who fits us for whatever he calls us to. But undoubt-

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edly the outward means which He has been pleaſed to bleſs, was the riſing early in the Morning

7. A ſtill greater objection to the not riſing early, the not redeeming all the time we can from ſleep, is, It *hurts the Soul* as well as the Body: it is a ſin againſt God. And this indeed it muſt neceſſarily be, on both the preceding accounts. For we cannot waſte, or (which comes to the ſame thing) not improve any part of our worldly ſubſtance, neither can we impair our own health, without ſinning againſt Him.

8. But this faſhionable Intemperance does alſo hurt the ſoul in a more direct manner. It ſows the ſeeds of fooliſh and hurtful Deſires: it dangerouſly inflames our natural appetites; which a perſon ſtretching and yawning in bed, is juſt prepared to gratify. It breeds and continually increaſes Sloth, ſo often objected to the Engliſh Nation. It opens the way, and prepares the ſoul for every other kind of Intemperance. It breeds an univerſal ſoftneſs and faintneſs of ſpirit, making us afraid of every little inconvenience, unwilling to deny ourſelves any pleaſure, or to take up or bear any croſs. And how then ſhall we be able (without which we muſt drop into hell) to *take the kingdom of heaven by violence?* It totally unfits us for *enduring hardſhip as good ſoldiers of Jeſus Chriſt:* and conſequently for *fighting the good fight of faith, and laying hold on eternal life.*

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

A ſhort ACCOUNT *of Mr.* GEORGE STORY.

[*Concluded from page* 78.]

IN the midſt of great exerciſes of mind, through manifold temptations, I omitted no opportunity of exhorting all about me, to flee from the wrath to come. God was pleaſed to ſmile upon my weak endeavours, and to make me inſtrumental

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mental in the converſion of ſeveral. Afterwards I was convinced I ought to act in a more public manner: but I ſaw the danger of being too forward, as well as of being too backward, and was enabled to keep from both extremes. When an opportunity offered of giving an exhortation in any of the neighbouring Societies, I did it with much fear and trembling; but I durſt not ſhun the croſs. Indeed I laboured under great diſadvantages. Through a natural impediment in my ſpeech, I could not eaſily pronounce ſeveral words: and it was a conſiderable time before I could conquer, or ſubſtitute others in their place. I hoped, my acquaintance with Authors on moſt ſubjects, might be of ſome uſe to me: but I was greatly miſtaken; my mind was in a ſituation that forbade all kind of meditation. If I attempted any ſuch thing, I was inſtantly filled with my old deiſtical ideas again. I was therefore neceſſitated to ſtay my thoughts upon the Lord, and to follow his light and truth as they ſhone upon me. What knowledge I had acquired, while in the ſpirit of apoſtaſy from God, I was obliged to throw away, as altogether uſeleſs.

After ſome time, a ſcene opened, which was both painful and profitable: we took an old chapel in a neighbouring village, the inhabitants of which, in general, differed very little from the ſavage Indians. Here I frequently preached to large congregations, and met with plenty of perſecution for my pains: but it was not unexpected, and I was determined to ſtand it, though it ſhould coſt me my life.

One time a Popiſh Gentleman hired ſome men to pull me out of the pulpit; though I was ignorant of their deſign, I providentially fixed my eye upon them as ſoon as they came in. They were confounded, and ſtayed peaceably till the ſervice was over. Sometimes the mob revenged themſelves on the door and windows, throwing whatever came next to hand; and then followed us through the ſtreet with mire and dirt. At an adjoining village, where I was to preach, ſome had engaged a madman; and to qualify him more perfectly

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for the work, had made him drunk. He came armed with a large club, and raging in a moſt furious manner. I was waiting calmly for the event, when the man's wife came, and having endeavoured in vain, to perſuade him to go away, fell into violent fits. Seeing this, he inſtantly became as quiet as a lamb, and we returned without the leaſt injury.

Soon after, I entered into the moſt afflicting diſpenſation I had ever known, which continued three months. I gradually ſunk into unaccountable anguiſh of mind, as if the Powers of Darkneſs ſurrounded me without intermiſſion. Sometimes ſuch a horror penetrated my whole ſoul as if I had committed ſome atrocious crime; and was inſtantly to ſtand before the great Judge to receive the ſentence of eternal damnation. Very often I expected inſtant death; my whole frame ſeemed juſt diſſolving. In the midſt of all, I found the grace of God was ſufficient to ſupport me under it; my conſcience was free from condemnation; and I ſaw this diſtreſs was part natural, and part diabolical. I ſtill kept cleaving to the Lord and ſtaying my mind upon him: the cloud broke, and my former peace returned. I found ſomething daily dying within me, but what it was I could not tell. When I was at the loweſt, I began to riſe again, and continued increaſing in the life of God for three months more. I was then one evening meeting my band, when the power of the Lord deſcended in an uncommon manner, and I believed he had purified my heart. At firſt I rejected it through a ſenſe of my unworthineſs. But the witneſs again returned. I conſidered, "What have I either done or ſuffered, that could induce the Lord to ſhew me this great mercy?" And I was upon the point of giving up again, when it occurred to my mind, "By grace ye are ſaved through faith, and that not of yourſelves, it is the gift of God; not of works leſt any man ſhould boaſt." I was then conſtrained to acquieſce, and ſaid, ſince it is ſo, I will hold faſt, if I can.

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The next morning I awoke in such power and peace as I had never known, and the promises, in the latter part of the 30th chapter of Ezekiel, were applied in such a manner as left no doubt but the Lord had wrought that great change in me. Nevertheless it was not in the manner I expected. I supposed a soul saved from all sin, would be a great, wise, and glorious creature; whereas I found myself infinitely little, and mean, and base: I had such a discovery of my own nothingness, as humbled me to the dust continually. I felt myself as ignorant and helpless as an infant, and knew I could not stand a moment without the divine aid. Nor did I find such overflowing joys as I expected, but only an even permanent peace, which kept my heart in the knowledge and love of God.

Mean time several scriptures were opened to me at once: and I found a delightful relish for the whole. But still I found, knowledge in divine things was to be acquired gradually, through patient labour; and that even this was limitted: God giving no more than was necessary, and at such times as he pleased.

I walked in this liberty some months, till one day I met with a circumstance which grieved me. I attended too much to the temptation, and was not inwardly watchful; so before I was aware, the temptation took place in my heart, and I found myself angry for a moment or two. As I never expected to feel this evil any more, my distress was inconceiveable for three or four hours; the enemy suggesting that I was now an apostate from the pure love of God, and could never be restored. I cried mightily to the Lord, and he discovered the device of the enemy, and healed the wound that had been made. He likewise shewed me, that as I had received Christ Jesus, so I must walk in him; that the same faith by which I entered into rest, must be continued, in order to be established in that liberty.

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The Conference being at *Leeds*, in the year 1762, I attended with a deſign of edifying by the public diſcourſes and private converſation of the Preachers. And herein I had abundant reaſon to be ſatisfied. Mr. *Weſley's* Sermons were in a peculiar manner calculated for eſtabliſhing me in what I had lately experienced. During the Conference it appeared there wanted ſeveral more Preachers as itinerants, in different Circuits. My friends propoſed me for one, and aſked if I had any objection. As I was reſigned to any ſtation Providence ſeemed to point out, I ſubmitted to the judgment of my brethren. Being admitted on trial, I returned home to ſettle my affairs; and in the latter end of February 1763, I went into the *Dales* Circuit.

When I got to *Darlington*, the town was in an uproar, occaſioned by *George Bell's* propheſy. That day, according to his prediction, the world was to be deſtroyed. Many people were much frightened; but their fears ſoon gave place to reſentment, and they threatened to pull down the houſe, and burn the firſt Preacher that came. However, conſidering that God was all-ſufficient, I told Mrs. *Oſwald*, if ſhe would venture the houſe, I would venture myſelf. Notice being given for preaching, the place was ſoon filled with people, rude enough. Providentially I found in the *Newcaſtle* Paper, a paragraph, wherein Mr. *Weſley* diſavowed all connection with Mr. *Bell*, and all credit to his propheſy. This I read to the people, which inſtantly quieted them, and they attended patiently to the end of the meeting. A poor backſlider was that night cut to the heart, and roared out in a tremendous manner. But ſhortly after he found mercy, and died in peace.

In this Circuit I found ſeveral Societies of ſincere people: but many of them were ſettled upon their lees: thoſe who had obtained Juſtification were reſting in their paſt experience, and had little expectation of being ſaved from inward ſin, till death. I ſpoke ſtrongly of full Salvation, and God gave

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gave the word ſucceſs. Several were ſtirred up to ſeek for purity of heart, and others were convinced of ſin. Mr. *Samuel Meggot*, a zealous, pious preacher, was my fellow-labourer, in whom I found the affection of a parent. Meeting me one day in the *Dales*, he ſaid, "You muſt make haſte to *Barnard-caſtle*; the people are all in confuſion; ſix or ſeven of them have found full Sanctification, and the reſt are tearing one another to pieces about it." When I got to the town, I found many were not a little prejudiced againſt me, as a ſetter forth of ſtrange doctrines. I attempted to preach among them, but could find no liberty; I met the Society, but it was ſtill the ſame. I was juſt going to conclude, when in an inſtant, the power of God deſcended in a wonderful manner. The aſſembly were all in tears, ſome praiſing God for pardoning mercy, and others for purifying grace. And even thoſe who could not yet underſtand this new doctrine, were conſtrained to ſay, "If we do not believe it, we will never ſpeak againſt it any more." The ſnare of the enemy was effectually broken; and from that time the work ſpread, not only through the town, but alſo into the neighbouring Societies; we ſeldom had any meeting, public or private, but ſome were either convinced, juſtified, or ſaved from all ſin.

The Society in *Wear-Dale* conſiſted of thirty-ſix members. But one Sunday, at two o'clock, the divine power deſcended upon the aſſembly; ſix perſons, one after another, dropped down, and as ſoon as they came to themſelves, cried out for mercy. The work from that time revived and ſpread through different parts of the *Dale*, and the Society was ſoon doubled in its number: many of whom ſtand to this day.

In other places, the people were remarkably lively, and many were added to the Societies. I continued in this Circuit till July, 1764, having the ſatisfactory evidence that I was acting in a ſtation ſuitable to the deſigns of Providence. This greatly ſupported me in the various difficulties that unavoidably occurred. Indeed I exerted myſelf much above my

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my ſtrength, both in preaching and travelling, often venturing in tempeſtuous weather, over thoſe dreary Fells, when even the Mountaineers themſelves durſt not. I was frequently in danger of being ſwallowed up in the bogs, or carried away by the torrents. Sometimes I have rode over valleys where the ſnow was eight or ten feet deep, for two or three furlongs together. When the danger was moſt eminent, I not only found a calm reſignation, but a ſolid rejoicing in the God of my ſalvation.

Some Account of SARAH PETERS.

November 13, 1748.

SARAH PETERS, a lover of ſouls, a mother in Iſrael, went to reſt. During a cloſe obſervation of ſeveral years, I never ſaw her, upon the moſt trying occaſions, in any degree ruffled or diſcompoſed; but ſhe was always loving, always happy. It was her peculiar gift and her continual care, to ſeek and ſave that which was loſt; to ſupport the weak, to comfort the feeble-minded, to bring back what had been turned out of the way. And in doing this, God endued her above her fellows, with the love that *believeth, hopeth,* and *endureth all things.*

For theſe four years laſt paſt (ſays one who was intimately acquainted with her) we uſed once or twice a week to unboſom ourſelves to each other. I never knew her to have one doubt concerning her own ſalvation. Her ſoul was always filled with that holy flame of love, and ran after Chriſt as the *chariots of Aminadab.* She uſed to ſay, "I think I am all ſpirit; I muſt be always moving, I cannot reſt, day or night, any longer than I am gathering in ſouls to God." Yet ſhe would often complain of her weakneſs and imperfections, and

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and cry out, "I am an unprofitable ſervant." I was ſometimes jealous that ſhe carried her charity too far, not allowing herſelf what was needful. But ſhe would anſwer, "I can live upon one meal a day, ſo that I may have to give to them that have none."

On Sunday, Oct. 9. She went with one more to ſee the condemned malefactors in Newgate. They enquired for *John Lancaſter* in particular, who had ſent to deſire their coming. He aſked them to go into his cell, which they willingly did, although ſome diſſuaded them from it, becauſe the goal-diſtemper (a kind of peſtilential fever) raged much among the priſoners. They deſired he would call together as many of the priſoners as were willing to come. Six or ſeven of thoſe who were under ſentence of death came. They ſung a hymn, read a portion of ſcripture, and prayed. Their little audience were all in tears. Moſt of them appeared deeply convinced of their loſt eſtate. From this time her labours were unwearied among them, praying with them and for them, night and day.

John Lancaſter ſaid, "When I uſed to come to the Foundery every morning, which I continued to do for ſome time, I little thought of ever coming to this place. I then often felt the love of God, and thought I ſhould never commit ſin more. But after awhile, I left off coming to the preaching; then my good deſires died away. I fell again into the diverſions I had laid aſide, and the company I had left off. As I was one day playing at ſkittles with ſome of theſe, a young man, with whom I was now much acquainted, gave me a part of the money which he had juſt been receiving for ſome ſtolen goods. This, with his frequent perſuaſions, ſo wrought upon me, that at laſt I agreed to go partners with him. Yet I had often ſtrong convictions, but I ſtifled them as well as I could.

"We continued in this courſe till Auguſt laſt. As we were then going home from Bartholomew fair, one morning

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about two o'clock, it came into my mind to go and ſteal the branches out of the Foundery. I climbed over the wall, and brought two of them away, though I trembled, and ſhook, and made ſo great a noiſe, that I thought all the family muſt be dead, or elſe they could not but hear me. Within a few days after I ſtole the velvet, for which I was taken up, tried and condemned."

Some being of opinion it would not be difficult to procure a pardon for him, *S. Peters*, though ſhe never mentioned this to him, reſolved to leave no means unattempted. She procured ſeveral petitions to be drawn, and went herſelf to Weſtminſter, to Kenſington, and to every part of the town where any one lived, who might poſſibly aſſiſt therein. In the mean time, ſhe went conſtantly to Newgate, ſometimes alone, ſometimes with one or two others, viſited all in their cells that were condemned, exhorted them, prayed with them, and had the comfort of finding them every time more athirſt for God than before, and of being followed, whenever ſhe went away, with abundance of prayers and bleſſings.

After a time, ſhe and her companions believed it would be of uſe to examine each cloſely as to the ſtate of his ſoul. They ſpoke to *John Lancaſter* firſt. He lifted up his eyes and hands, and after pauſing awhile, ſaid, "I thank God, I do feel, that he has forgiven me my ſins. I do know it." They aſked, "How, and when he knew it firſt?" He replied, I was in great fear and heavineſs, till the very morning you came hither firſt: that morning I was in earneſt prayer; and juſt as St. Paul's clock ſtruck five, the Lord poured into my ſoul ſuch peace as I had never felt, ſo that I was ſcarce able to bear it. From that hour I have never been afraid to die. For I know, and am ſure, as ſoon as my ſoul departs from the body, the Lord Jeſus will ſtand ready to carry it into glory."

The next who was ſpoken to was *Thomas Atkins*, nineteen years of age. When he was aſked (after many other queſtions, in anſwering which he expreſt the cleareſt and deepeſt

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deepeſt conviction of all his ſins, as well as that for which he was condemned) if he was not afraid to die? He fixed his eyes upward and ſaid, in the moſt earneſt and ſolemn manner, "I bleſs God, I am not afraid to die; for I have laid my ſoul at the feet of Jeſus." And to the laſt moment of his life, he gave all reaſon to believe, that theſe were not vain words.

Thomas Thompſon, the next, was quite an ignorant man, ſcarce able to expreſs himſelf on common occaſions: yet ſome of his expreſſions were intelligible enough. "I do not know, ſaid he, how it is; I uſed to have nothing but bad and wicked thoughts in me, and now they are all gone, and I know God loves me, and has forgiven my ſins." He perſiſted in this teſtimony, and in a behaviour ſuitable thereto till death.

When *John Roberts* came firſt into *John L's* cell, he was utterly careleſs and ſullen. But it was not long before his countenance changed; the tears ran down his cheeks, and he continued from that hour earneſtly and ſteadily ſeeking repentance and remiſſion of ſins. There did not paſs many days before he likewiſe declared, that the burthen of ſin was gone; that the fear of death was utterly taken away, and it returned no more.

William Gardiner, from the time that he was condemned, was very ill of the goal-diſtemper. *S. Peters* viſited him in his own cell, till he was able to come abroad. He was a man of exceeding few words, but of a broken and contrite ſpirit. Some time after, he expreſt great readineſs to die, yet with the utmoſt diffidence of himſelf. One of his expreſſions, to a perſon accompanying him to the place of execution was, "O Sir, I have nothing to truſt to but the blood of Chriſt. If that will not do, I am undone for ever."

As ſoon as *Sarah Cunningham* was told, that the warrant was come down for her execution, ſhe fell raving mad. She had but few intervals of reaſon; till the morning of her exe-

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cution. She was then ſenſible, but ſpoke little; till being told, "Chriſt will have pity upon you, if you aſk him:" ſhe broke out, "Pity upon me! Will Chriſt have pity upon *me?* Then I *will* aſk him. Indeed I will:" which ſhe did in the beſt manner ſhe could, till her ſoul was required of her.

Samuel Chapman appeared to be quite hardened. He ſeemed to fear neither God nor devil. But when after ſome time *Sarah Peters* talked with him, God ſtruck him down at one ſtroke. He felt himſelf a ſinner and cried aloud for mercy. The goal-diſtemper then ſeized upon him, and confined him to his bed, till he was carried out to die. She viſited him frequently in his cell. He wept much and prayed much; but never appeared to have any clear aſſurance of his acceptance with God.

It was the earneſt deſire of them all, that they whom God had made ſo helpful to them, might ſpend the laſt night with them. Accordingly ſhe came to Newgate at ten o'clock, but could not be admitted on any terms. However, ſo far they were indulged, that ſix of them were ſuffered to be in one cell. They ſpent the night, wreſtling with God in prayer. When the bell-man came at twelve o'clock, to tell them (as uſual) Remember you are to die to-day, they cried out, Welcome news! welcome news!" When the cell was opened at the uſual time, they ſprang out; ſeveral of them crying, with a tranſport not to be expreſt, "O what a happy night have we had? What a bleſſed morning is this? O when will the hour come that we long for, that our ſouls ſhall be ſet at liberty? The turnkey ſaid, "I never ſaw ſuch people before."

John Lancaſter was the firſt who was called out, to have his irons knocked off. When he came to the block (at which this is done) he ſaid, "Bleſſed be the day I came into this place! O what a glorious work hath the Lord carried on in my ſoul ſince I came hither?" Then he ſaid to thoſe near him, "O my dear friends, join in praiſe with me a ſinner. O for a tongue

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a tongue to praiſe him as I ought. My heart is like fire in a cloſe veſſel. I am ready to burſt for want of vent. O that I could tell the thouſandth part of the joys I feel!" One ſaying, "I am ſorry to ſee you in that condition;" he anſwered, "I would not change it for ten thouſand worlds." From the preſs-yard, he was removed into a large room, where he exhorted all the Officers to repentance. When *T. Atkins* was brought in, he immediately aſked him, "How is it between God and your ſoul?" He anſwered, "Bleſſed be God, I am ready." An Officer aſking about this time, What is it o'clock, was anſwered, near nine. On which *Lancaſter* ſaid, "By one I ſhall be in paradiſe, ſafely reſting in *Abraham's* boſom." To another priſoner coming in, he ſaid, "Cannot you ſee Jeſus? I ſee him by faith, ſtanding at the right-hand of God, with open arms to receive our ſouls." One aſking which is *Lancaſter?* He anſwered, "Here I am. Come, ſee a Chriſtian triumphing over death." A by-ſtander ſaid, "Be ſtedfaſt to the end." He replied, "I am by the grace of God, as ſtedfaſt as the Rock I am built upon; and that Rock is Chriſt." He then ſaid to the people, "Cry to the Lord for mercy, and you will ſurely find it. I have found it. Therefore none ſhould deſpair. When I came firſt to this place, my heart was as hard as my cell-walls, and as black as hell. But now I am waſhed, now I am made clean by the blood of Chriſt."

When *William Gardiner* came in, he ſaid, "Well, my dear man, how are you?" He anſwered, "I am happy, and think the moments long; for I want to die, that I may be with him whom my ſoul loves." *Lancaſter* aſked, "Had we not a ſweet night?" He ſaid, "I was as it were in heaven. O, if a foretaſte be ſo ſweet, what muſt the full enjoyment be!" Then came in *Thomas Thompſon*, who with great power witneſt the ſame confeſſion. The people round, in the mean time were in tears, and the Officers ſtood like men affrighted.

Then

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Then *Lancaster* exhorted one in doubt, never to rest till he had found rest in Christ. After this he brake out into strong prayer, (mingled with praise and thanksgiving) that the true gospel of Christ might spread to every corner of the habitable earth: that the congregation at the *Foundery* might abound more and more in the knowledge and love of God: that he would in a particular manner bless all those, who had taken care of his dying soul; and that God would bless and keep Mr. *W*——; that neither men nor devils might ever hurt them, but that they might, as a ripe shock of corn, be gathered into the garner of God.

When the last prisoner came into the room, he said, "Here is another of our little flock." An Officer said tenderly, "I think it is too large." He said, "Not too large for heaven: thither we are going."

He said to Mr. *M.* "O Sir, be not faint in your mind. Be not weary of well-doing. You serve a glorious Master. And if you go on, you will have a glorious reward."

When the Officers told them "It was time to go," they rose with inexpressible joy, and embraced each other, commending each others soul to the care of him who had so cared for them. *Lancaster* then earnestly prayed, that all there present, might, like him be found of God, though they sought him not.

Coming into the press-yard, he saw *Sarah Peters.* He stepped to her, kissed her, and earnestly said, "I am going to paradise to-day. And you will follow me soon."

The crowd being great, they could not readily get through. So he had another opportunity of declaring the goodness of God. And to one in heaviness he said, "Cry unto the Lord and he will be found. My soul for thine, he will have mercy upon thee." Then he said to all, "Remember *Mary Magdalene*, out of whom the Lord cast seven devils. So rely ye on him for mercy; and you will surely find it."

As

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As they were preparing to go into the cart, he said, "Come, my dear friends, let us go on joyfully, for the Lord is making ready to receive us into everlasting habitations." Then turning to the spectators he said, "My friends, God be your guide! God direct you in the right way to eternal glory! It is but a short time and *we* shall be where all sorrow and sighing shall flee away. Turn from the evil of your ways, and you also with us shall stand with the innumerable company on Mount *Sion*."

As they went along, he frequently spoke to the people, exhorting them to repentance. To some he said, "Ye poor creatures, you do not know where I am going. See that you love Christ; see that you follow Christ; and then you will come there too." He likewise gave out and sung several hymns; particularly that, with which he was always deeply affected,

"Lamb of God, whose bleeding love
We still recal to mind,
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find.
Think on us, who think on thee,
And every struggling soul release!
O remember Calvary;
And let us go in peace."

All the people who saw them, seemed to be amazed; but much more when they came to the place of execution. A solemn awe overwhelmed the whole multitude. As soon as the Executioner had done his part with *Lancaster* and the two that were with him, he called for a hymn-book, and gave out a hymn with a clear, strong voice. And after the Ordinary had prayed, he gave out and sung the fifty-first psalm. He then took leave of his fellow-sufferers with all possible marks of the most tender affection. He blest the persons who had attended him, and commended his own soul to God.

Even

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Even a little circumſtance that followed ſeems worth obſerving. His body was carried away by a company hired of the ſurgeons; but a crew of ſailors purſued them, took it from them by force, and delivered it to his mother, by which means it was decently interred, in the preſence of many who praiſed God on his behalf.

One thing which occaſioned ſome amazement, was, that even after death there were no marks of violence upon him; his face was not at all bloted and disfigured; no, nor even changed from its natural colour. But he lay with a calm, ſmiling countenance, as one in a ſweet ſleep.

He died on Friday, Oct. 28, and was buried on Sunday the 30th. *Sarah Peters*, having now finiſhed her work, felt her body ſink apace. On Wedneſday, Nov. 3, ſhe took her bed, having the ſymptoms of a malignant fever, ſhe praiſed God in the fires for ten days, continually witneſſing the good confeſſion, "I have fought the good fight, I have kept the faith: I am going to receive the crown." And a little after midnight, on Sunday 13, her ſpirit alſo returned to God.

J. W.

An Account of ſome remarkable DEATHS.

THURSDAY, Dec. 8, 1748, I ſaw one crying out (in a high fever) "O Sir, I am dying, without God, without Chriſt, without Hope." I ſpoke ſtrongly of the mercies of God in Chriſt, and left him a little revived. The next night he told me, "For ſome time after you were here, I was, I know not how; ſo light and eaſy! I had no doubt but God would have mercy upon me; but now I am dark again, I fear leſt I ſhould periſh at the laſt." He then broke out into prayer. I left him a little eaſier, beginning again to caſt his care upon God.

Sunday

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Sunday 11. Several of our brethren called upon him and found his hope gradually increasing. Monday 12, He expreſſed a ſtrong confidence in the mercy of God, and ſaid, he feared nothing but leſt he ſhould live and turn back into the world. Before noon he was a little delirious; but as ſoon as any one ſpoke of God, he recovered himſelf and prayed ſo vehemently, as to ſet all that heard him in tears. I called once more about ſix in the evening, and commended his ſoul to God. He was ſpeechleſs, but not without ſenſe, as the motion of his lips plainly ſhewed; though his eyes were generally fixt upwards, with a look which ſaid, "I ſee God." About half an hour after I went away, his ſoul was ſet at liberty.

Thus, in the ſtrength of his years, died *Francis Butts*, one, in whoſe lips was found no guile. He was an honeſt man, fearing God, and earneſtly endeavouring to work righteouſneſs.

Saturday 24. I buried the body of *William Turner*, who, towards the cloſe of a long illneſs, had been removed into *Guy's Hoſpital*, though with ſmall hope of recovery. The night before his death he was delirious, and talked loud and incoherently, which occaſioned many in the ward to gather round his bed, in order to divert themſelves. But in that hour it pleaſed God to reſtore him at once to the full uſe of his underſtanding; and he began praiſing God and exhorting them to repent, ſo as to pierce many to the heart. He remained for ſome time in this laſt labour of love, and then gave up his ſoul to God.

Tueſday 27. Mr. *Glanvile* died. He was at the burial of *Frances Butts*, and was then ſaying, "What a mercy it is, that I am alive? that I was not cut off a year ago?" The ſame night he was taken ill, and was for the moſt part delirious. In his lucid intervals he ſeemed intent on the things of God. I ſaw him not till the night before his death; he anſwered me ſenſibly once or twice, ſaying, "He hoped to meet me in a better place." Then he raved again; ſo I uſed a ſhort prayer, and commended his ſpirit to God. J. W.

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Some Account of Mr. WISHART.

[*Concluded from page* 98.]

IN Feb. 1546, Mr. Wiſhart was ſent for by cardinal Beton, to give an account of his doctrine: the cardinal called all his retinue to come armed to the place of their ſitting, which was the abbey church. When Mr. Wiſhart was brought, there was a poor man lying at the door, that aſked his alms, to whom he flung his purſe; when he came before the cardinal, there was a dean appointed to preach; whoſe ſermon being ended, Wiſhart was put up into the pulpit to hear his charge: and one Lawder, a prieſt, ſtood over againſt him, and read a ſcrowl full of bitter accuſations and curſes, ſo that the ignorant people thought the earth would have opened and ſwallowed up Wiſhart quick: but he ſtood with great patience without moving, or once changing his countenance: the prieſt having ended his curſes, ſpit at Mr. Wiſhart's face, ſaying, What anſwereſt thou? thou runnagate, traitor, thief. Then Mr. Wiſhart fell upon his knees, making his prayer unto God; after which he ſaid, Many horrible ſayings; many words abominable to hear, have ye ſpoken here this day: which, not only to teach, but even to think of, I ever though a great abomination. He then gave them an account of his doctrine, anſwering to every article as far as they would give him leave to ſpeak; but they, without having any regard to his anſwers, preſently condemned him to be burnt. After which ſentence, falling upon his knees, he ſaid, O immortal God! how long wilt thou ſuffer the ungodly to exerciſe their fury upon thy ſervants, who further thy word in this world? while they, on the contrary, ſeek to deſtroy the truth, whereby thou haſt revealed thyſelf to the world. O Lord,

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Lord, we know certainly that thy true ſervants muſt ſuffer for thy ſake, perſecutions, afflictions, and troubles; yet we deſire that thou wouldſt preſerve and defend thy church, and give thy people grace to hear thy word, and to be thy true ſervants in this preſent life. Then were the common people put out, the biſhops not deſiring that they ſhould hear the innocent man ſpeak, and ſo they ſent him again to the caſtle, till the fire ſhould be made ready; two friars came to him in the caſtle, requiring him to make his confeſſion to them, to whom he ſaid, I will make no confeſſion to you, but fetch me that man who preached even now, and I will ſpeak with him; then was the ſub-prior brought, with whom he conferred a pretty while, till the ſub-prior wept, who going to the cardinal, told him that he came not to intercede for Mr. Wiſhart's life, but to make known his innocency to all men; at which words the cardinal was very angry, ſaying, We know long ago what you are. The captain of the caſtle, with ſome friends, coming to Mr. Wiſhart, aſked him if he would break his faſt with them: yea, ſaid he, very willingly, for I know you are honeſt men; in the mean time he deſired them to hear him a little; and ſo he diſcourſed to them about the Lord's ſupper, his ſuffering and death for us, exhorting them to love one another, laying aſide all rancour and malice as becomes the members of Chriſt, who continually intercedes for us to his Father. Afterwards he gave thanks, and bleſſing the bread and wine, he took the bread and brake it, giving it to every one, ſaying, eat this; remember that Chriſt died for us, and feed on it ſpiritually; then taking the cup, he bade them remember that Chriſt's blood was ſhed for them. He then gave thanks and prayed for them, and ſo retired into his chamber. Preſently after, two executioners came from the cardinal. One of whom put on him a black linen coat; the other brought bags of powder, which they tied about ſeveral parts of his body, and ſo they brought him forth to the place of execution. Juſt oppoſite to it, the caſtle windows

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were hung with rich hangings, and velvet cushions laid for the cardinal and prelates, who from thence fed their eyes with the torments of this innocent man: the cardinal fearing left Wishart should be rescued by his friends, caused all the ordnance in the castle to be bent against the place of execution, and commanded the gunners to stand ready all the time of his burning; then were his hands bound behind his back, and so he was carried forth; in the way, some beggars met him, asking his alms for God's sake: to whom he said, My hands are bound wherewith I was wont to give you alms, but the merciful Lord, who of his abundant grace feeds all men, vouchsafe to give you necessaries both for your bodies and souls! Then two friars met him, persuading him to pray to our lady; to whom he meekly said, Cease; tempt me not, I entreat you: and so with a rope about his neck, and a chain about his middle, he was led to the fire: where falling upon his knees, he thrice repeated, O thou Saviour of the world, have mercy upon me! Father of heaven, I commend my spirit into thy holy hands! Then turning to the people, he said, Christian brethren and sisters, I beseech you be not offended at the word of God, for the torments which you see prepared for me; but I exhort you to love the word of God for your salvation, and suffer patiently, and with a comfortable heart, for the word's sake, which is your undoubted salvation and everlasting comfort: I pray you also, tell my brethren and sisters, who have often heard me, not to cease learning the word of God, for any persecution or trouble in this world whatsoever; and shew them that the doctrine was no old wives fables, but the truth of God; for if I had taught men's doctrine, I should have had greater thanks from men. But for the word of God's sake I now suffer; not sorrowfully, but with a glad heart and mind: for this cause I was sent into the world that I should suffer this for Christ's sake: behold my face: you shall not see me change my countenance: I fear not the fire; and if persecution come to you for the word's sake, I pray you

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you fear not them that can kill the body, and have no power to hurt the ſoul. Then he prayed for them who accuſed him, ſaying, I beſeech thee, Father of heaven, forgive them that have of ignorance, or of an evil mind, forged lies of me: I forgive them with all my heart; I beſeech Chriſt to forgive them who have ignorantly condemned me this day. Then turning to the people again, he ſaid, I beſeech you brethren, exhort your prelates to learn the word of God, that they may be aſhamed to do evil, and learn to do good, or elſe there ſhall come upon them the wrath of God, which they ſhall not eſchew. Then the executioner fell on his knees, and ſaid, I pray you, Sir, forgive me; for I am not the cauſe of your death. Mr. Wiſhart then calling him to him, kiſſed his cheeks, ſaying, Lo here is a token that I forgive thee: my heart, do thine office; and ſo he was tied to the ſtake, and the fire kindled. The captain of the caſtle coming near him, bade him be of good courage, and beg for him the pardon of his ſin; to whom Mr. Wiſhart ſaid, This fire torments my body, but no whit abates my ſpirit: then looking towards the cardinal, he ſaid, He who in ſuch ſtate, from that high place, feeds his eyes with my torments, ſhall be hanged out at the ſame window to be ſeen with as much ignominy, as he now leans with pride: on which, his breath being ſtopped, he was conſumed by the fire. In a ſhort time, his laſt words were very remarkably fulfilled; for after the cardinal was ſlain, the provoſt raiſing the town, came to the caſtle-gates, crying, What have you done with my lord cardinal? where is my lord cardinal? to whom they within anſwered, Return to your houſes, for he hath received his reward, and will trouble the world no more: but they ſtill cried, We will never depart till we ſee him. Then did the Leſlies hang him out at that window, to ſhow that he was dead; on which the people departed,

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An Extract from A SURVEY *of the* WISDOM *of* GOD *in the* CREATION.

Of the *Baboon, Chimpanaze*, &c.

THE *Baboon*, is from three to four feet high, very ſtrong built, with a thick body and limbs, and canine teeth, much longer than thoſe of men. It walks more commonly upon all-fours than upright, and its hands as well as its feet are armed with long ſharp claws, inſtead of the broad round nails of the Ape kind.

At the Cape of Good Hope they are under a ſort of natural diſcipline, and go about whatever they undertake with ſurpriſing ſkill and regularity. When they ſet about robbing an orchard or a vineyard, (for they are extremely fond of grapes, and apples;) they go in large companies, and with preconcerted deliberation; part of them enter the encloſure, while one is ſet to watch. The reſt ſtand without the fence, and form a line reaching all the way from their fellows within to their rendezvous without, which is generally in ſome craggy mountain. Every thing being thus diſpoſed, the plunderers within the orchard throw the fruit to thoſe that are without as faſt they can gather it; or, if the wall or hedge be high, to thoſe that ſit on the top; and theſe hand the plunder to thoſe next them on the other ſide. Thus the fruit is pitched from one to another all along the line, till it is ſafely depoſited at their head quarters. They catch it as readily as the moſt ſkilful tennis-player can a ball; and while the buſineſs is going forward, a profound ſilence is obſerved. Their centinel, during this whole time, continues upon the watch, and if he perceives any one coming, inſtantly ſets up a loud cry, on which ſignal the whole company ſcamper off.

Nor

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Nor yet are they willing to go empty handed; for if they be plundering a bed of melons for inſtance, they go off with one in their mouths, one in their hands, and one under their arm. If the purſuit is hot, they drop firſt that from under their arm, then that from their hand; and if it be continued, they at laſt let fall that which they had kept in their mouths.

The *Chimpanaze* is an animal found in *Angola*, nearly approaching to the human figure; but of a fierce diſpoſition, and remarkably miſchievous. In the year 1738, one of theſe creatures was brought over to *England*. It was about twenty months old. (The parent had it in her arms, when ſhe was killed, ſhe was five feet high.) It was of the female ſex, naturally walked erect, was hairy on ſome parts of the body and limbs, and of a ſtrong, muſcular make. It would eat any courſe food, but was very fond of tea, which it drank out of a cup, with milk and ſugar, as we do. It ſlept in the manner of the human ſpecies, and its voice reſembled the human, when people ſpeak very haſtily; but without any articulate ſounds. The males of this ſpecies are very bold, and will fight a man, though he is armed. It is ſaid, they often aſſault and raviſh the negro women, when they meet them in the woods.

There is another ſtrange ſpecies of *Monkey* found in the *Weſt-Indies*, of the ſize of a fox. Its face is raiſed high, its eyes black and ſhining, and its ears ſmall and round. His hairs are ſo nicely diſpoſed all over the body, that he appears perfectly ſmooth: and they are much longer under the chin, ſo that they form a kind of beard there.

Theſe are found in great numbers in the woods, and make a loud and frightful noiſe. But it is common for one only to make a noiſe, and the reſt to form a mute aſſembly round him.

Marcgrave ſays "I have frequently ſeen great numbers of them, meeting about noon: at which time they formed a large circle, and one placing himſelf above the reſt, began to make a loud noiſe. When he had ſung thus by himſelf, for ſome time,

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time, the reſt all remaining ſilent, he lifted up his hand, and they all inſtantly joined in a ſort of chorus. This intolerable yell continued, till the ſame Monkey, who gave the ſignal for the beginning, lifted up his hand a ſecond time. On this they were all ſilent again, and ſo finiſhed the buſineſs of the aſſembly."

[*To be continued.*]

REMARKS *upon Mr. Locke's* ESSAY *on* HUMAN UNDERSTANDING.

[*Continued from page* 88.]

Of *PERCEPTION.*

7. "PERCEPTION, as it is the firſt Faculty of the mind, ſo it is the firſt and ſimpleſt *Idea* we have from Reflection." I preſume the ſentence, (to make it ſenſe) ſhould run thus: "As *Perception* is the firſt faculty of the mind, ſo the *idea* of it is the firſt and ſimpleſt which we have from Reflection."

"Sect. 11. This faculty of *Perception* ſeems to me to be that, which *puts the diſtinction betwixt the animal Kingdom, and the inferior parts of Nature.* For however Vegetables have, many of them, ſome degrees of motion, and upon the different application of other bodies to them, do very briſkly alter their figures and motions, and ſo have obtained the name of ſenſative Plants, from a motion, which has ſome reſemblance to that, which in Animals follows upon ſenſation: yet, I ſuppoſe, it is all bare Mechaniſm; and no otherwiſe produced, than the turning of a wild oat-beard, by the inſinuation of the particles of moiſture; or the ſhortening of a rope, by the effuſion of water. All which is done without any ſenſation in the ſubject, or the having or receiving any *Ideas.*

"Sect. 12.

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"Sect. 12. *Perception*, I believe, is, in some degree, *in all sorts of Animals*; though in some, possibly, the avenues, provided by Nature for the reception of sensations are so few, and the perception, they are received with, so obscure and dull, that it comes extremely short of the quickness and variety of sensations, which is in other animals: but yet it is sufficient for, and wisely adapted to, the state and condition of that sort of animals, who are thus made: so that the wisdom and goodness of the Maker plainly appears in all the parts of this stupendous fabric, and all the several degrees and ranks of Creatures in it.

"Sect. 13. We may, I think, from the make of an *Oyster*, or *Cockle*, reasonably conclude, that it has not so many, nor so quick sensess, as a Man, or several other Animals; nor if it had, would it, in that state and incapacity of transferring it self from one place to another, be bettered by them. What good would sight and hearing do to a creature, that cannot move itself to, or from the objects, wherein at a distance it perceives good or evil? And would not quickness of sensation, be an inconvenience to an Animal, that must lie still, where Chance has once placed it; and there receive the afflux of colder or warmer, clean or foul water, as it happens to come to it?

"Sect. 14. But yet, I cannot but think, there is some small, dull Perception, whereby they are distinguished from perfect insensibility. And that this may be so, we have plain instances, even in mankind itself. Take one, in whom decrepid old age has blotted out the memory of his past knowledge, and clearly wiped out the *Ideas* his mind was formerly stored with; and has, by destroying his sight, hearing, and smell quite, and his taste to a great degree, stopped up almost all the passages for new ones to enter: or, if there be some of the Inlets yet half open, the impressions made are scarce perceived, or not at all retained. How far such an one (notwithstanding all that is boasted of innate principles) is in his

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knowledge, and intellectual faculties, above the condition of a *Cockle*, or an *Oyster*, I leave to be considered. And if a man had passed sixty years in such a state, as 'tis possible he might, as well as three days, I wonder what difference there would have been, in any intellectual perfection, between him, and the lowest degree of animals.

"Sect. 15. *Perception* then being *the first step and degree towards Knowledge, and the Inlet of all the materials of it*, the fewer senses any man, as well as any other creature hath; and the fewer and duller the impressions are, that are made by them; and the duller the faculties are, that are employed about them, the more remote are they from that knowledge, which is to be found in some men. But this being in a great variety of degrees, (as may be perceived amongst men) cannot certainly be discovered in the several species of animals, much less in their particular individuals. It suffices me only to have remarked here, that Perception is the first operation of all our intellectual faculties, and the Inlet of all knowledge into our mind. And I am apt too, to imagine, That it is Perception in the lowest degree of it, which puts the boundaries between animals, and the inferior ranks of creatures."

[*To be continued.*]

On the ORIGIN *of the* SOUL.

I Was many years in doubt, concerning this question, finding nothing satisfactory wrote upon it. But I am thoroughly satisfied with the following account, which I think will satisfy any candid Enquirer.

"The advocates for the natural purity of the human race (endeavouring to clog with difficulty, what they cannot disprove to be matter of fact) still assert, "As we have our souls *immediately* from God, *if* we are born sinful, he must either

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either *create ſinful* ſouls, which cannot be ſuppoſed without impiety; or ſend *ſinleſs* ſouls into *ſinful* bodies, to be defiled by the unhappy union, which is as inconſiſtent with his goodneſs as his juſtice. Add to this, ſay the objectors, that nothing can be more unphiloſophical than to ſuppoſe, that a body, a mere lump of organized matter, is able to communicate to a pure ſpirit that moral pollution, of which itſelf is as incapable, as the murderer's ſword is incapable of cruelty."

This ſpecious objection, which Dr. Watts acknowledges to be "the very chief point of difficulty in all the controverſies about original ſin," is wholly founded upon the vulgar notion, that we have our ſoul, immediately from God by infuſion: it will therefore entirely fall to the ground, if we can prove that we receive them, as well as our bodies, by traduction from Adam: and that this is a fact, appears, if I am not miſtaken, by the following arguments:

1. We have no ground from Scripture or Reaſon to think, that adulterers can, when they pleaſe, put God upon *creating* new ſouls to animate the ſpurious fruit of their crimes. On the contrary, it is ſaid, that God *reſted on the ſeventh day from* ALL *his work* of creation.

2. Eve herſelf was not *created* but *in* Adam: God breathed no breath of life into her, as he did into her huſband to make him *a living ſoul*. Therefore when Adam ſaw her, he ſaid, *ſhe ſhall be called woman, becauſe ſhe* [her whole ſelf, not her body only] *was taken out of man*. If then the ſoul of the firſt woman ſprang from Adam's ſoul, as her body from his body; what reaſon have we to believe, that the ſouls of her poſterity are immediately infuſed, as Adam's was when God created him?

3. All agree, that under God, we receive *life* from our parents; and if life, then certainly our *ſoul* which is the *principle of life*.

4. Other animals have power to propagate their own ſpecies *after its kind*; they can generate *animated* bodies: why

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ſhould man be but half a father? When did God ſtint him to propagate the mere *ſhell* of his perſon, the body without the ſoul? Was it when *he bleſſed him, and ſaid, be fruitful and multiply?* When he ſpoke thus, did he not addreſs himſelf unto the *ſoul*, as well as to the body? Can the body alone either underſtand or execute a commandment? Is it not on the contrary highly reaſonable to conclude, that by virtue of the divine appointment and bleſſing, the *whole* man can *be fruitful and multiply*; and the ſoul, under proper circumſtances, can generate a ſoul, as a thought begets a thought; and can kindle the flame of life, as one taper lights another, without weakening its immortal ſubſtance, any more than God the Father (if I may be allowed the compariſon) impairs the divine eſſence by the *eternal* generation of his *only begotten Son*.

5. Does not *matter of fact* corroborate the preceding argument? A ſprightly race-horſe generally begets a mettleſome colt; while a heavy cart-horſe begets a colt that bears the ſtamp of its ſire's dulneſs. And is it not ſo with mankind in general? The children of the Hottentots and Eſkimaux, are commonly as *ſtupid*; while thoſe of the Engliſh and French are uſually as *ſharp* as their parents. You ſeldom ſee a wit ſpringing from two half-witted people, or a fool deſcended from very ſenſible parents. The children of men of genius, are frequently as remarkable for ſome branch of hereditary genius; as thoſe of blockheads, for their native ſtupidity. Nothing is more common than to ſee very paſſionate and ſlightly parents, have very paſſionate and ſlightly children. And I have a hundered times diſcovered not only the features, look, and complexion of a father or mother in a child's face; but ſeen a congenial ſoul, looking out (if I may ſo ſpeak) at thoſe windows of the body, which we call the *eyes*. Hence I conclude, that the advice frequently given to thoſe who are about to chuſe a companion for life, "*Take care of the breed*," is not abſolutely without foundation; although ſome lay too much ſtreſs upon it; forgetting that a thouſand unknown accidents may form

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form exceptions to the general rule; and not conſidering, that the peculiarity of the father's breed may be happily corrected by that of the mother, [*and vice verſa:*] and that as the grace of God yielded to, may *ſweeten* the *worſt* temper; ſo ſin perſiſted in, may ſower the beſt.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

A Letter written by OLIVER CROMWELL.

A Writer of the laſt century, gives us a remarkable relation concerning *Oliver Cromwell.* On his death-bed, he aſked ſome of his Chaplains, "Is it poſſible, that a ſaint ſhould fall from Grace?" They anſwered, "No; no more than it is poſſible, that Chriſt ſhould fall from heaven." He replied, "Then I am ſafe yet: for I am ſure, I was a good man once."

Of this I think no reaſonable man can doubt, who carefully reads the following Letter, which is tranſcribed (word for word, and letter for letter) from Mr. *Thurloe's* Memoirs, vol. i. p. 1.

Ely 13th of October 1638.

Deare Cozen,

I Thankfully acknowledge your love in your kind remembrance of mee upon this opportunitye. Alas you doe too highlye prize my lines, and my companie. I may bee aſhamed to own your expreſſions, conſidering how unprofitable I am and the meane improvement of my tallent. Yett to honour my God by declaringe what hee hath done for my ſoule, in this I am confident, and I will bee ſoe. Trulye then this I finde, that hee giveth ſpringes in a drye and barren wilderneſse where noe water is. I live (you know where) in Meſheck, which they ſay ſignifies *prolonginge*; in Kedar, which ſignifieth *blackneſſe*; yet the Lord forſaketh me not. Though he doe prolonge yett hee will (I truſt) bring mee to his

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his tabernacle, to his reſtinge place. My ſoule is with the congregation of the firſt borne, my bodie reſts in hope; and if heere I may honour my God, either by doinge or ſufferinge I ſhall be moſt glad. Truely no poore creture hath more cauſe to putt forth himſelfe in the cauſe of his God then I. I have had plentifull wadges before hand; and I am ſure I ſhall never earne the leaſt mite. The Lord accept mee in his Sonn, and give mee to walke in the light, and give us to walke in the light, as hee is in the light. Hee it is that inlighteneth our blackneſse, our darkneſse. I dare not ſay, he hideth his face from mee; hee giveth mee to ſee light in his light: one beame in a darke place hath exceedinge much refreſhment in it; bleſſed bee his name for ſhining upon ſoe darke a hart as mine. You know what my manner of life hath bine. O, I lived in, and loved darkneſse and hated the light; I was a chiefe, the chiefe of ſinners. This is true I hated godlineſse, yett God had mercy onn mee. O the riches of his mercy! Praiſe him for mee, pray for mee, that hee whoe hath begunn a good worke would perfect it to the day of Chriſt. Salute all my good friends in that family, whereof you are yett a member. I am much bound unto them for their love. I bleſſe the Lord for them, and that my ſonn by their procurement is ſoe well. Lett him have your prayers, your councell; lett mee have them. Salute your huſband and ſiſter from mee: hee is not a man of his word: hee promiſed to write about Mr. Wrath of Epenge, but as yett I receaved noe Letters: putt him in mind to doe what with convenience may bee donn for the poore cozen, I did follicit him about. Once more farewell; the Lord bee with you; ſoe prayeth

Your trulye lovinge cozen,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

My wives ſervace and love preſented to all her friends. *To my beloved cozen Mrs* St. Johns att Sir William Maſkam *his houſe called* Oates *in* Eſſex
preſent theiſe

How

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How far is it the Duty of a CHRISTIAN MINISTER, *to* PREACH POLITICS?

1. IT is impoſſible to anſwer this queſtion, before it is underſtood. We muſt firſt therefore endeavour to underſtand it; and then it will be eaſy to anſwer.

2. There is a plain command in the Bible, *Thou ſhalt not ſpeak evil of the Ruler of thy people.* But notwithſtanding this, many that are called religious people, ſpeak evil of him continually. And they ſpeak many things that are palpably falſe; particularly when they affirm him to be a *w—k* man: whereas a Nobleman who is not at all prejudiced in his favour, when he was preſſed to ſpeak, made this honeſt declaration: "Sir, I know him well; and I judge the King to be one of *the moſt ſenſible* men in Europe. His Miniſters are no fools: but his Majeſty is able *to wind them all round his finger.*"

3. Now when a Clergyman comes into a place, where this, and many more Stories, equally falſe, have been diligently propagated againſt the King, and are generally believed: if he guards the people againſt this evil-ſpeaking, by refuting thoſe ſlanders, many cry out, "O, he is *preaching Politics.*"

4. If you mean this by the term, it is the bounden Duty of every Chriſtian Miniſter to *preach Politics.* It is our bounden duty to refute theſe vile aſperſions, in public as well as in private. But this can be done only now and then, when it comes naturally in our way. For it is our main and conſtant buſineſs, to preach Jeſus Chriſt, and him crucified.

5. Again. Many who do not ſo freely cenſure the King, ſpeak all manner of evil of his Miniſters. If any misfortune befals us at home or abroad, by ſea or land, it is "all *their* fault." If one Commander in America is ſurpriſed with all his forces, when he is dead drunk, "Lord *North* deſerves to be

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be hanged." If General *Burgoyne* or Lord *Cornwallis* is betrayed into their Enemy's hand, all the blame is laid on our Miniſters at home. But ſtill the King is wounded through their ſides; the blame glances from them to him. Yet if we ſay a word in defence of Them (which is in effect, defending Him) this alſo is *preaching Politics.*

6. It is always difficult and frequently impoſſible for private men, to judge of the meaſures taken by men in public Offices. We do not ſee many of the grounds which determine them to act, in this or the contrary manner. Generally therefore it behoves us to be ſilent, as we may ſuppoſe they know their own buſineſs beſt: but when they are cenſured without any colour of reaſon, and when an odium is caſt on the King by that means, we ought to *preach Politics* in this ſenſe alſo: we ought publicly to confute thoſe unjuſt Cenſures. Only remembering ſtill, that this is rarely to be done, and only when fit occaſion offers: it being our main buſineſs to preach *Repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jeſus Chriſt.*

JOHN WESLEY.

Lewiſham, Jan. 9, 1782.

On hearing MINISTERS *who oppoſe the* TRUTH.

1. LAST ſummer I received a letter from Yorkſhire, ſigned by ſeveral ſerious men, who propoſed a Difficulty they were under, wherein they knew not how to act. And indeed I did not well know how to adviſe them. So I delayed giving them a determinate Anſwer, till I could lay the matter before our Brethren, at the enſuing Conference.

2. Their Difficulty was this. "You adviſe all the members of our Societies, conſtantly to attend the Service of the Church. We have done ſo for a conſiderable time. But very

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very frequently Mr. R. our Minister, preaches not only what we believe to be false, but dangerously false Doctrine. He asserts, and endeavours to prove, That we cannot be saved from our sins in this life, and that we must not hope to be perfected in love, on this side Eternity. Our nature is very willing to receive this; therefore it is very liable to hurt us. Hence we have a doubt, whether it is our duty, to hear this preaching, which experience shews to weaken our souls."

3. This Letter I laid before the Conference, and we easily perceived, the Difficulty therein proposed, concerned not only the Society at Bailden, but many others in various parts of the kingdom. It was therefore considered at large, and all our Brethren were desired to speak their sentiments freely. In the conclusion, they unanimously agreed, 1. That it was highly expedient, all the Methodists (so called) who had been bred therein, should attend the service of the Church as often as possible: but that Secondly, if the Minister began either to preach the Absolute Decrees, or to rail at, and ridicule Christian Perfection, they should quietly and silently go out of the Church, yet attend it again the next opportunity.

4. I have since that time, revolved this matter over and over in my own mind. And the more I consider it, the more I am convinced, this was the best Answer that could be given. I still advise all our Friends, when this case occurs, quietly and silently to go out. Only I must earnestly caution them, not to be critical: not to make a man an offender for a word, no, nor for a few sentences, which any who believe the Decrees may drop without design. But if such a Minister should at any time, deliberately and of set purpose, endeavour to establish Absolute Predestination, or to confute Scriptural Perfection; then I advise all the Methodists in the Congregation, quietly to go away.

JOHN WESLEY.

Lewisham, Jan. 9, 1782.

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LETTERS.

LETTER CCXX.

[From Miſs B. to a Friend.]

June 16, 1762.

Dear Friend,

WHILE I write, the Lord give me to ſpeak plainly, eying nothing but his glory! O ſearch the very bottom of your heart, that you may not cleave to any thing. This is one of the moſt difficult things, in the whole race we have to run. At the time my ſoul was deeply entangled, I gained abundantly more power over all things elſe. It infallibly hindered my cleaving to any other perſon: nor could the temptations which would have deſtroyed others come near me. Satan was content with that One, which he knew would be as effectual as a thouſand hinderances. But here I found him out. I thought, "Lord, how is it, that I have more *power* over all theſe things; and yet I have not more union with thee? I do not feel that I draw nouriſhment from thee, as the branch from the vine?" Is it not ſo with *you?* Do not you cleave to *me?* I would not for the world have you deceived herein. Search therefore I intreat you, and cut off whatever ſtands between God and you!

Do not you find at ſome times, more Faith, or Hope, or nearneſs to God than at others? May my dear Lord bleſs you more and more!

I am, yours, &c.

M. B.

LETTER

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LETTER CCXXI.

[From Mrs. S. R. to the Rev. Mr. Wesley.]

Briſtol, Dec. 13, 1757.

Rev. and dear Sir,

YOU ſay, I *oblige* you by my freedom. But do I *profit* you? That is my end: it is more eaſy to pleaſe than to profit: if I do not lead you to Chriſt, I ſhall be taken from you. We ſhall be glad to ſee you ſoon, if it be the will of God; but not one moment before his time.

I have received a letter from ——, and underſtand ſhe ſaw the laſt you ſent me. O Sir, we cannot be too cloſe till eternity comes; and then to our comfort all will be made manifeſt.

God is with us, one and all, and bleſſes us every day more and more. As for myſelf, my ſoul is conſtantly happy in doing the will of God. My body is very weak and ill: but his will be done!

I remain, dear Sir,

Your affectionate but unworthy Child and Servant,

S. R.

LETTER CCXXII.

[From the Rev. Mr. Weſley, to Mrs. S. R.]

Dec. 14, 1757.

My dear Siſter,

I Find by Mr. *P—n's* laſt Letter, that he is deeply offended: that his former affection (ſo he ſpeaks) "is degenerated into a cold eſteem, and that he no longer, regards me as a dear

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friend, but as an auſtere maſter." Has he not a little affected *you?* He does not ſpeak with paſſion; but his words diſtil as the dew. The God whom you ſerve ſend forth his light and his truth, and direct you in every thought!

Do you never find any *wandering thoughts* in prayer? Or uſeleſs thoughts at other ſeaſons? Does the corruptible body never preſs down the ſoul, and make it muſe about uſeleſs things? Have you ſo great a command over your imagination, as to keep out all unprofitable images? At leaſt to baniſh them the moment they appear; ſo that they neither trouble, nor ſully your ſoul? Do you find every *reaſoning* brought into captivity to the obedience of Chriſt? Is there no vanity or folly in your *dreams?* No temptation that almoſt overcomes you? And are you then as ſenſible of the preſence of God, and as full of prayer, as when you are waking?

I can hardly avoid trembling for you ſtill: upon what a pinnacle do you ſtand? Perhaps few perſons in *England* have been in ſo dangerous a ſituation, as you are now? I know not whether any other was ever ſo regarded both by my brother and me at the ſame time? What can I do to help you? The Father of mercies help you, and with his favourable kindneſs ſurround you on every ſide! May the eternal Spirit help you in every thought, word and work, to ſerve the living God!

I am, your affectionate Brother,

J. W.

LETTER CCXXIII.

[From Mr. Thomas Weſtell, to the Rev. Mr. Weſley.]

Mancheſter, Feb. 1, 1763.

Rev. and dear Sir,

IN my laſt, I informed you that my dear Wife lay very ill of an inflammation in her bowels. This laſt week, ſhe grew worſe in body, but quite patient and reſigned to the will of

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of God. Several perſons aſked her particular queſtions relating to the ſtate of her ſoul; to whom ſhe replied, (as ſhe ever did to me,) "I have no doubt or fear, either as to my preſent or eternal ſalvation." On the 27th and 28th, her intimate friends repeated the ſame queſtions; and to their great ſatisfaction, found her Confidence unſhaken, and her Hope of immortality ſtronger and ſtronger, till ſhe was in the pangs of death; but ſhe was ſenſible to the very laſt. Saturday morning, 29th, about one o'clock, the child heard her in inſtant prayer and praiſe. The laſt words ſhe was heard to ſpeak were, "O Death! were is now thy ſting! O Grave! were is now thy victory!" She then fell aſleep in the arms of her Beloved, without a ſigh or groan.

My little girl received a ſenſe of the pardoning love of God a few months ſince, (ſhe will be ten years old the 24th of next May,) and daily enjoys the light of God's countenance. On Sunday laſt ſhe had that promiſe applied to her ſoul, "I will create in thee a clean heart, and renew a right ſpirit within thee." The firſt time, ſhe was much ſurpriſed, but it was repeated to her till ſhe believed it to be the voice of God. A little after, ſhe ſaw, by the eye of Faith, Jeſus Chriſt in glory, and an innumerable company of glorified ſpirits, with her dear mother, rejoicing and praiſing God. I have reaſon to be humble and thankful. Pleaſe to remember me in all your prayers, and bear with my many infirmities. I deſire ever to remain your ſon and ſervant for Chriſt ſake.

THOMAS WESTELL.

LETTER CCXXIV.

[From the Rev. Mr. B. Colley, to the Rev. Mr. Weſley.]

March 15, 1763.

Oh Sir!

IS it poſſible? I ſay, is it poſſible for an Enthuſiaſt, that for conſcience-ſake has acted imprudently and ungratefully, to find favour again? Can forgiveneſs be had? Nay, will the

ackno

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acknowledgment of my behaviour be looked upon to be genuine? Will it not rather appear to ſpring from a ſelfiſh motive? *Truly*, upon due conſideration, I cannot ſee how you can receive, or put any more confidence in one ſo baſe, as I have been. But is not the ſame humanity *ſtill* in your breaſt? You know the infirmities of men; how liable we are to be impoſed upon by Satan. I am one of thoſe deluded ones. *Will you, can you* have pity upon me? I feelingly acknowledge my faults this day; that I have abuſed your manifold favours, and am no more worthy the leaſt notice from you. But, dear Sir, will you cover my faults with love? I believe the Lord has forgiven me; but how ſhall I give ſufficient proof of my repentance towards you? I cannot do it otherwiſe than by my future obedience; and that, through the grace of God aſſiſting me, I ſhall endeavour after.

But yet, I do not ſee that my coming down into Yorkſhire *itſelf* was wrong; but the *manner* of it gives me pain; that I ſhould ſo ſet at nought that humane and gracious offer of yours. Oh, dear Sir, give me a line to eaſe my mind. I am aſhamed and confounded. I do not know how I ſhould dare to look you in the face again, but that I believe, according to our Lord's command, you will forgive; and that according to what I heard you ſay at York, your forgiving is forgetting.

John Manners has been with me. And ſince his departure I have had many a ſorrowful reflection upon my own conduct. Nor could I in anywiſe be ſatisfied, till I had made a ſincere confeſſion to you. It has ſtruck ſo upon me, that I thought I ſhould not be able to preach any more; but the Lord takes it away, when I ſtand up. He does bleſs my labours, and I truſt will continue to do ſo, for my heart is ſtill towards him, ſingly to do his will. If you cannot receive me again into your fraternity, only forgive me, and I ſhall be content.

I am, dear Sir your unworthy Servant.

B. COLLEY.

LETTER

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LETTER CCXXV.

[From Mr. Francis Gilbert, to the Rev. Mr. Wesley.]

Antigua, May 16, 1763.

Rev. and dear Sir,

AFTER a most pleasant passage, I arrived here in five weeks after leaving the Lizard, and in less than seven from our leaving London: the Lord graciously hearing my prayers, in not suffering us to lie one night in the Downs. The first week or two, I found myself remarkably dead, yet was wonderfully preserved in peace, and was sensible of little or no condemnation. But I saw plainly that whilst I had great reason to be thankful, I had abundant cause to be humbled. Afterwards my soul began to revive; though I could read, pray, or meditate but little, through want of sleep; for my rest was interrupted every day by the constant rolling of the ship, as she went almost continually before the wind. I preached every Sunday, but few of the sailors attended; though the Captain and Mate constantly did, except once. I frequently went into the steerage among the sailors, and found great liberty in speaking to, and in praying with them; but I am sorry to say that I left the ship without any visible fruit of my weak labour: yet I must acknowledge, we had but little swearing. When I came on board, I found the Mate seriously disposed, and well-affected to Religion, yet he was a stranger to himself; but I trust I left him better informed, and more sensible of his want of a Saviour. I think, the Lord, like an indulgent Father, answered my prayers in every thing, especially in giving me a cabin to pray in every morning and evening: where the Captain, Mate, and all the Passengers constantly attended. When I landed, I was received with great affection by my brothers and sisters. At present, I am at my eldest brother's, about nine miles from the Capital, where I have preached several times.

I have

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I have found moſt liberty, when I have directed my diſcourſe to the Whites; being at a great loſs how to ſpeak to the Blacks, ſo as to be underſtood. My youngeſt ſiſter ſtill rejoices in God her Saviour, and my brother, and ſeveral of my ſiſters are waiting, I truſt, by the way-ſide. I have paid my reſpects to the Governor, and informed him of my intention of preaching, and that I hoped he would not oppoſe me; to which he anſwered, That he would not: and truſted that I would be ſo prudent as not to meddle with Government affairs. He alſo permitted me to go to the barracs and ſpeak to the ſoldiers. Indeed the ground ſeems to be prepared for the ſeed; for many are ready to hear, and I truſt from a better principle than mere curioſity. My brother has already taken a houſe for proclaiming the glad tidings of ſalvation in. O pray for us, Sir; eſpecially for me, a very unfit and unworthy Inſtrument for promoting the glory of God. But let the Lord ſend by whom he will ſend. I truſt, I ſhall ever, whilſt upon praying ground, continue to offer up my weak petitions to the Lord, that he may bleſs you with every bleſſing of the new Covenant, and with comfort among your ſpiritual children.

I am, Rev. and dear Sir,

Your unworthy Son in the Goſpel,

FRANCIS GILBERT.

POETRY,

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POETRY.

On CHURCH-COMMUNION.

[By Dr. Byrom.]

PART IV.

A Chriſtian, in ſo catholic a ſenſe,
Can give to none, but partial minds offence;
Forcéd to live under ſome divided part,
He keeps entire the union of the heart,
The ſacred tie of love; by which alone
Chriſt ſaid that his diſciples ſhould be known.

He values no diſtinction, as profeſt
By way of ſeparation from the reſt;
Obligéd in duty, and inclinéd by choice,
In all the good of any to rejoice;
From evéry evil, falſehood, or miſtake,
To wiſh them free, for common comfort's-ſake.

Freedom, to which the moſt undoubted way
Lies in Obediénce (where it always lay)
To Chriſt himſelf, who with an inward call
Knocks at the door, that is, the heart of all,
At the reception of this heavénly gueſt
All good comes in, all evil quits the breaſt.

The free receiver, then becomes content
With what God orders, or does not prevent

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To them that love him, all things, he is ſure,
Muſt work for good, though how, may be obſcure;
Even ſucceſsful wickedneſs when paſt,
Will bring to them ſome latent good at laſt.

Fallén as divided churches are, and gone
From the perfection of the Chriſtian one,
Reſpect is due to any that contains,
The venerable, though but faint remains
Of ancient rule, which had not, in its view
The letter only, but the ſpirit too.

When that variety of new-found ways,
Which people ſo run after in our days,
Has done its utmoſt,—when, *Lo here, lo there,*
Shall yield to inward ſeeking and ſincere;
What was at firſt, may come to be again,
The praiſe of Church-aſſemblies amongſt men.

Mean while, in that to which we now belong,
To mind in public leſſon, prayer and ſong,
Teaching and preaching what conduces beſt,
To true devotion in the private breaſt,
Wiſhing increaſe of good to every ſoul
Seems to be our concern upon the whole.

To God, and Chriſt and holy angels ſtand,
Diſpoſed to every Church, in every land,
The growth of good ſtill helping to compleat,
Whatever tares be ſown among the wheat;
Who would not wiſh to have, and to excite,
A diſpoſition ſo divinely right?

From

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From the OLNEY COLLECTION.

Praiſe for the fountain opened. Zach. xiii. 1.

THERE is a fountain filléd with blood,
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;
And ſinners, plungéd beneath that flood,
Loſe all their guilty ſtains.

The dying thief rejoicéd to ſee
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Waſhéd all my ſins away.

Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never loſe its powér;
Till all the ranſoméd church of God
Be ſavéd, to ſin no more.

E'er ſince, by faith, I ſaw the ſtream
Thy flowing wounds ſupply:
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And ſhall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, ſweeter ſong
I'll ſing thy powér to ſave;
When this poor liſping, ſtammering tongue
Lies ſilent in the grave.

Lord, I believe thou haſt preparéd
(Unworthy though I be)
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me!

'Tis ſtrung, and tunéd, for endleſs years,
And formed by powér divine;
To ſound, in God the Father's ears,
No other name but thine.

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The ARBOUR: *an* ODE *to* CONTENT.

[By Mr. Thomas Cole.]

PART II.

[*Concluded from page* 111.]

'TIS God that gives this Bower its awful gloom;
His arched verdure does its roof inveſt;
He breathes the life of fragrance on its bloom;
And with his kindneſs makes its owner bleſt.

O may the guidance of thy grace attend
The uſe of all thy bounty ſhall beſtow;
Leſt Folly ſhould miſtake its ſacred end,
Or Vice convert it into means of woe.

Incline and aid me ſtill my life to ſteer,
As conſcience dictates what to ſhun or chuſe;
Nor let my heart feel anxious hope or fear,
For ought this world can give me or refuſe.

Then ſhall not Wealth's parade one wiſh excite,
For wretched State to barter Peace away;
Nor vain Ambition's lure my Pride invite,
Beyond Contentment's humble path to ſtray.

What though thy Wiſdom may my lot deny,
The treaſured plenty freely to diſpenſe;
Yet well thy goodneſs can that want ſupply
With larger portions of benevolence.

And ſure the heart that wiſhs the generous deed,
May all the joys of Charity command;
For ſhe beſt loves from notice to recede,
And deals her unſought gifts with ſecret hand.

Then

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Then will I ſometimes bid my fancy ſteal,
That unclaimed wealth no property reſtrains;
Sooth with fictitious aid my friendly zeal,
And realize each goodly act ſhe feigns.

So ſhall I gain the Gold without Alloy;
Without Oppreſſion, Toil or treachérous ſnares;
So ſhall I know its uſe, its powér employ,
And yet avoid its dangers and its cares.

And ſpite of all that boaſtful Wealth can do,
In vain would Fortune ſtrive the rich to bleſs,
Were they not flatteréd with ſome diſtant view
Of what ſhe ne'er can give them to poſſeſs.

Evén Wiſdom's high conceit great wants would feel,
If not ſupplied from Fancy's boundleſs ſtore;
And nought but ſhame makes powér itſelf conceal,
That ſhe to ſatisfy, muſt promiſe more.

But though experience will not fail to ſhow,
Howe'er its truth man's weakneſs may upbraid,
That what he moſtly values here below,
Owes half its reliſh to kind Fancy's aid;

Yet ſhould not Prudence her light wing command,
She may too far extend her heedleſs flight;
For Pleaſure ſoon ſhall quit her Fairy-land,
If Nature's regions are not held in ſight.

From Truth's abode in ſearch of kind deceit,
Within due limits ſhe may ſafely roam;
If roving does not make her hate retreat,
And with averſion ſhun her proper home.

But

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But thanks to thoſe whoſe fond parental care,
To learning's paths my youthful ſteps confinéd;
I need not ſhun a ſtate which lets me ſhare
Each calm delight that ſooths the ſtudious mind.

While Genius laſts his fame ſhall ne'er decay,
Whoſe artful hand firſt cauſéd its fruits to ſpread;
In laſting volumes ſtampt the printed lay,
And taught the Muſes to embalm the dead.

To him I owe each fair inſtructive page,
Where Science tells me what her ſons have known;
Collects their choiceſt works from evéry age,
And makes me wiſe with knowledge not my own.

Books rightly uſéd may evéry ſtate ſecure:
From Fortune's evils may our peace defend;
May teach us how to ſhun, or to endure,
The Foe malignant, and the faithleſs Friend.

Should rigid Want withdraw all outward aid,
Kind ſtores of inward comfort they can bring;
Should keen Diſeaſe life's tainted ſtream invade,
Sweet to the ſoul from them pure health may ſpring.

Should both at once Man's weakly frame infeſt,
Some letteréd charm may ſtill relief ſupply;
'Gainſt all events prepare his patient breaſt,
And make him quite reſignéd to live, or die.

For though no words can Time or Fate reſtain;
No ſound ſuppreſs the call of Nature's voice;
Though neither rhymes nor ſpells can conquer pain,
Nor Magic's ſelf make wretchedneſs our choice:

Yet

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Yet Reaſon, while it forms the ſubtile plan,
Some purer ſource of pleaſure to explore,
Muſt deem it vain for that poor pilgrim, man,
To think of reſting till his journey's o'er.

Muſt deem each fruitleſs toil by heavén deſignéd,
To teach him where to look for real bliſs;
Elſe why ſhould heavén excite the hope to find
What baulkéd Purſuit muſt here for ever miſs.

A MOTION *of the* MINORITY.

AGREED! let it be as the Patriots hope,
To their Friends let us give all America up:
Let the Rebels be lords, and the Loyaliſts ſwing,
For loving Old England, and ſerving their King:
Be the Weſterly Iſles the next eaſy prize,
Which Geneva beſtows on her Popiſh Allies:
The Eaſt Indies muſt then unavoidably fall,
And dominion at ſea be transferréd to the Gaul.

Here's an end of the Story, and end of the Dance,
By GREAT Britain becoming—a Province to France!

SHORT HYMNS.

Heb. iv. 16. *Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.*

FATHER, I ſtill his paſſion plead,
Which bought thy love for all mankind,
And pardonéd, in this time of need,
I come, confirming grace to find;

Importunate

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Importunate in faithful prayer,
Thy promiſed ſuccours I implore,
Power to withſtand, and ſtrength to bear,
Till ſin deſtroyed can tempt no more.

The grace I every moment want,
The freſh ſupplies of faith and love,
God of exhauſtleſs mercy, grant,
In anſwer to my Friend above:
Increaſe my faith, confirm my hope,
Compleat my love and purity,
And lo, I yield my ſpirit up,
And find the place prepared for me.

Heb. xiii. 20, 21. *Now the God of peace that brought again from the dead our Lord Jeſus, that great Shepherd of the ſheep, through the blood of the everlaſting covenant, make you perfect, &c.*

O God of peace, and pardoning love,
Thy bowels of compaſſion move
To every ſinful child of man;
Jeſus our Shepherd great and good,
Who dying bought us with his blood,
Thou haſt brought back to life again:
His blood to all our ſouls apply;
His only blood can ſanctify,
(Which firſt did for our ſins atone)
The covenant of redemption ſeal,
The depths of God, of Love, reveal,
And ſpeak us perfected in one.

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THE Arminian Magazine, For APRIL 1782.

Of FREE-WILL: *tranſlated from* SEBASTIAN CASTELLIO'S *Dialogues, between* Lewis *and* Frederic.

DIALOGUE III.

[*Continued from page* 117.]

Lewis. BUT is not this giving up the point? For if the law deſigned for life, yet brings death becauſe of the infirmity of the fleſh, which cannot obey it; it follows, that God commands what cannot be done. *Fred.* True, what cannot be done by the fleſh: for the fleſh cannot obey the law of God, as being ſpiritual. But what then? If they are not done by that fleſh, they will by the Spirit. And we are not enquiring, by what power they can be done, but whether they can be done at all? For we ſay, God has commanded nothing impoſſible.

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Let us consider this whole matter from the beginning. God commanded Adam to abstain from that fruit. Could he abstain from it? *Lewis.* Undoubtedly. *Fred.* Afterwards he commanded Noah to abstain from blood. Could he do this? *Lewis.* He could. *Fred.* He gave to Abraham the command of circumcision. Could he obey it? *Lewis.* Certainly. *Fred.* And when he commanded Moses to go into Egypt, and the Israelites to come out of it, were these things possible? *Lewis.* They were. *Fred.* Let us come now to the law of Moses. Moses commanded them to abstain from blood and to be circumcised. These things you allowed, they could observe. But could they likewise observe the other Ceremonies which God commanded? *Lewis.* They could. *Fred.* What then is commanded that is impossible? *Lewis.* Evil Desire is forbidden: and we are commanded to love God with all our hearts. But these, they say, are impossible things. *Fred.* At most then they should say, the Law commands *some* impossible things. But I cannot grant even this. For Moses speaks of it thus, (Deut. xxx. 11, &c.) *This commandment which I command thee this day, it is not hidden from thee, neither is it far off. It is not in heaven, that thou shouldst say, Who shall go up for us to heaven, and bring it unto us, that we may hear it and do it. Neither is it beyond the sea, that thou shouldst say, Who will go over the sea for us, and bring it unto us, that we may hear it and do it. But the word is very nigh unto thee, in thy mouth and in thy heart, that thou mayest do it. Behold, I set before you this day, life and good, death and evil. Chuse therefore Life.* Now does Moses here speak of the whole law, or of some part of it? *Lewis.* Of the whole. *Fred.* It is therefore possible to observe the whole. Indeed otherwise why did God command the Israelites to swear they would obey the law? For if it could not be obeyed, this was commanding them to forswear themselves.

God says (Exod. xx. 6,) *I shew mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.* Therefore there are some

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ſome that keep them: otherwiſe there are none to whom God ſhews mercy. And various inſtances of thoſe who did ſo, are recorded in Holy Writ. *Lewis.* But what then does St. *Paul* mean, citing from David, *There is none that doth good, no not one.* *Fred.* He there ſhews, that none are juſtified by works, but by faith. But do you think, none had faith, before Chriſt came? Where is Abraham then, the *Father of the faithful?* St. *Paul* himſelf declares he was *juſtified by Faith.* Where is that *cloud of witneſſes*, mentioned, Hebrews the eleventh, *of whom the world was not worthy?* St. *Paul* in the above paſſage does not ſpeak of Believers, but of thoſe that ſought Juſtification by the works of the law.

Lewis. But what do thoſe words mean, *What the law could not do, in that it was weak through the fleſh, God, ſending his own Son in likeneſs of ſinful fleſh, and for ſin, condemned ſin in the fleſh: that the righteouſneſs of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the fleſh, but after the Spirit.*

Fred. I will tell you; but attend diligently; for it is a point of the utmoſt importance. I obſerved before, that as man was loſt by his diſobedience, ſo he muſt be reſtored by Obedience. But obſerve; there are two ſorts of Commandments; the one, when God commands thoſe things, which he to whom the command is given, has not power to perform. Then God, who commands nothing impoſſible, in commanding gives power to obey. So when he commands the earth to bring forth plants and animals, the earth had not before power to bring them forth, but God in commanding gave it that power. Again, when he commanded man to propagate his kind, he gave him the power ſo to do.

The other ſort of Commandment is, when God commands thoſe things, which he to whom the command is given, has already power to perform: as when he commanded Adam to abſtain from the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. For Adam had already power to eat or to abſtain: therefore God did not herein give him new power, but commanded him to

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exert the power which he had already given him. The same method God observes still. If he gives any command to man, which he is not able to obey, he gives him that power. But if he commands what man is already able to do, he gives him no new power, but the command is directed to that power, which he has already.

Our Lord gives us instances of both. When he commands the man with the withered hand (Luke vi.) to *rise, and stand in the midst*, he commands no more than he could do: for his feet were not withered. Therefore Christ gave him no new power for this. But when he commands him to *stretch out his hand*, he gives him power to stretch it out; else he had commanded an impossibility. Again. When he commands his disciples to *go and preach the gospel*, he commands what was in their power. But when he commands them to *cast out devils*, to *cleanse the lepers*, to *raise the dead*, he commands what they had not power to do. Therefore he gives them the power. Nor did he ever command any man to do any thing, but either he had already power to do it, or he gave him power.

But if visible and external things are a figure (as they undoubtedly are) of invisible and internal, God must take the same method in the latter as in the former. Therefore he enjoins man nothing, either visible or invisible, but either he has already power to do it, or God gives him the power. Let us then consider what man can, and what he cannot do without new power: and what he can do, by that power. He can naturally exert his bodily powers: he can walk, stand, sit down, see, hear. He needs no new power in order to do these things. Accordingly when God, commanded Noah to abstain from blood, or Abraham to circumcise his household, or the Israelites to rest every seventh day, he gave them no new power, in order to do these things, but only enjoined them to use the power which they already had. But inward duties man cannot perform as God requires, unless he has new power.

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power. Therefore when God commands man, to love God with all his heart, and his neighbour as himſelf, he does not ſuppoſe man can do this by his natural power, but he gives him new power from on high.

This may be illuſtrated by the caſe of Moſes, who when God commanded him, *Take thy ſhoes from off thy feet*, he obeyed without any heſitation, as knowing he was able ſo to do. But when God commanded him to bring the Iſraelites out of Egypt, he heſitated, as being conſcious of his own inability to do it. Therefore God gave him new power to work miracles: as if he had ſaid, "Do what thou canſt, and I will enable thee to do what thou canſt not do now. Go into Egypt. Thou canſt do this. And I will ſupply what thou canſt not do." Hence it appears, that God enjoins what a man can do, before he enjoins what he cannot do. And thus man, being convinced of his weakneſs, will be truly thankful to God, for giving him the power which he had not. And the work of God will be carried on, in its natural order, from its beginning, to its perfection.

[*To be continued.*]

SERMON VIII.

On EPHESIANS v. 16.

[*Concluded from page* 122.]

9. IN how beautiful a manner does that great man, Mr. Law, treat this important ſubject!* Part of his words I cannot but here ſubjoin, for the uſe of every ſenſible reader.

"I take it for granted, that every Chriſtian who is in health is up early in the morning. For it is much more reaſonable to ſuppoſe, a perſon is up early, becauſe he is a Chriſtian, than becauſe he is a labourer, or a tradeſman, or a ſervant.

* Viz. Redeeming Time from Sleep.

We

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We conceive an abhorrence of a man that is in bed, when he ſhould be at his labour. We cannot think good of him, who is ſuch a ſlave to drowſineſs, as to neglect his buſineſs for it.

Let this therefore teach us to conceive, how odious we muſt appear to God, if we are in bed, ſhut up in ſleep, when we ſhould be praiſing God; and are ſuch ſlaves to drowſineſs, as to neglect our devotions for it.

Sleep is ſuch a dull, ſtupid ſtate of exiſtence, that even among mere animals, we deſpiſe them moſt which are moſt drowſy. He therefore that chuſes to inlarge the ſlothful indolence of ſleep, rather than "be early at his devotions; chuſes the dulleſt refreſhment of the body, before the nobleſt enjoyments of the ſoul. He chuſes that ſtate which is a reproach to mere animals, before that exerciſe which is the glory of angels."

10. Beſides, he that cannot deny himſelf this drowſy indulgence, is no more prepared for prayer when he is up, than he is prepared for faſting or any other act of ſelf-denial. He may indeed more eaſily read over a form of prayer, than he can perform theſe duties: but he is no more diſpoſed for the ſpirit of prayer, than he is diſpoſed for faſting. For ſleep thus indulged gives a ſoftneſs to all our tempers, and makes us unable to reliſh any thing but what ſuits an idle ſtate of mind, as ſleep does. So that a perſon who is a ſlave to this idleneſs, is in the ſame temper when he is up. Every thing that is idle or ſenſual pleaſes him. And every thing that requires trouble or ſelf-denial is hateful to him, for the ſame reaſon that he hates to riſe.

11. It is not poſſible for an Epicure to be truly devout. He muſt renounce his ſenſuality, before he can reliſh the happineſs of devotion. Now he that turns ſleep into an idle indulgence, does as much to corrupt his ſoul, to make it a ſlave to bodily appetites, as an Epicure does. It does not diſorder his life, as notorious acts of intemperance do; but like any more moderate courſe of indulgence, it ſilently and

by

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by ſmaller degrees, wears away the ſpirit of religion, and ſinks the ſoul into dulneſs and ſenſuality.

Self-denial of all kinds is the very life and ſoul of piety. But he that has not ſo much of it as to be able to "be early at his prayers, cannot think that he has taken up his croſs, and is following Chriſt.

What conqueſt has he got over himſelf? What right hand has he cut off? What trials is he prepared for? What ſacrifice is he ready to offer to God? Who cannot be ſo cruel to himſelf as to riſe to prayer at ſuch a time, as the drudging part of the world are content to riſe to their labour?

12. Some people will not ſcruple to tell you that they indulge themſelves in ſleep, becauſe they have nothing to do: and that if they had any buſineſs to riſe to, they would not loſe ſo much of their time in ſleep. But they muſt be told, that they miſtake the matter: that they have a great deal of buſineſs to do: they have a hardened heart to change; they have the whole ſpirit of religion to get. For ſurely he that thinks he has nothing to do, becauſe nothing but his prayers want him, may juſtly be ſaid to have the whole ſpirit of religion to ſeek.

You muſt not therefore conſider, how ſmall a fault it is, to riſe late; but how great a myſtery it is, to want the ſpirit of religion; and to live in ſuch ſoftneſs and idleneſs as makes you incapable of the fundamental duties of Chriſtianity.

If I was to deſire you, not to ſtudy the gratification of your palate, I would not inſiſt upon the ſin of waſting your money though it is a great one; but I would deſire you to renounce ſuch a way of life, becauſe it ſupports you in ſuch a ſtate of ſenſuality, as renders you incapable of reliſhing the moſt eſſential doctrines of religion."

For the ſame reaſon, I do not inſiſt much upon the ſin of waſting your time in ſleep, though it be a great one; but I deſire you to renounce this indulgence, becauſe it gives a ſoftneſs and idleneſs to your ſoul, and is ſo contrary to that

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lively, zealous, watchful, self-denying spirit, which was not only the spirit of Christ and his Apostles, and the spirit of all the saints and martyrs that have ever been among men, but must be the spirit of all those who would not sink in the common corruption of the world.

13. Here therefore we must fix our charge against this practice. We must blame it, not as having this or that particular evil, but as a general habit that extends itself through our whole spirit, and supports a state of mind that is wholly wrong.

It is contrary to piety; not as accidental slips or mistakes in life are contrary to it: but in such a manner as an ill state of body is contrary to health.

On the other hand, if you was to rise early every morning, as an instance of self-denial, as a method of renouncing indulgence, as a means of redeeming your time and fitting your spirit for prayer, you would soon find the advantage. This method, though it seems but a small circumstance, might be a means of "great piety. It would constantly keep it in your mind, that softness and idleness were the bane of religion. It would teach you to exercise power over yourself, and to renounce other pleasures and tempers that war against the soul. And what is so planted and watered, will certainly have an increase from God."

III. 1. It now only remains, to enquire, in the third place, How we may redeem the time? How we may proceed in this important affair: in what manner shall we most effectually practise this important branch of temperance?

I advise all of you, who are thoroughly convinced of the unspeakable importance of it, suffer not that conviction to die away, but instantly begin to act suitably to it. Only do not depend on your own strength: if you do, you will be utterly baffled. Be deeply sensible, that as you are not able to do any thing good of yourselves, so here in particular, all your strength, all your resolution will avail nothing. Whoever trusts

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truſts in himſelf will be confounded. I never found an exception. I never knew one who truſted in his own ſtrength that could keep this reſolution for a twelvemonth.

2. I adviſe you, Secondly, Cry to the ſtrong for ſtrength. Call upon Him that hath all power in heaven and earth. And believe that He will anſwer the prayer that goeth not out of feigned lips. As you cannot have too little confidence in yourſelf, ſo you cannot have too much in Him. Then ſet out in faith: and ſurely his ſtrength ſhall be made perfect in your weakneſs.

3. I adviſe you, Thirdly, Add to your Faith, Prudence: uſe the moſt rational means to attain your purpoſe. Particularly begin at the right end, otherwiſe you will loſe your labour. If you deſire to riſe early, ſleep early: ſecure this point at all events. In ſpite of the moſt dear and agreeable companions, in ſpite of their moſt earneſt ſolicitations, in ſpite of entreaties, railleries or reproaches, rigorouſly keep your hour. Riſe up preciſely at your time, and retire without ceremony. Keep your hour, notwithſtanding the moſt preſſing buſineſs: lay all things by till the morning. Be it ever ſo great a croſs, ever ſo great ſelf-denial, keep your hour, or all is over.

4. I adviſe you, Fourthly, Be ſteady. Keep your hour of Riſing, without intermiſſion. Do not riſe two mornings, and lie in bed the third; but what you do once, do always. "But my head aches." Do not regard that. It will ſoon be over. But I am uncommonly drowſy; my eyes are quite heavy." Then you muſt not parly; otherwiſe it is a loſt caſe: but ſtart up at once. And if your drowſineſs does not go off, lie down for awhile, an hour or two after. But let nothing make a breach upon this Rule, Riſe and dreſs yourſelf at your hour.

5. Perhaps you will ſay, "The advice is good; but it comes too late: I have made a breach already. I did riſe conſtantly, and for a ſeaſon, nothing hindered me. But I gave way by little and little, and I have now left it off for a

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conſiderable time! Then in the name of God begin again! Begin to-morrow; or rather to night, by going to bed early, in ſpite of either company or buſineſs. Begin with more ſelf-diffidence than before, but with more confidence in God. Only follow theſe few rules, and my ſoul for yours, God will give you the victory. In a little time, the difficulty will be over: but the benefit will laſt for ever.

6. If you ſay, "But I cannot do now as I did then; for I am not what I was. I have many diſorders, my ſpirits are low, my hands ſhake: I am all relaxed." I anſwer, All theſe are nervous ſymptoms; and they all partly ariſe from your taking too much ſleep; nor is it probable they will ever be removed, unleſs you remove the cauſe. Therefore on this very account (not only to puniſh yourſelf for your folly and unfaithfulneſs, but) in order to recover your health and ſtrength, reſume your early riſing. You have no other way: you have nothing elſe to do. You have no other poſſible means of recovering, in any tolerable degree, your health both of body and mind. Do not murder yourſelf outright. Do not run on in the path that leads to the gates of death! As I ſaid before, ſo I ſay again, In the name of God, this very day, ſet out anew. True, it will be more difficult than it was at the beginning. But bear the difficulty which you have brought upon yourſelf, and it will not laſt long. The Sun of Righteouſneſs will ſoon ariſe again, and will heal both your ſoul and your body.

7. But do not imagine that this ſingle point, Riſing early, will ſuffice to make you a Chriſtian. No: although that ſingle point, the not riſing, may keep you a Heathen, void of the whole Chriſtian ſpirit; although this alone (eſpecially if you had once conquered it) will keep you cold, formal, heartleſs, dead: and make it impoſſible for you to get one ſtep forward in vital Holineſs: yet this alone will go but a little way, to make you a real Chriſtian. It is but one ſtep out of many: but it is one. And having taken this, go forward. Go on to univerſal

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univerſal Self-denial, to temperance in all things: to a firm reſolution of taking up daily every croſs whereto you are called. Go on, in a full purſuit of all the mind that was in Chriſt, of inward, and then outward Holineſs: ſo ſhall you be not almoſt, but altogether a Chriſtian: ſo ſhall you finiſh your courſe with joy: you ſhall awake up after his likeneſs, and be ſatisfied.

London, Jan. 20, 1782.

A ſhort Account of Mr. ROBERT WILKINSON.

BEFORE hearing the Goſpel, which is the power of God unto ſalvation, I was often terrified in dreams and viſions of the night. Sometimes I thought I was falling down ſteep precipices; at others, that the devil was ſtanding over me to take me away immediately.

At ſuch times, I have often waked, ſhrieking in ſuch a manner as terrified all who heard me. Afterwards I heard the goſpel for a ſeaſon, at *Rookhope*, in the county of *Durham*; but the people not receiving the joyful ſound, the Servants of God forſook the place. I was left with much uneaſineſs on my mind; what I formerly delighted in, was now hateful to me. I could play no more on the violin, or at cards, nor ſing vain ſongs; neither had I a deſire to ſpeak any more than I was forced to. The people ſaw my diſtreſs, but not knowing God, could not point out a Cure.

In this condition I continued for ſome weeks. I began to read religious books, and likewiſe to bow my knees before God in ſecret; ſometimes I could weep much, but having no one to direct me, after a time, I got back into folly, and purſued my evil practices with more eagerneſs than before. About four years after, I was called to live in *Weardale-Chapel*. I then heard the Methodiſts very frequently. I was

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often ſoftened under the word. I never found a deſire to mock the people as many do; but rather ſtood in awe of them. But all this while I continued in my ſins. The firſt Sunday in Lent, 1767, I heard, as uſual, a Methodiſt Preacher in the afternoon. I did not then find that the word made any impreſſion upon me. But at night, on my bed, the Lord cut me to the heart, and I could not help roaring for the diſquietneſs of my ſoul. I then felt I muſt periſh eternally, unleſs ſome ways to eſcape were found which I knew not of. Immediately I wiſhed for the Methodiſts to pray with me; but in particular, for a young man, *Stephen Watſon*, who is now in glory. [From the time he knew Jeſus, he was a pattern to all the Society. And after having walked four years in the light of God's countenance, he departed in the full Aſſurance of Faith; having teſtified, for many months before his death, that the blood of Jeſus had cleanſed him from all ſin. His laſt words were, "Glory be to God for ever and ever! Amen and Amen!"]

One morning I fell down on my knees to aſk forgiveneſs for my many offences, and continued to cry night and day. My burden increaſed, and temptations were very ſtrong. I then began to compare myſelf with the moſt ſinful of my companions, and with other notorious ſinners I had heard of; but I could find no equal. I ſaid, from the ground of my heart, of all the ſinners under heaven, I am the Chief. The Enemy then ſuggeſted, that I was guilty of a ſin which God never would pardon.

Tongue cannot expreſs the diſtreſs I then felt. The heart knoweth its own bitterneſs. I thought, never man ſuffered what I did. That ſaying, "A dreadful ſound in his ears," continually followed me. I found the Enemy ready day and night to devour me. When in private prayer, I thought he had hold of my clothes. For many nights he ſuggeſted, If I prayed, he would appear and tear me in pieces. Yet I durſt not but pray, though my prayers were moſtly made up of ſighs and groans.

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groans. One day, drawing towards evening, the Enemy came in as a flood, and the temptation was, to put an end to a wretched life. I reſiſted, but it continued to come as quick as lightning, and I was afraid that the Tempter would prevail, ſo that I durſt not carry a penknife about me. That was the only time I was baniſhed from private prayer, becauſe I durſt not ſtay alone. That night we met our Claſs; I then cried out to one of my brethren, who was waiting for me to go with him to the meeting, O *Cuthbert!* I am driven to diſtraction! He ſpake to me as comfortably as he could; but as we walked together, I found as if one was hanging on the ſkirts of my clothes. After the firſt prayer was over, it was with difficulty I roſe from my knees. When the Leader aſked how I found the ſtate of my ſoul, I anſwered, I am left without one ſpark of hope that God will ever have mercy on me. No, ſaid he, you are not; for if you were, you would not now be uſing the means of grace.

He encouraged me to follow on; but I ſtill found no comfort. All the time of my Convictions I had but very little eaſe, and when I had, I had a fear almoſt equal to my pain, leſt I ſhould fall back into ſin, or ſpeak peace when God did not. O how I longed for deliverance from ſin! I often cried, Lord, if I am for ever baniſhed from thy preſence, let me not ſin again!

Not long after, that text in the 51ſt Pſalm followed me, "Then will I teach tranſgreſſors thy ways, and ſinners ſhall be converted unto thee." I thought, if God did pardon *me*, he could refuſe none; but the fouleſt on this ſide hell might come and welcome. But this was the ſting, I thought he would not. However, I kept uſing the means, and went frequently among the Methodiſts, to get them to pray with me. And I would have been glad if they had aſked me to ſtay all night, but ſhame would not let me tell them ſo. I often thought I never could get over another night. My neighbours ſaid I was beſides myſelf, for I could not reſt in my

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my bed. I often roſe and wandered in the fields, weeping and bewailing my deſperate ſtate. But bleſſed be God! he that wounds can heal.

In the beginning of July, as *Stephen Watſon* and I were ſitting together, he had a volume of the Chriſtian Library in his hand, out of which he read one of Mr. *Rutherford's* Letters. When he had done, *Stephen*, ſaid I, I find as it were, a melting warmneſs in my breaſt. So do I too, ſaid he. He then aſked, cannot you believe that God has pardoned your ſins? No, ſaid I: I dare not: on which I immediately loſt my comfort.

Sunday the 12th of July, *Joſeph Watſon* preached in the Chapel in *Weardale*. He gave out that hymn,

All ye that paſs by,
To Jeſus draw nigh,
To you is it nothing that Jeſus ſhould die?
Your ranſom and peace,
Your ſurety he is,
Come, ſee if there ever was ſorrow like his.

For you and for me,
He prayéd on the tree,
The prayer is accepted, the ſinner is free:——

Then, all within me cried out,

The ſinner am I
Who on Jeſus rely,
And come for the pardon, God cannot deny.

I then believed that God for Chriſt's ſake had forgiven all my ſins, and found that peace which ariſes from a ſenſe of Reconciliation. The people of God who knew my diſtreſs, perceived

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perceived by my countenance that the Lord was gracious to me, before I had the opportunity to tell them. I then went rejoicing home, and could not help telling what God had done for my ſoul.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

An ACCOUNT *of a very remarkable* CHILD, *who died ſome years ago, at Stockton upon Tees.*

WHEN ſhe was about ſix years old, ſhe was ſomething awakened by hearing one of our ſiſters inſtruct her own children: ſoon after, ſhe was taken ill of a white ſwelling, and was then more deeply awakened. In this ſtate ſhe was viſited by our people, and ſoon found a ſenſe of the pardoning love of God. I ſaw her about two months after this. She was then exceeding weak, and in conſtant pain. I aſked her, "Do you find your ſoul happy?" With great ſerioufneſs, ſhe anſwered, "Yes, I bleſs the Lord, my Beloved often viſits my ſoul." I aſked, "Can you bear your affliction with patience?" She replied, "O yes! if my affliction was greater I could bear it; I have reaſon to bleſs the Lord that I ever was afflicted; for before I was afflicted I went aſtray; but he has laid this affliction upon me to bring me to himſelf." She added, "But what is this pain which I feel, to what my Jeſus felt for me, when he bore my ſins in his own body upon the tree! O how willing is Jeſus to be found of them that ſeek him!" Then looking up to her mother ſhe ſaid, with great earneſtneſs, "O mammy! you muſt ſeek Jeſus: indeed you muſt. He ſays, *Except a man be born again, he cannot ſee the kingdom of God.* No mammy! no unclean *thing can enter within the gates of the new Jeruſalem.* I then aſked her, "Are you afraid to die *now*?" She ſmiled and ſaid, "O no, if it was the Lord's will, I could now meet

Death

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Death with pleaſure." She then added, *O that I had wings like a dove, for then would I flee away and be at reſt!* One night, being exceeding ill, her mother ſaid, "You muſt be very patient, and then, in a little time, you will go to heaven and be an angel there." The child anſwered, "O no mammy! that I never ſhall. An angel had never fleſh and bones like me: but I ſhall be a ſaint." This is all I can remember of this moſt extraordinary child.

Feb. 5, 1782. JOHN PAWSON.

An Account of a very extraordinary Deliverance, which happened to ANN WATSON, *of Thorner, near Leeds, in Yorkſhire.*

ANN WATSON was brought to the knowledge of God when ſhe was about fourſcore. She was then remarkably happy in her ſoul; but very feeble in body. As ſhe had a ſon who lived at *Weatherby*, (a town about ſix miles from *Thorner*,) weak as ſhe was, ſhe determined to go and talk to him about the ſalvation of his ſoul. Accordingly ſhe ſet out on foot, in Feb. 1762. After ſhe had been there two or three days, ſhe ſet out again for her own home, one Thurſday morning. Towards night, ſhe had got within leſs than a mile of the town; but having a ſmall brook to croſs, over which there was only a very narrow wooden-bridge, without a hand-rail, and as the wind was exceeding high, ſhe durſt not attempt to go over, for fear of falling into the water. She therefore turned back, in order to take the high-road, which was but at a ſmall diſtance. Having a wood to paſs through, ſhe loſt her way, and wandered about till all her ſtrength was gone. And as the night was coming on, ſhe lay down under a hedge, quite upon the top of a hill. On Friday

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Friday ſeveral perſons went in ſearch of her; but ſuppoſing that ſhe had fallen into the brook, they only ſearched there, and of courſe did not find her: ſo ſhe lay out all that day and night. On Saturday many went and ſearched the brook again, and alſo the adjoining wood. They found part of her clothes which ſhe had loſt, but did not come near the place where ſhe was. So ſhe lay out till Sunday morning. Out of pity to her poor diſtreſſed huſband, (for as to her, every body had given her up for loſt,) moſt of the Congregation left the preaching, and went in ſearch of her. At laſt, to their no ſmall aſtoniſhment, they found her alive and well; only extremely weak. She had lain in one place all the time; and ſaid ſhe ſaw ſeveral perſons at a ſmall diſtance, but was ſo weak that ſhe could not call them. All this time ſhe had taken no kind of nouriſhment; for though ſhe had a half-penny cake in her pocket, ſhe was ſo weak, that, when ſhe had got her hand into her pocket, ſhe could not draw it out again. All the time ſhe lay there, the weather was as cold as I ever remember it to have been; ſo that one would have thought, even the moſt healthy perſon alive, could not have ſurvived one night where ſhe lay. Yet ſhe, weak as ſhe was, having a firm confidence that God would ſend her relief, and that ſhe ſhould not die there, was preſerved during two whole days and three nights, without ever moving from the place where ſhe firſt lay down, without the leaſt ſhelter from the weather, or the leaſt nouriſhment of any ſort whatſoever. Indeed had ſhe not been found when ſhe was, ſhe would have been buried alive very ſoon; for there fell ſuch a ſnow that day, as I believe the oldeſt perſon living could not remember. When ſhe was got home, ſhe was put into a warm bed, and proper care being taken of her, in a few days ſhe was as well as uſual, and lived ſeveral years after.

JOHN PAWSON.

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An Extract from A SURVEY *of the* WISDOM *of* GOD *in the* CREATION.

Of the OPOSSUM, ICHNEUMON, &c.

THE *Opoſſum* is about the ſize of a Cat, only more corpulent, and its legs more robuſt. It is a kind of cheſnut colour, very bright and gloſſy. Its head is long, and terminates in a ſnout, ſomewhat like a Fox's. The tail is long, and much reſembles that of a Rat, which it twiſts about with a ſurpriſing facility. The legs being ſhort, the body is carried at no great diſtance from the ground. On the belly of the female, a bag is formed, by the ſkin being doubled. It is not very deep; the cloſed part being toward the upper part of the body, and the open part toward the lower. This is covered with fur, like the reſt of the body; ſo that it is not very obvious to the ſight.

It is a harmleſs, but likewiſe a defenceleſs animal: and the young of no creature, are produced ſo ſmall and tender, in reſpect of the parent animal. Therefore that bag is extremely uſeful to them. They are cheriſhed there by the warmth of the parent's body, till toward noon: then they go abroad, till at the firſt warning by the evening-cold, they retire into their lodging again. Nor is this all the help which it affords them. For as the tender young of the *Opoſſum* are delicate morſels, they would be expoſed to the rage of many animals, both by day and night. But the body of the parent is a ſafe and ready receptacle for them. By day ſhe is as watchful over her brood, as a Hen over her Chickens. She is alarmed at the ſlighteſt appearance of danger, and by a noiſe which they well underſtand, inſtantly calls them into her bag. At night ſhe conſtantly takes them in, and conſults for herſelf and them in a very uncommon manner. There are thoſe among the devourers of her young, who will climb a tree after

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after her. Therefore when ſhe has climbed, to ſecure herſelf and her young ſtill farther, ſhe twiſts her tail twice round ſome ſmall bough, and then drops from it. There ſhe hangs with her head downward: and whenever ſhe pleaſes, ſhe recovers the branch with her feet by a ſwing, and looſening her tail, walks about as uſual.

To enable her thus to hang, there are ſpikes or hooks in the under ſide of the vertebræ of the tail. Indeed, in the firſt three vertebræ there are none; for there they would be of no uſe. But they are found in all the reſt. They are placed juſt at the articulation of each joint, and in the middle from the ſides. Nothing could be more advantageouſly contrived. For when the tail is twiſted round a bough, theſe hooks eaſily ſuſtain the weight. And there is no more labour of the muſcles required, than juſt to bow or crook the tail.

Another animal of a very peculiar kind is an *Ichneumon*. It is of the weaſel kind, with a longer and narrower body than a Cat, ſomething approaching to the ſhape and colour of a Badger. Its noſe is black and ſharp, like that of a Ferret. Its colour is a yellowiſh grey. Its legs are ſhort, and each of its feet has five toes. Its tail is very long; its teeth and tongue much like thoſe of a cat. It is a very cleanly animal, very briſk and nimble, and of great courage. It will engage a dog, and deſtroy a cat, by three bites on the throat. But it is quite inoffenſive to mankind, and is kept tame in *Egypt*: running about the houſe, deſtroying all vermin, and playing tricks, like ſpaniels.

When wild, he cannot overtake any nimble animal. But he makes this up by aſſiduity. His legs being ſhort, he is not much ſeen; but he has a way of concealing himſelf yet more, by crawling with his belly cloſe to the ground, which he does all day long. But on the leaſt noiſe (for his hearing is exceeding quick) he ſtarts up erect on his hinder legs. If the noiſe is made by any reptile, bird, or ſmall beaſt, he obſerves

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whereabouts it is, places his noiſe directly in a line with it, and begins to move towards it. He is ſilent and ſlow, but conſtant in his approach; often ſtopping to hear, or look forward, and know exactly where the creature is: when he is got within about five feet, he ſtops. Nature, which has denied him ſpeed, has given him ſtrength to leap, beyond moſt other creatures. Having taken good aim, he ſprings from the place, and falls directly on his prey. Thus he deals with beaſts and birds. But to ſerpents he gives chaſe, and to avoid their bite, always ſeizes them by the neck.

Geſner ſays, that the Ichneumon is not only an enemy to ſerpents themſelves, but to their eggs alſo: which he hunts after continually and deſtroys, though he does not feed upon them.—How mercifully has God given this animal in the countries where thoſe terrible reptiles moſt abound! And which, without this proviſion, would be ſo over-run with them, as to be uninhabitable.

The *Jackal* is of the carnivorous kind. They hunt by ſcent, and go in packs. They purſue with patience, rather than with ſwiftneſs, and excite each other by a ſpirit of emulation.

It goes for current, that the *Jackal* diſcovers the Lion's prey: that each of theſe retains one of them, and having ſatiated himſelf, lets his dependent feed on the offals of his repaſt.

But the truth is, there are great numbers of Jackals in ſome woods, and when one of theſe ſees a Stag, or other large beaſt, which is not a beaſt of prey, he ſets up his cry, which is like that of a hound, and follows it. As he continues his cry, the other Jackals within hearing follow likewiſe. And could the creature outrun thoſe that began the chaſe, there is a continual ſupply; ſo that it cannot eſcape. When they have run it down, they worry it at once, and it is devoured almoſt in an inſtant. After this the Jackals diſperſe, till another cry invites them.

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They hunt generally in the night; and in thoſe parts of the Eaſt, where they are moſt frequent, there never is a night but they are heard, in one part or other of the woods. The other beaſts of prey underſtand the ſound: and frequently profit by it. If a Lion, Tyger, or Leopard happens to be near, he hears the cry, and ſtands upon the watch. Theſe large animals are all very ſwift, but they are lazy, and never make long purſuits. If the creature purſued be far off, and runs another way, they never trouble themſelves about it. But if it be near, or if it runs towards the place where the Lion is, he will dart out upon it as it goes by. And the little animals that hunted it down muſt ſtand by, and be content with what their maſter leaves.

The *Sable-mice*, (which were firſt obſerved in *Lapland*, in 1697,) are near as big as a ſmall Squirrel. Their ſkin is ſtreaked and ſpotted with black and light brown. They have two teeth above, and two under, very ſharp and pointed. Their feet are like a Squirrel's. They are ſo fierce, that if a ſtick be held out to them, they will bite it, and hold ſo faſt, that they may be ſwinged about in the air. In their march they keep a direct line, generally from north-eaſt to ſouth-weſt. Innumerable thouſands are in each troop, which is uſually a ſquare. They lie ſtill by day, and march by night. The diſtance of the lines they go in, parallel to each other, is of ſome ells. Whatever they meet in their way, though it were fire, a deep well, a torrent, lake, or moraſs, they avoid it not, but ruſh forwards. By this means many thouſands of them are deſtroyed. If they are met ſwimming over a lake, and are forced out of their courſe, they quickly return into it again. If they are met in woods or fields and ſtopt, they raiſe themſelves on their hinder legs, like a dog, and make a kind of barking noiſe, leaping up as high as a man's knee, and defending their line as long as they can. If at laſt they are forced out of it, they creep into holes, and ſet up a cry, ſounding

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founding like *Biab*, *biab*. If a houſe ſtands in their way, they never come into it, but ſtop there till they die. But they will eat their way through a ſtack of corn or hay. When they march through a meadow, they eat the roots of the graſs: and if they encamp there by day, they utterly ſpoil it, and make it look juſt as if it had been burnt. They are exceeding fruitful: but their breeding does not hinder their march. For ſome of them have been obſerved, to carry one young in their mouth, and another upon their back. In winter they live under the ſnow, having their breathing-holes, as Hares and other creatures have.

[*To be continued.*]

REMARKS *upon Mr. Locke's* ESSAY *on* HUMAN UNDERSTANDING.

[*Continued from page* 146.]

Of ATTENTION *and* REPETITION.

"Sect. 3. ATTENTION and REPETITION help much to the fixing any *Ideas* in the *Memory:* but thoſe which naturally at firſt make the deepeſt, and moſt laſting impreſſion, are ſuch as are accompanied with *pleaſure* or *pain*. The great buſineſs of the Senſes, being to make us take notice of what hurts, or advantages the body, it is wiſely ordered by Nature (as has been ſhewn) that Pain ſhould accompany the reception of ſeveral *Ideas*; which ſupplying the place of Conſideration and Reaſoning in Children, and acting quicker than Conſideration in grown men, makes both the young and old avoid painful objects, with that haſte, which is neceſſary for their preſervation; and in both, ſettles in the Memory a caution for the future.

"Sect. 4.

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"Sect. 4. Concerning the ſeveral *degrees of* laſting, wherewith *Ideas* are imprinted on the *Memory*, we may obſerve, That ſome of them have been produced in the Underſtanding, by an object affecting the Senſes once only, and no more than once: others, that have more than once offered themſelves to the Senſes, have yet been little taken notice of; the Mind, either heedleſs, as in children, or otherwiſe employed, as in men, intent only on one thing, not ſetting the ſtamp deep into itſelf. And in ſome, where they are ſet on with care, and repeated impreſſions, either through the temper of the body, or ſome other default, the Memory is very weak: in all theſe caſes, *Ideas* in the mind quickly fade, and often vaniſh quite out of the Underſtanding, leaving no more footſteps, or remaining characters of themſelves, than ſhadows do flying over fields of corn; and the Mind is as void of them, as if they never had been there.

"Sect. 5. Thus many of thoſe *Ideas*, which were produced in the minds of children, in the beginning of their ſenſation (ſome of which, perhaps, as of ſome pleaſures and pains, were before they were born, and others in their infancy) if in the future courſe of their lives, they are not repeated again, are quite loſt, without the leaſt glimpſe remaining of them. This may be obſerved in thoſe, who by ſome miſchance have loſt their ſight, when they were very young, in whom the *Ideas* of Colours, having been but ſlightly taken notice of, and ceaſing to be repeated, do quite wear out; ſo that ſome years after, there is no more notion, nor memory of colours left in their minds, than in thoſe of people born blind. The Memory in ſome men, it is true, is very tenacious, even to a miracle: but yet there ſeems to be a conſtant decay of all our *Ideas*, even of thoſe which are ſtruck deepeſt, and in minds the moſt retentive; ſo that if they be not ſometimes renewed by repeated exerciſe of the Senſes, or Reflection on thoſe kinds of objects, which at firſt occaſion them, the print wears out, and at laſt there remains nothing to be ſeen. Thus the *Ideas*, as well

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well as the children of our youth, often die before us: and our Minds repreſent to us thoſe tombs, to which we are approaching; where though the braſs and marble remain, yet the inſcriptions are effaced by time, and the imagery moulders away. *The pictures drawn in our minds, are laid in fading colours*; and if not ſometimes refreſhed, vaniſh and diſappear. How much the conſtitution of our bodies, and the make of our animal ſpirits, are concerned in this, and whether the temper of the brain make this difference, that in ſome it retains the characters drawn on it like marble, in others like free-ſtone, and in others little better than ſand, I ſhall not here enquire, though it may ſeem probable, that the conſtitution of the body does ſometimes influence the Memory; ſince we oftentimes find a diſeaſe quite ſtrip the Mind of all its *Ideas*, and the flames of a fever, in a few days, calcine all thoſe images to duſt and confuſion, which ſeemed to be as laſting, as if graved in marble.

" Sect. 6. But concerning the *Ideas* themſelves, it is eaſy to remark, That thoſe that are *oſteneſt refreſhed* (amongſt which are thoſe that are conveyed into the mind by more ways than one) by a frequent return of the objects or actions that produce them, *fix themſelves beſt in the Memory*, and remain cleareſt and longeſt there; and therefore thoſe, which are of the original qualities of bodies, viz. *Solidity*, *Extenſion*, *Figure*, *Motion*, and *Reſt*, and thoſe that almoſt conſtantly affect our bodies, as *Heat* and *Cold*; and thoſe which are the Affections of all kinds of beings, as *Exiſtence*, *Duration*, and *Number*, which almoſt every object that affects our Senſes, every thought which employs our Minds, bring along with them: theſe, I ſay, and the like *Ideas*, are ſeldom quite loſt, whilſt the mind retains any *Ideas* at all.

" Sect. 7. In this ſecondary Perception, as I may ſo call it, or viewing again the *Ideas*, that are lodged *in* the *Memory*, *the Mind is oftentimes more than barely paſſive*, the appearance of thoſe dormant pictures, depending ſometimes on the Will.

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The Mind very often ſets itſelf to work in ſearch of ſome hidden *Idea*, and turns, as it were, the eye of the ſoul upon it; though ſometimes too they ſtart up in our minds, of their own accord, and offer themſelves to the Underſtanding; and very often are rouzed and tumbled out of their dark cells, into open daylight, by ſome turbulent and tempeſtuous paſſion; our Affections bringing *Ideas* to our memory, which had otherwiſe lain quite and unregarded. This farther is to be obſerved, concerning *Ideas* lodged in the Memory, and upon occaſion revived by the Mind, that they are not only (as the word *revive* imports) none of them new ones; but alſo that the mind takes notice of them, as of a former impreſſion, and renews its acquaintance with them, as with *Ideas* it had known before. So that though *Ideas* formerly imprinted, are not all conſtantly in view, yet in remembrance they are conſtantly known to be ſuch, as have been formerly imprinted, i. e. in view, and taken notice of before by the Underſtanding.

"Sect. 8. *Memory*, in an intellectual creature, is neceſſary in the next degree to Perception. It is of ſo great moment, that where it is wanting, all the reſt of our faculties are in a great meaſure uſeleſs: and we, in our thoughts, reaſonings, and knowledge, could not proceed beyond preſent objects, were it not for the aſſiſtance of our memories, wherein there may be *two defects*.

Firſt, That it *loſes the Idea* quite, and ſo far it produces perfect ignorance. For ſince we can know nothing farther than we have the *Idea* of it, when that is gone, we are in perfect *Ignorance*.

Secondly, That it moves ſlowly, and *retrieves not the Ideas*, that it has, and are laid up in ſtore, *quick enough* to ſerve the mind upon occaſions. This, if it be to a great degree, is *Stupidity*; and he, who through this default in his memory, has not the *Ideas*, that are really preſerved there, ready at hand, when need and occaſion calls for them, had almoſt

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as good be without them quite, since they serve him to little purpose. The dull man, who loses the opportunity, whilst he is seeking in his mind for those *Ideas*, that should serve his turn, is not much more happy in his knowledge, than one that is perfectly ignorant. It is the business therefore of the Memory to furnish to the Mind those dormant *Ideas*, which it has present occasion for, in the having them ready at hand on all occasions, consists that which we call *Invention*, *Fancy*, and quickness of parts.

"Sect. 9. These are defects, we may observe, in the memory of one man compared with another. There is another defect, which we may conceive to be in the memory of men in general, compared with some superior created intellectual beings, which in this faculty may so far excel man, that they may have constantly in view the whole sense of all their former actions, wherein no one of the thoughts they have ever had, may slip out of their sight. The Omniscience of God, who knows all things past, present, and to come, and to whom the thoughts of men's hearts always lie open, may satisfy us of the possibility of this. For who can doubt, but God may communicate to those glorious spirits, his immediate attendants, any of his perfections, in what proportion he pleases, as far as created, finite beings can be capable. It is reported of that progidy of parts, Monsieur *Pascal*, that, till the decay of his health had impaired his memory, he forgot nothing of what he had done, read, or thought in any part of his rational age. This is a privilege so little known to most men, that it seems almost incredible to those, who after the ordinary way, measure all others by themselves: but yet when considered, may help us to enlarge our thoughts towards greater perfections of it in superior ranks of spirits. For this of Mr. *Pascal* was still with the narrowness, that human minds are confined to here, of having great variety of *Ideas* only by succession, not all at once: whereas the several degrees of angels may probably have larger views, and some of them be endowed with capa-

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capacities able to retain together, and conſtantly ſet before them, as in one picture, all their paſt knowledge at once. This, we may conceive, would be no ſmall advantage to the knowledge of a thinking man; if all his paſt thoughts, and reaſonings could be always preſent to him. And therefore we may ſuppoſe it one of thoſe ways, wherein the knowledge of ſeparate ſpirits may exceedingly ſurpaſs ours."

8. The Operations of the Mind are more accurately divided by *Ariſtotle*, than by Mr. *Locke*. They are three and no more: *Simple Apprehenſion*, *Judgment* and *Diſcourſe*. It ſeems Mr. *Locke* only gives a New Name to *Simple Apprehenſion*, terming it *Perception*. Of *Judgment* and *Reaſon* he ſpeaks in the fourth Book. Diſcerning, Comparing, Compounding, Abſtracting, are Species of Judgment. *Retention* or *Memory* refers to them all.

[*To be continued.*]

On the ORIGIN *of the* SOUL.

[*Concluded from page* 146.]

6. MOSES informs us, fallen Adam begat a ſon in his own likeneſs, and after his image: but had he generated a body without a ſoul, he would not have *begotten a ſon in his own likeneſs*, ſince he was not a mere mortal body, but a *fallen, embodied ſpirit*. Compare Gen. v. 3, with lvi. 26.

"But upon this ſcheme, will objectors ſay, if Adam was converted when he begat a ſon, he begat a converted ſoul." This does by no means follow; for if he was born of God after his fall, it was by *grace, through Faith*, and not by nature, through generation: he could not therefore communicate his *ſpiritual regeneration*, by *natural generation*, any more

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than a great ſcholar can propagate his learning together with his ſpecies. Should it be again objected, that "The ſoul is not generated, becauſe the ſcriptures declare, *The Lord is the Father of the ſpirits of all fleſh*, and *the ſpirit returns to God who gave it*:" I anſwer, It is alſo written, that Job and David were *fearfully made and faſhioned by the hands of God in the womb*; that he *formed Jeremiah in the belly*; and that *we are the offspring of him who made of one blood all nations of men*. Now if the *latter* ſcriptures do not exclude the interpoſition of parents, in the formation of their children's *bodies*; by what rule of criticiſm or divinity can we prove, that the former exclude that interpoſition in the production of their *ſouls?*

Nor can materialiſts, who have no ideas of generation, but ſuch as are groſs and carnal, like their own ſyſtem, with any ſhadow of reaſon infer, that "If the ſoul is generated with the body, it will alſo periſh with it:" for diſſolution is ſo far from a neceſſary conſequence of the ſpiritual generation of ſouls, that it would not ſo much as have followed the generation of our bodies, if Adam had not brought *ſin into the world, and* DEATH *by ſin*.——Again, if wheat, a material ſeed, which grows out of the ſame earthly clod with the chaff that encloſes it, can ſubſiſt unimpaired when that mean cover is deſtroyed: how much more can the ſoul (that ſpiritual, vital, heavenly power, which is of nature ſo vaſtly ſuperior to the body in which it is confined,) continue to exiſt, when fleſh and blood are returned to their native duſt!

Should ſome perſons reject what I ſay of the traduction of ſouls, in order to illuſtrate the derivation of original ſin: and ſhould they ſay that they have no more idea of the *generation*, than honeſt Nichodemus had of the *regeneration* of a ſpirit: I beg leave to obſerve two things:

Firſt, If ſuch objectors are converted, they will not deny the *regeneration* of ſouls by the Spirit of God, ſince they experience it; and our Lord ſpeaks of it as a bleſſed reality, even

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even while he repreſents it as a myſtery *unknown*, as to the manner of it, John iii. 8—13. Now if pious ſouls have been *regenerated* from the beginning of the world, without exactly knowing *how*; is it reaſonable to deny that ſouls are *generated*, merely becauſe we cannot exactly account for the manner in which that wonder takes place?

Secondly, Should my objectors be verſed in Natural Philoſophy, they need not be told that even the kind of generation, which they allow, is as much a myſtery to man, as the movement of a watch is to a child, that juſt ſees the caſe and glaſs. If they will not believe me, let them believe him, who *gave his heart to ſearch out by wiſdom concerning all things that are done under heaven*; and who, touching upon our queſtion, ſays; *as thou knoweſt not what is the way of the ſpirit, nor how the bones do grow in the womb of her that is with child: even ſo thou knoweſt not the works of God that maketh all.* Eccl. xi. 5.

For my part, I do not ſee, why the ſame almighty Preſerver of men, who (as St. Paul tells us) *made of* ONE BLOOD the bodies *of all nations of men*, might not *of one* ACTIVE THOUGHT and ARDENT DESIRE, *have made* the ſouls of *all nations of men* alſo. Have not *thoughts* and *deſire* as great affinity to the nature of the *ſoul*, as *blood* has to that of the *body*? And conſequently are not our ideas of the *traduction* of the *ſoul*, as clear as thoſe, which we are able to form of the *generation* of the *body*?

A DISAVOWAL *of* PERSECUTING PAPISTS.

[By the Rev. Mr. Weſley.]

I Have read a tract lately ſent me, and will now give my free thoughts upon the ſubject.

I ſat

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I ſat out early in life with an utter abhorrence of Perſecution in every form, and a full conviction that every man has a right to worſhip God, according to his own conſcience. Accordingly, more than fifty years ago, I preached on thoſe words, *Ye know not what manner of ſpirit ye are of: for the Son of man is not come to deſtroy men's lives, but to ſave them.* And I preached on the ſame text, in London, the fifth of laſt November. And this I extend to members of the Church of Rome, as well as to all other men.

I agree not only that many of theſe in former ages were good men, (as Thomas à Kempis, Francis Sales, and the Marquis de Renty) but that many of them are ſo at this day. I believe, I know ſome Roman Catholics, who ſincerely love both God and their Neighbour, and who ſteadily endeavour to do unto every one, as they wiſh him to do unto them.

But I cannot ſay, this is a general caſe: nay, I am fully convinced, it is not. The generality of Roman Catholics wherever I have been, are of the ſame Principles, and the ſame Spirit with their Forefathers. And indeed, if they had the ſame Principles, it could not be doubted, but they would be of the ſame Practice too, if opportunity ſhould ſerve.

Thoſe Principles openly avowd by their Forefathers, of Prieſtly Abſolution, Papal Indulgences, and No Faith to be kept with Heretics, have never been openly and authoritatively diſavowed, even unto this day. And until they are, a Roman Catholic, conſiſtent with his Principles, cannot be truſted by a Proteſtant.

For the ſame Principles naturally tend to produce the ſame Spirit, and the ſame Practice. Very lately, a perſon ſeeing many flocking to a place, which ſhe did not know was a Romiſh Chapel, innocently ſaid, What do all theſe people want? And was anſwered by one of them, with great vehemence, "We want *your blood.* And we will have it ſoon."

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On Friday laſt I dined with a Gentlewoman, whoſe Father, living in Dublin, was very intimate with a Roman Catholic Gentleman. Having invited him to dinner one day, in the courſe of converſation, Mrs. *Gr*—— aſked him, "Sir, would you really cut my huſband's throat, if your Prieſt commanded you?" He anſwered honeſtly, "Madam, Mr. *Gr*—— is my Friend. And I love him well; but I muſt obey the Church. "Sir, ſaid ſhe, I beg I may never more ſee you within my doors."

But ſtill, be their Principles what they will, I would not perſecute them. So perſecution is utterly out of the queſtion. I know no one that pleads for it. Therefore the writing or talking againſt it, is time loſt: it is proving what no one denies.

And the Romaniſts never have been perſecuted in England ſince I remember. They have enjoyed a full toleration. I wiſh them to enjoy the ſame toleration ſtill; neither more nor leſs.

I would not hurt a hair of their head. Mean time I would not put it into their power to hurt me, or any other perſons whom they believe to be Heretics. I ſteer the middle way. I would neither kill, nor be killed. I would not uſe the ſword againſt Them; nor put it into their hands, leſt they ſhould uſe it againſt *me:* I wiſh them well: but I dare not truſt them.

But ſtill I ſay, Perſecution is out of the queſtion. And I look on all vague declamations upon it, which have been lately poured out, as either mere flouriſhes of perſons who think they talk prettily, or artful Endeavours to puzzle the cauſe, and to throw duſt into the eyes of honeſt Engliſhmen.

J. W.

Briſtol, March 18, 1782.

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An Account of the PASSIONS, *or* NATURAL AFFECTIONS; *extracted from Dr. Watts.*

A general Diviſion of the Paſſions.

1. IT is evident there muſt be in pure and ſeparate ſpirits ſome Affections correſpondent to moſt of thoſe paſſions which our ſpirits feel who dwell in bodies. They have Love and Hatred, Deſire and Averſion, Joy and Sorrow, Fear and Hope, as well as we: but while we dwell in theſe bodies, the Affections of our minds will be accompanied with ſome commotions of animal nature. Now it is impoſſibe for us preciſely to diſtinguiſh how far the animal nature, and how far the ſpirit, are concerned in raiſing theſe ſenſations which we call Paſſions. I ſhall therefore only give ſome account of theſe complex workings of our compound nature, as we find them in our preſent ſtate.

2. The Paſſions are thoſe ſenſible commotions of our whole nature, ſoul and body, which are occaſioned by the perception of an object, either rare and uncommon, or good and agreeable, or evil and diſagreeable: or at leaſt we muſt have ſuch an apprehenſion of it, before it can excite any paſſion in us.

Now if we will diſtinguiſh the chief Paſſions according to their objects, we may make three ranks of them. The two firſt, primitive; the third, derivative.

3. The firſt rank of Paſſions, are theſe three; Admiration, Love, and Hatred.

If the object be rare or uncommon, it excites Admiration. If we look on it as good or agreeable, it engages our Love; if as evil or diſagreeable, it moves our Hatred.

If the object appear valuable, it raiſes Eſteem; if worthleſs, it raiſes Contempt.

If the object appear fit to receive good from us, it is Benevolence, or Good-will: if it appear fit to receive evil from us, the Hatred is called Malevolence, or Ill-will.

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If the object appear pleasing, and fit to do us good, it raises Complacence, or Delight; if it be displeasing, and unfit to do us good, it excites a Displicence, or Dislike.

4. From love and hatred in their different kinds, (but chiefly from Complacence and Displicence) arise several more Passions, which are also distinguished by their objects.

In Complacence and Displicence, and in all the Passions derived from them, the pleasing object is more properly called Good, and the displeasing, Evil, than in the Passions before-mentioned.

If the good be unpossessed, and possible to be obtained, Love grows up to Desire; if the evil may possibly come upon us, the Hatred expresses itself in Aversion: though there may be also an aversion to some evil, from which we are sufficiently secure.

If there be any prospect of obtaining the absent good, it excites Hope; if the absent evil be likely to come upon us, it raises Fear.

Fear also arises from a present or expected good in danger of being lost: and there is a Hope of escape from some threatening evil, or of deliverance from some that is present.

If the good be actually obtained, or the evil prevented, it excites Joy; if the good be actually lost, or evil come upon us, it causes Grief.

Whoever helps us to attain this good, or prevent the evil, excites in us Gratitude; whoever hinders our attainment of good or promotes the evil, raises our Anger.

There are few, if any Passions in the heart of man; but they may be reduced to some or other of these general heads.

5. It is not necessary that the object which excites our passions should be actually present with us; if there be but the idea of it in the mind, it is sufficient to raise intense passions. So sometimes Horror and Fear may be violent when the objects or occasions of them are far distant; but they are

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ſuppoſed to be approaching: and ſometimes the very abſence of pleaſing or diſpleaſing objects may be the occaſion of Grief or Joy.

The Paſſions are wont to be deſcribed as mere inward ſenſations. But ſince there are ſome of them that include acts of Volition, or ſome outgoings of the Will as well as perceptions of the Mind, ſuch as Deſire, and Averſion, I chuſe rather to deſcribe the Paſſions in general, as ſenſible commotions of our whole nature, both ſoul and body.

6. Becauſe ſeveral Paſſions, particularly affect the heart, therefore the heart is reckoned the ſeat of the Paſſions. It was probably from this obſervation that ſome ancient philoſophers, among other nations as well as the Jews, ſuppoſed the heart to be the ſpecial ſeat and reſidence of the ſoul or intellectual ſpirit; and on this account the Heart in Scripture as well as in heathen writings is uſed to ſignify the Soul itſelf.

7. Though the original Paſſions are theſe which were before named, yet they include a great variety of particular Affections. In many of the Paſſions the ferments of fleſh and blood, and the ſenſations of the mind, are ſo ſwift and momentaneous, and are ſo joined and complicated with each other, that it is exceeding hard to give an accurate and diſtinct account of them. And there is another thing that makes a juſt and accurate ſcheme of the Paſſions very difficult, if not impoſſible; and that is, that the language of men has ſometimes made one word to ſignify very different Paſſions, and hath ſometimes combined ſeveral different Paſſions into one word, or name; ſuch as Jealouſy, Suſpicion, Envy: ſometimes alſo where the Paſſions themſelves have ſcarce any difference, yet there are different names for them; as Anger, and Wrath, and Fury: and there are many other combined Paſſions that have no name. A perfect ſcheme therefore is not to be expected.

[*To be continued.*]

An

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An Extract from Mr. VINCENT'S *Account of the* PLAGUE *in London.*

IT was generally obſerved, that God's people who died by the plague among the reſt, died with ſuch peace and comfort, as Chriſtians do not ordinarily arrive to, except when they are called to ſuffer martyrdom. Some who had been full of doubts, and fears, and complaints, whilſt they were well, were filled with aſſurance, and comfort, and praiſe, and joyful expectation of glory, when they lay on their death-beds. And not only more grown Chriſtians had theſe comforts, but alſo ſome younger Chriſtians of no long ſtanding.

I can ſpeak ſomething, of my own knowledge, concerning ſome of my friends: I ſhall inſtance only in the houſe where I lived. We were eight in family, three men, three youths, an old woman, and a maid; all which came to me, hearing of my ſtay in town, ſome to accompany me, others to help me. It was the latter end of September before any of us were touched; the young ones were not idle, but improved their time in praying and hearing, and were ready to receive inſtruction, and were ſtrangely borne up againſt the fears of death, every day familiar to their view. But at laſt the plague came in dreadfully upon us; the cup was put into our hand to drink, after a neighbour-family had taſted it, with whom we had ſweet ſociety in this time of ſorrow. And firſt our maid was ſmitten; it began with a ſhivering in her fleſh, and quickly ſeized on her ſpirits; it was a ſad day, which I believe I ſhall never forget: I had been abroad to ſee a friend in the city, whoſe huſband was newly dead of the plague, and ſhe herſelf viſited with it; I came back to ſee another, whoſe wife was dead of the plague, and he himſelf under apprehenſions that he ſhould die within a few hours: I came home,

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and the maid was on her death-bed, and another crying out for help, being left alone. What was an intereſt in Chriſt worth then? What a privilege to have a title to the kingdom of heaven?

It was on Monday the maid was ſmitten; on Thurſday ſhe died: on Friday one of the youths had a ſwelling in his groin; and on the Lord's-day died with the marks of the diſtemper upon him: on the ſame day another youth ſickened, and on Wedneſday he died: on Thurſday night his maſter fell ſick of the diſeaſe, and within a day or two was full of ſpots, but ſtrangely, beyond all expectation, recovered. Thus the meſſengers came, one upon the heels of another, in ſuch a dreadful manner, as if we muſt all follow each other into the pit. Yet the Lord in mercy put a ſtop to it, and the reſt were preſerved. But what was very remarkable, thoſe who died, were leſs troubled themſelves, than others were troubled for them. The firſt youth that was viſited, being aſked what proviſion he had made for eternity, ſaid, he hoped, if he died, he ſhould go to heaven; and when he was drawing near his end, boldly enquired whether the tokens yet appeared, ſaying, he was ready for them. The other, being under ſeventeen, lay ſo unconcerned at the thoughts of approaching death, that I marvelled to ſee it; the ſting and fear of death was taken out; yet once he told his mother he could deſire to live a little longer, if it were the will of God: ſhe aſked him why he deſired it? He ſaid, I deſire to live till fire and faggot comes. She ſaid, if he died now, he ſhould have a crown; he anſwered, but if I died a martyr, I ſhould have a more glorious crown; yet he was not unwilling to receive his crown preſently; and he went away with great peace and ſweetneſs in his looks, to his Father's houſe.

I might ſpeak of the carriage of the maſter, under the apprehenſions of death; when the ſpots appeared, he ſent for me, and deſired me to pray with him; told me he was now going home, deſired me to write to his friends, and let them

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them know, That it did not repent him of his ſtay in the city, though they had been ſo importunate with him to come away; for he had found ſo much of God's preſence in his abode here, that he had no reaſon to repent: he told me where he would be buried, and deſired me to preach his funeral ſermon on Pſal. xvi. 11, "In thy preſence is fulneſs of joy, and at thy right-hand there are pleaſures for evermore."

The plague, at this time, increaſed exceedingly, and there were fears that within awhile there would not be enough alive to bury the dead.

Thoſe miniſters (formerly put out of their places, and who abode in the city, when moſt of the other miniſters were fled) ſeeing the people crowd ſo faſt into eternity, crying as they went, for ſpiritual phyſicians; and perceiving the churches and pulpits to be open; judged that the law both of God and of nature now commanded their preaching in public places, though the law of man forbade them.

Accordingly they embraced the opportunity, and every ſermon was unto them, as if they were preaching their laſt. For Time ſeemed now to ſtand at the head of each pulpit, with its ſcythe, ſaying, with a hoarſe voice, "Work while it is called To-day; at night I will mow thee down." And Death ſeemed to ſtand at the ſide of the pulpit, with its ſharp arrows, ſaying, "Do thou ſhoot God's arrows, and I will ſhoot mine."

Miniſters now had loud calls to ſerioufneſs and ſervour in their miniſterial work; to preach on the brink of the pit, into which thouſands were tumbling; and to pray under ſuch views of eternity, as might ſtir up the people to more than ordinary diligence.

Now there was ſuch a concourſe of people in all churches where miniſters were to be found, that often they could not get to the pulpit, without climbing over the pews: and ſuch a face was now ſeen in the aſſemblies, as ſeldom was ſeen before in

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in London; ſuch eager looks, ſuch open ears, ſuch greedy attention, as if they would ſwallow every word.

If you ever ſaw a drowning man catch at a rope, you may gueſs how eagerly many people caught at the word, when they were ready to be overwhelmed by this overflowing ſcourge; when death was knocking at ſo many doors, and God was crying aloud by his judgments; and miniſters were lifting up their voice like a trumpet: then, then the people began to open their ears and hearts, which were faſt ſhut and barred before. How did they then hearken, as if every ſermon was their laſt, as if death ſtood at the church door, to ſeize upon them ſo ſoon as they came forth, as if the arrows which flew ſo thick would ſtrike them, before they could get to their houſes, as if they were immediately to appear before the bar of that God, who by his miniſters was now ſpeaking unto them? Great were the impreſſions which the word made upon many hearts. When ſin is ript up and reproved, O the tears that ſlide down from the eyes! When the judgments of God are denounced, O the tremblings which are upon the conſcience! When the Lord Jeſus Chriſt is made known, O what deſire for him! When the riches of the goſpel are diſplayed, O the ſweet flames which are in the affections! Now the net was caſt, and much fiſh were taken; the pool was moved by the angel, and many ſin-ſick ſouls were cured; many were brought to the birth, and I hope not a few brought forth. Upon the whole, there was a ſtrange moving upon the hearts of multitudes; and many were brought over unto Jeſus Chriſt; whereof ſome died with great willingneſs; and others remain ſtedfaſt in God's ways unto this very day.

A SPE-

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A SPECIMEN *of the Divinity and Philoſophy, of the highly-illuminated* JACOB BEHMEN.

IN the late Edition of his Works, before the Second Volume, we have the following Advertiſement:

"As He and Mr. *Law* were raiſed up by God, and highly qualified as Inſtructors of mankind in divine Wiſdom, ſo all who are followers of Chriſt in ſimplicity of heart, and ſeek only the ſalvation of their ſouls, will find in their writings every thing relating to their eſſential Happineſs. And all the efforts of human Wiſdom to depreciate them, can be but like ſounding braſs, or a tinkling cymbal."

Mr. *Law's* Writings are entirely out of the preſent queſtion: we are only concerned with thoſe of *Jacob Behmen*: a ſpecimen of which I beg to lay before thoſe, who really ſeek the ſalvation of their ſouls.

Vol. II. page 165, and ſeq.

AN EXPLANATION OF THE LORD'S-PRAYER.

Unſer vater	im himmel
Our Father	in heaven

41. *Un* is God's eternal will to nature: *ſer* comprehends in it the four forms of nature.

42. *Va* is the matrix upon the croſs; *ter* is Mercury in the Centre of nature. And they are the two mothers in the eternal will. The one ſevers itſelf into fire, the other into the light of Meekneſs and into water. For *va* is the mother of the light which affords ſubſtantiality, and *ter* is the mother of the fires tincture.

43. *Im* is the heart: for the ſyllable *im* goes forth from the heart and ſoundeth through the lips.

44. *Him* means the creation of the ſoul: *mel* is the angelical ſoul itſelf: which the heart on the croſs in the centre between

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between the two mothers has comprehended, and with the word *him* framed it to a creature, viz. into *mel:* for *him* is the habitation of *mel.*

Dein nahme werde geheiliget
Thy name be hallowed

45. When we ſay *dein* we underſtand how the poor ſoul ſwims in the water of this world.

46. In the ſyllable *nah* it inclines inward; and in the ſyllable *me* it comprehends the heavenly ſubſtantiality.

47. When we ſay *wer* the whole creature goes along in the will: for *wer* has the whole centre, and with the ſyllable *de* it lays itſelf down in obedience to the meekneſs, and will not kindle the *wer* in the fire.

48. And when we ſay *ge* the ſoul goes into the heavenly ſubſtantiality, and then *hei* is the powerful entering upon the croſs into the number three. With the ſyllable *li* the ſoul's will has comprehended the Holy Ghoſt. *Get,* there the ſoul will go forth with the Holy Ghoſt.

Dein reich komme.
Thy kingdom come.

49. *Dein:* then the ſoul gives itſelf into the will of God.

50. *Reich:* here it gives itſelf into the virtue of the Angelical world.

51. In the ſyllable *kom,* it goes into the virtue, and with the ſyllable *me,* it goes into the kingdom as a ſprout: for the *me* makes the lips be open.

Dein wille geſchehe, wie im himmel
Thy will be done, as in heaven.
Alſo auch auff erden.
So alſo upon earth.

52. *Dein*—here the will caſts itſelf into God's will.

53. *Wil,* is its deſire to will the ſame with the Holy Ghoſt; *le*—with this ſyllable it takes in the will with the ſpirit into the centre.

54. *Ge,*

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54. *Ge*, with this ſyllable it goes into the will *ſche*: with this ſyllable it worketh the work of God: *he*, in this ſyllable it bows itſelf as a child.

55. *Wie*, there it goes again into the voice of God: *im* is the heart of God. *Him* is again the creating of the creatures; *mel* is the ſoul willing the will of God.

56. *Al*, there it drives on that will with the ſyllable *ſo* out of its centre into the outward principle. *Auch*—there it affords all it has in itſelf out into the outward.

57. *Auff*, with this ſyllable it apprehends the ſame again, and deſires its ſubſtance ſhould not be diſſipated.

58. *Er*, with this ſyllable it brings its ſubſtance into the ſpirit of this world, and there the will ſhall work wonders. *Den*, with this ſyllable it ſhews that it muſt not be done in the fire of the anger; for this ſyllable does not break up the centre. They ſhould be done in meek love, and yet taken out of the *er*.

Gieb	uns	unſer	taglich	brodt	heute
Give	us	our	daily	bread	to-day

60. *Gieb*, there the will ſticketh in the heart, and preſſes outward, and the mouth catches it.

61. *Uns*, with this ſyllable the ſoul deſires food for all its fellow members.

62. *Un*, with this ſyllable the ſoul goes into the internal wiſdom, wherein before the creation in the ſeed, it was diſcerned in the eternal will: *ſer*, with this ſyllable it takes the original of nature in the will, where one form in the original penetrates, fills and preſerves the other. And that is the bond of the ſoul, whereby it eternally ſubſiſts. And that the will of the ſoul deſires; elſe it would be diſſolved.

63. This is the true *Doctorſhip of the Holy Ghoſt*. The Outward is but foppery.

64. *Tag*, with this ſyllable the heavenly number is underſtood, as wherein the Spirit on the croſs in the holy matrix comprehends the genitive in the multiplication; *lich*, in this

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ſyllable the ſoul quickens and ſtrengthens itſelf with the heavenly number, which ſprings up out of the Divine Majeſty infinitely: and herein the ſoul is acknowledged for an Angel.—

Whoever deſires it, may read the reſt of this Explanation at his leiſure. I will only add the Concluſion of it.

AMEN.

95. *A* is the firſt letter, and preſſes forth out of the heart, and has no nature; but we clearly underſtand herein, the ſeeking, longing or attracting of the eternal will, without nature, wherein nature is generated, which has been from eternity.

96. Now as the *A* is generated out of the heart, that is, out of the eternal will, ſo out of *A* afterwards comes the whole Alphabet with four and twenty numbers. For the *A* begins to number, and comprizes the whole number in the ſyllable *men*.

Now here I fix my foot. Upon this ground I join iſſue with every admirer of *Jacob Behmen*, in *England*.

I appeal to every candid man, every man of piety and common ſenſe, whether this Explanation deſerves thoſe violent Encomiums, contained in the Advertiſement?

I aſk any perſon of underſtanding, Firſt, Whether any man in his ſenſes, from the beginning of the world, ever thought of explaining any treatiſe, divine or human, ſyllable by ſyllable? Did a more abſurd imagination ever enter into a madman's brain? Is it poſſible by this means to make ſenſe of any text from *Geneſis* to *the Revelation?* Muſt there not be a very high degree of Lunacy before any ſuch deſign could be formed? I aſk, Secondly, If any Scripture could be thus explained, if any meaning could be extracted from the ſeveral ſyllables, muſt it not be from the ſyllables of the Original, not of a tranſlation, whether German or Engliſh? I aſk, Thirdly, Whether this Explanation be any explanation at all? Whether it gives the meaning of any one Petition? Nay,

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Nay, Whether it does not reduce the divine Prayer, all the parts of which are accurately connected together, into an unconnected, incoherent Jumble of no one can tell what? I aſk, Fourthly, Whether we may not pronounce with the utmoſt certainty, of one who thus diſtorts, mangles, and murders the word of God, That the light which is in him is darkneſs; that he is *illuminated* from beneath, rather than from above; and that he ought to be ſtiled a *Demonoſopher*, rather than a *Theoſopher*?

J. W.

LETTERS.

LETTER CCXXVI.

[From Miſs B. to a Friend.]

July 6, 1762.

Dear Friend,

I *Do* find enough in Jeſus: I dare to ſay, I love him with all my heart. Therefore the difficulty on *my* ſide is done away, and I am not tempted as before, concerning *you*. But O! beware, leſt *in any degree*, I ſhould prove a temptation to you. I fear leſt you ſhould ſo reſt on any created Good, as to feel leſs need of Jeſus to reſt on. O fly for refuge, reſt and Happineſs to your bleeding Lord! Though you ſhould feel as if he did not hear or anſwer, yet force yourſelf upon him, and plead the promiſe, That he *will not ſend* you *a warfare at your own coſt*. And O! be earneſt with him, to *tear away* your All, if you cannot *give* it! O that

 you

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you may caſt your whole ſoul on Jeſus, and find in his Love your abiding home! What heights and depths of Holineſs have many attained with half the helps and half the time that we have had? My dear Friend, from this moment, let us know nothing but Chriſt! But let us remember! If we would know Him, we muſt know him crucified. Yea, we muſt be crucified with him, or we can never reign with him.

How may you be crucified with him? The thing you want is Faith: Faith to believe that from this moment the Captain of the Lord's hoſt will go before you, and ſubdue all your Enemies beneath your feet? By the power of that Faith, you would ſay to the mountain of Sin, "Be thou caſt into the ſea, and it would obey. O cry for Faith! May Jeſus bleſs you!" Pray for *us*, as we do for *you!*

I am yours, &c.

M. B.

LETTER CCXXVII.

[From Mrs. S. R. to the Rev. Mr. Weſley.]

Dec. 20, 1757.

Dear Sir,

YOURS laid me in the loweſt duſt before the Lord. Am I not ſurrounded with ſnares on every ſide? O what power do you put into my hands? How honoured by your Brother, Mr. Jones, my Bands and Claſſes, and many others! Added here unto are ſo many outward comforts; food, and raiment, with many other mercies! Conſidering the whole, how ſhall I eſcape the ſnare of the Devil? I find but one way, a conſtant ſenſe of my own nothingneſs and helpleſſneſs, and a clear view of Eternity at hand. This makes me every moment cleave to the Lord Jeſus; and he is faithful: his Grace is ſufficient for me.

As

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As to your Queſtions, I do often find in Prayer many *impertinent thoughts* come into my mind; but they do not diſtract me. I never find my ſoul preſt down by any bodily weakneſs. I often find Satan exerciſes my *Imagination* with impertinent thoughts. Sometimes I can baniſh them as they appear; at other times I bear them as my burden. They never trouble my ſoul: yet I think the deeper communion I have with God, the leſs power Satan will have. I do find every *Reaſoning* brought into captivity to the obedience of Chriſt. As to my *Dreams*, I ſeldom remember them. But when I do, I find in general they are harmleſs. Sometimes I dream of being in danger, and always eſcape by the power of Faith. My ſoul is pierced through with a ſenſe of God's goodneſs and my own unworthineſs! If my happineſs were dependent on any creature, how often would it be at an end? But

Stands my houſe on Jeſus faſt,
My Rock cannot remove.

Bleſſed be God for Chriſt, the Sinner's Friend! And bleſſed be Chriſt for free Grace! What great things hath God laid up for them that give him their whole hearts?——

I never ſit down to write to you, but I find my ſoul filled with the goodneſs of God. As to being offended at *you* by any thing I can hear, I think my ſoul is guarded againſt it, I am enabled to look through all I hear. There is but one thing which would leſſen my affection to you, that is, to find in you any Evil allowed. My heart cannot be joined to any one, who hath not the glory of God at heart. Nothing but ſin can ſeparate the ſoul from God: and nothing but ſin can ſeparate my heart from you: and that, not by hearing it from others; but *my* eyes muſt ſee, and *my* ears hear.

You ſaid once, "By your plain dealing you have the Key of my heart, and free liberty to ſearch it as you pleaſe." I think,

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think, I uſe it. God grant it may anſwer the end for which he intended it! He would not have put this power into my hands, were it not to anſwer ſome great end. I feel a love that would break through fire and water, ſo you may love God with all your heart! O that you was filled with the Holy Ghoſt, with all inward and outward Holineſs! How my heart is expanded at the thought! Sir, in writing and converſing, let you and I always conſider ourſelves, as before the Throne of God: and then we ſhall ſurely ſpeak in the uprightneſs of our hearts. My ſtrengh fails me: ſo I conclude,

Your affectionate Child and Servant,

S. R.

LETTER CCXXVIII.

[From the Rev. Mr. Weſley, to Mrs. S. R.]

Jan. 20, 1758.

My dear Siſter,

HOW did you feel yourſelf under your late trial? Did you find no ſtirring of Reſentment? No remains of your own Will? No deſire or wiſh, that things ſhould be otherwiſe? In one ſenſe, you *do* deſire it: becauſe you deſire, that God ſhould be glorified in all things. But did not the falling ſhort of that deſire leſſen your happineſs? Had you ſtill the ſame degree of communion with God? The ſame joy in the Holy Ghoſt? I never ſaw you ſo much moved, as you appeared to be that evening. Your ſoul was then greatly troubled: and a variety of conflicting paſſions, Love, Sorrow, Deſire, with a kind of Deſpair, were eaſy to be read in your countenance. And was not your heart unhinged at all? Was it not ruffled or diſcompoſed? Was your ſoul all the time calmly ſtayed on God? Waiting upon him without diſtraction?

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diſtraction? Perhaps one end of this cloſe trial was to give you a deeper knowledge of yourſelf and of God? Of his power to ſave, and of the ſalvation he hath wrought in you.

Moſt of the trials you have lately met with, have been of another kind: but it is expedient for you to go through both evil and good report.—The converſing with you, either by ſpeaking or writing, is an unſpeakable bleſſing to me. I cannot think of you, without thinking of God. Others often lead me to him: but it is, as it were, going round about: you bring me ſtraight into his preſence. Therefore whoever warns me againſt truſting you, I cannot refrain; as I am clearly convinced, he calls me to it.

I am your affectionate Brother,

J. W.

LETTER CCXXIX.

[From Mr. Theophilus Oakes, to Mr. L. C. and Mr. T. B.]

Dublin, May 20, 1763.

My dear Brethren,

IT is about fifteen years ſince the Lord called me from among the pots, and ſpoke peace to my ſoul. I was for many months in the chariot of Love. I did not ſee the wickedneſs of my heart. I thought all was over, and that I ſhould never again draw my chariot wheels heavily. And I am ſure, if I had been faithful, it would have been ſo. But I began to ſee and feel that I had an evil heart, yet I did not expect being delivered from it; and ſo was ſometimes rejoicing, and ſometimes caſt-down. But laſt year the Lord was pleaſed to begin ſuch a work here, as was aſtoniſhing. Many have found a glorious and bleſſed deliverance from all ſin.

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ſin. The alarm reached me; and the Lord, in a manner I never ſaw before, ſhewed me the dreadful conſequences of my fallen nature, and the neceſſity of being delivered from it. I alſo found a great deſire to be freed from it. He who gave me this knowledge did not let me wait in vain. For in a moment he cleanſed my heart from all evil. I felt the change paſs upon my ſoul with that comfortable text, "I will, be thou clean." The Lord has been unto me ever ſince, as the ſhadow of a great rock in a weary land. He reigns in my heart, and makes it as a watered garden. I can rejoice evermore, and pray without ceaſing. I find it as natural for me to watch and pray, as to breathe. I know the Enemy of ſouls is always endeavouring to impoſe his temptations upon me. But bleſſed be God they have no place in my heart. I ſee more and more the precioufneſs of Faith, and the love of Jeſus to ſo poor a worm as me. I can ſay, my Maſter's ſervice is perfect freedom. O let us be thankful to God! ſurely if all his children knew this privilege, they would not plead for ſin's remains: they would not doubt his power and willingneſs to deſtroy the carnal mind. How does Satan ſtrive to hinder the children of men from coming to the knowledge of the Truth? Yet, glory be to God, there are many, even here, who teſtify that the blood of Chriſt cleanſeth from all ſin.

I am your affectionate Brother in Chriſt,

THEOPHILUS OAKES.

LETTER CCXXX.

[From the Rev. Mr. Conyers, to the Rev. Mr. Weſley.]

June 7, 1763.

Rev. and dear Sir,

I Have had informations from many hands of your deſign of calling upon me at Helmſley, in your return out of Scotland. I take this opportunity frankly and freely to declare

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declare to you, Sir, that my houſe and my heart are, and ever ſhall be open to you. I preſume our Archdeacon will be with me from Stokeſley, on Wedneſday evening, as he always takes a bed, and ſpends a night or two with me, when he is upon his Viſitations, which is at this place on Friday next. How far you may think proper to alter your deſign of preaching here upon that account, I leave to yourſelf. I ſpeak not this out of fear; for I love *you* as I love *my* own *ſoul*: my only apprehenſion is, that he being upon the ſpot, may ſhut my church-doors againſt you. But if you only mean a friendly viſit to me, I ſhall be glad to ſee you, let who will be here, and it will be the comfort of my heart to have you preach to my flock in every room of my houſe, at any time when you come this way. As far as the doctrine you teach has come to my knowledge, I know not one part to which I could not ſubſcribe both with *hand* and *heart*. You have my prayers for the divine bleſſing and protection upon you. May he conduct you ſafely through all dangers to his everlaſting kingdom! And O that I may bear ſome humble part in that bleſſed work of praiſe, and be a partaker with you in the joys of the Redeemer's kingdom!

I am, Rev. and dear Sir,

Your affectionate Friend, and Servant in Chriſt,

RICHARD CONYERS.

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POETRY.

THOUGHTS ON IMPUTED RIGHTEOUSNESS,

Occaſioned by reading the Rev. Mr. Hervey's *Dialogues between* Theron *and* Aſpaſio. *By Dr.* Byrom.

PART I.

IMPUTED RIGHTEOUSNESS!——beloved Friend,
To what advantage can this Doctrine tend?
If at the ſame time a Believer's breaſt,
Be not by *real* Righteouſneſs poſſeſt?
And if it be, why volumes on it made,
With ſuch a ſtreſs upon *imputed* laid?

Amongſt the Diſputants of later days,
This in its turn, became a favourite phraſe;
When much divided in religious Schemes,
Contending Parties ran into extremes:
And now it claims the attention of the age,
In *Hervey's* elegant and lively page:
This his *Aſpaſio* labours to impreſs,
With every turn of language and addreſs.
With all the flow of eloquence, that ſhines
Through all his (full enough) embelliſhed lines.

Though now ſo much exerting to confirm
Its vaſt importance, and revive the term,
He was himſelf, he lets his *Theron* know,
Of different ſentiments not long ago.

And

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And friends of yours, it has been thought, I find,
Have brought Aſpaſio to his preſent mind.
Now having read, but unconvinced I own,
What various Reaſons for it he has ſhown;
Or rather Rhetoric—if it be true,
In any ſenſe that has appeared to you;
I reſt ſecured of giving no offence
By aſking—how you underſtand the ſenſe?
By urging in a manner frank and free
What reaſons, as I read, occur to me;
Why *Righteouſneſs*, for man to reſt upon,
Muſt be a *real* not *imputed* one.

From the OLNEY COLLECTION.

A ſick ſoul. Mat. ix. 12.

PHYSICIAN of my ſin-ſick ſoul,
To thee I bring my caſe;
My raging malady controul,
And heal me by thy grace.

Pity the anguiſh I endure,
See how I mourn and pine;
For never can I hope a cure
From any hand but thine.

I would diſcloſe my whole complaint,
But where ſhall I begin?
No words of mine can fully paint
That worſt diſtemper, ſin.

It lies not in a ſingle part,
But through my frame is ſpread;
A burning fever in my heart,
A palſy in my head.

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It makes me deaf, and dumb, and blind,
And impotent and lame;
And overclouds, and fills my mind,
With folly, fear, and ſhame.

Lord I am ſick, regard my cry,
And ſet my ſpirit free;
Say, canſt thou let a ſinner die,
Who longs to live to thee?

FORTITUDE.

[By the Rev. Dr. Gibbons.]

MY Friend, ſhould *Fortune's* favouring gales,
Juſt undulate your peaceful ſails,
Or ſhould the billows roll,
Tumultuous through the roaring deep,
Still in one even tenor keep
Your dignity of ſoul.

Should *Fortune* ſmile, be ſtill ſerene,
Let no reſponſive ſmile be ſeen,
Or ſhould ſhe pour the tear;
Be ſure to wipe the tear away,
And through life's miſcellaneous day,
Firm to yourſelf appear.

Nor quit your road, nor 'bate your ſpeed,
Whatever thorn, or baleful weed,
May choke or curſe the ground:
Often from ſorrow's cloud of night,
Joy, like an angel, burſts to ſight,
And gilds the horizon round.

Proſperity

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Proſperity its evil brings,
Relaxing oft the mental ſtrings,
In her ſoft ſultry air:
Adverſity her bleſſing gives,
And every ſtroke the ſoul receives,
Enables it to bear.

Almighty God, whatever ills,
Thine all-diſpoſing Wiſdom wills
For me thy meaneſt care;
Teach me, enlivened with thy love,
And opening views of bliſs above,
Magnanimous to bear.

Fortune and *Fate* are wild and vain,
The ſegments of a *Pagan* brain:
A God, a God is all:
O'er Nature he extends his ſway,
O'er realms of night, and realms of day,
Of this terraqueous ball.

Proſperity ſent from above,
To win our gratitude and love,
Spreads her inviting charms;
Adverſity receives from God
Its ſcorpion-ſtings and ſmarting rod,
To drive us to his arms.

PARADISE REGAINED.

[*By H. T.*]

SEEK not for Paradiſe with curious eye
In Aſiatic climes, where Tigris' waves,
Mixed with Euphrates in tumultuous joy,
The ſpacious plains of Babylonia laves.

'Tis

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'Tis gone with all its charms, and like a dream,
Like Babylon itſelf, is ſwept away;
Beſtow one tear upon the mournful theme,
But let it not thy gentle heart diſmay.

For know wherever Love and Virtue guide,
They lead us to a ſtate of heavenly bliſs;
Where joys unknown to Guilt and Shame preſide,
And pleaſures unalloyed each hour increaſe.

Behold that grove, whoſe waving boughs admit,
Through the live colonnade, the fruitful hill,
A moving proſpect with fat herds replete,
Whoſe lowing voices all the valley fill.

There through the ſpiry graſs, where glides the brook,
(By yon tall poplar which erects its head
Above the verdure of the neighbouring oak,)
And gently murmurs o'er the adjoining mead:

Philander and Cleora, happy pair!
Taſte the cool breezes of the gentle wind;
Their breaſts from guilt, their looks are free from care,
Sure index of a calm, contented mind.

'Tis here in virtuous love the ſtudious fair
Informs her babes, nor ſcorns herſelf to' improve,
While by his ſmile ſhe lives whoſe pleaſing care
Diſpenſes knowledge from the lips of love.

No wild Deſires can ſpread their poiſon here,
Nor Diſcontent their peaceful hours attend;
Falſe Joys, nor flattering Hopes, nor ſervile Fear,
Their gentle minds with jarring paſſions rend.

Here

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Here oft in pleaſing ſolitude they rove,
Recounting o'er the deeds of former days;
With inward joy their well-ſpent time approve,
And feel a recompenſe beyond all praiſe.

Or in ſweet converſe through the grove, or near
The fountain's brink, where the cool arbour's ſhade
Beats back the heat, fair Virtue's voice they hear,
More muſical by ſweet digreſſions made.

With calm dependance, every good they taſte,
Yet feel their neighbour's wants with kind regret,
Nor cheer themſelves alone (a mean repaſt!)
But deal forth bleſſings round their happy ſeat.

'Tis to ſuch virtue, that the Power ſupreme,
The choiceſt of his bleſſings hath deſigned,
And ſhed them plenteous over every clime,
The calm delights of an untainted mind.

Ere yet the ſad effects of fooliſh pride,
And mean ambition ſtill employed in ſtrife,
And luxury did o'er the world preſide,
Depraved the taſte, and palled the joys of life.

For ſuch the Spring in richeſt mantle clad,
Pours forth her beauties through the gay paterre;
And Autumn's various boſom is o'erſpread,
With all the bluſhing fruits that crown the year.

Or Summer tempts, in golden beams arrayed,
Which o'er the fields in borrowed luſtre glow,
To meditate beneath the cooling ſhade,
Their happy ſtate, and whence their bleſſings flow.

Even

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Evén rugged Winter varies but their joy,
Painting the cheeks with freſh vermilion hue;
And thoſe rough Froſts which ſofter frames annoy,
With vigorous Health their ſlackéning Nerves renew.

From the dark boſom of the dappléd Morn,
To Phœbus ſhining with meridian light;
Or when mild Evéning does the ſky adorn,
Or the pale Moon rides through the ſpangléd Night.

The varying ſcenes in evéry virtuous ſoul,
Each pleaſing change with various pleaſures bleſs;
Raiſe cheerful hopes, and anxious fears control,
And form a Paradiſe of inward Peace.

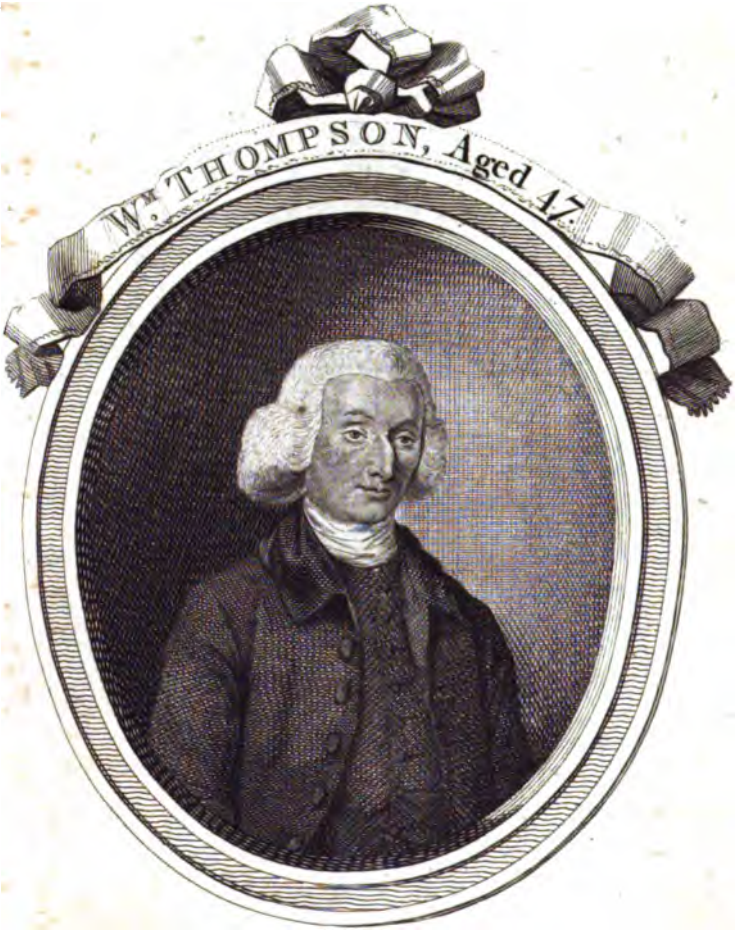
A SHORT HYMN.

Heb. xiii. 21. *Make you perfect in every good work, to do his will, working in you that which is well-pleaſing in his ſight, through Jeſus Chriſt; to whom be glory for ever and ever, amen.*

O Might our evéry work and word
Expreſs the tempers of our Lord,
The nature of our Head above!
His Spirit ſend into our hearts,
Engraving on our inward parts
The living law of holieſt love:
Then ſhall we do with *pure delight*
Whate'er is pleaſing in thy ſight,
As veſſels of thy richeſt grace;
And having thy whole counſel done,
To thee, and thy co-equal Son
Aſcribe the everlaſting praiſe.

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THE Arminian Magazine, For MAY 1782.

Of FREE-WILL: tranſlated from SEBASTIAN CASTELLIO's *Dialogues, between* Lewis *and* Frederic.

DIALOGUE III.

[*Continued from page* 173.]

Fred. GOD began the work of his Grace in the Jewiſh Church: but the Jews did not love God as the Apoſtles did, even before the day of Pentecoſt; nor did the Apoſtles then love him, as they did after the deſcent of the Holy Ghoſt. The not attending to this, has led many Commentators into grievous miſtakes, who would meaſure the privileges of adult Chriſtians, by thoſe of the Jews, who lived in the infancy of the Church.

To return now to your text. *What the law could not do, in that it was weak through the fleſh,* is not to be underſtood, as if the law was *carnal* and *ordained for death.* The Apoſtle

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had before ſaid, that it was *ſpiritual*, and *ordained for life*. But it means, Becauſe the Spirit of God given under the law, could not make us truly righteous, God ſent his Spirit in a larger meaſure by his Son, to ſupply what was wanting in them. And his Son endued with his whole Spirit, conquered ſin, *that the righteouſneſs of the law might be fulfilled in us*; that is, that we might love God with all our hearts, and *walk not after the fleſh, but after the Spirit*. This is called the righteouſneſs of the law, not becauſe the law enables us to perform it, but becauſe it is enjoined therein.

The ſum of what has been ſaid is, God willeth all men to be ſaved. The way of Salvation is, to obey the will of God declared in his Commands. Now God commands nothing impoſſible: and if he enjoins any thing to man, which man cannot perform, he gives him power to perform it. And his Commands are given to all men: but all do not obey them. But what hinders their obeying? *Lewis.* I had rather you would tell me. *Fred.* Attend then. You remember, God wills nothing impoſſible. *Lewis.* I do. *Fred.* Now obedience is voluntary. *Lewis.* It is. *Fred.* But it is impoſſible, that the ſame thing ſhould be both voluntary and compelled. *Lewis.* True. *Fred.* Therefore no man can be compelled to obey. And therefore God willeth not that any be compelled to obey. For it is impoſſible that the ſame man ſhould be compelled, and at the ſame time act voluntarily. It follows, The perverſe will of thoſe that will not obey, is the cauſe that all are not ſaved: whoſe will being free, may be perſuaded, but cannot be compelled.

Lewis. But here ariſes a doubt. God does ſeem ſometimes to compel the wills of men: as when he compelled the Egyptians to give the Iſraelites veſſels of ſilver and gold. So he compelled Balaam to bleſs Iſrael, and Jonah to go to Nineveh. *Fred.* God compelled Balaam to bleſs the Iſraelites; but he did not compel him to bear them any good-will. For he afterwards gave Balak that advice, which did them much hurt.

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hurt. So he compelled Jonah to go to Nineveh; but he did not compel him, to wiſh well to the Ninevites. The outward action was conſtrained; but his will remained the ſame. In a word: God does ſometimes conſtrain men to do this or that particular action. But he does not praiſe them for doing it, becauſe they do it againſt their will. Their inclination is ſtill the ſame. You may explain this by a compariſon. In the caſe of Shadrack, Meſhech, and Abednego, God deprived the fire of its power to burn, ſo that it could not act on them according to its nature. But he did not change the nature of fire. And thus he ſometimes bends the wicked to mercy by force; but that does not change their nature: it does not turn them into good men. They remain wicked ſtill. We allow, God draws men to Goodneſs: but we deny that he compels them to it. He may ſometimes compel them to particular Actions; but never to inward Holineſs.

Lewis. What then mean thoſe ſayings, *Compel them to come in?* And, *No man cometh unto me, except my Father draw him? Fred.* To *draw*, is to attract, to allure. So the Spouſe: (Cant. i. iv.) *Draw me; we will run after thee.* Here certainly ſhe is drawn willingly; for ſhe of herſelf aſks the King to draw her. So God, in Hoſea, (chap. xi. ver. 4, 5,) *I drew them with the bands of a man, with the cords of love. I was unto them, as they that take off the yoke on their jaws: and I laid meat unto them. But they refuſed to return.* You ſee how they are drawn, and yet how they reſiſt the attraction and the will of God. Therefore God adds, *Therefore the ſword ſhall abide on his cities, and ſhall conſume his branches, and devour them, becauſe of their own counſels.* You ſee why they are thus puniſhed, becauſe of *their own counſels*, purſuant to which, they refuſed to follow the drawings of God. For thus he concludes, *My people are bent to backſliding from me: though called to the moſt High, none would exalt him.* See how manifeſtly they reſiſt, both his *calling*, his *drawing*, and his *bands of love!*

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I ſay the ſame concerning *compelling*. To compel here means, earneſtly to invite, urge, preſs. So Chriſt *compelled his diſciples to go into the ſhip:* and ſo the diſciples *going to Emmaus*, (Luke xliv. 29,) *conſtrained him to ſtay with them.* But ſuch a kind of compulſion does not take away the will of him that is compelled. For this compulſion is not irreſiſtible, as was ſhewn but now.

Lewis. But what does God promiſe the Iſraelites in thoſe words, *I will take away their heart of ſtone and give them a heart of fleſh?* And what is the meaning of that word, *It is God that worketh in you both to will and to do?* Here God ſeems not to *perſuade* men, *but to create in them a new heart.* *Fred.* He certainly does, in making a bad man good. And yet this is not done but by perſuaſion: by the clear concurrence of their own will or choice: without which no laſting change is wrought.

To return to my firſt point, I ſay, Man's own Will is the only reaſon why he is not ſaved. And that Will is free. But then *Will* is one thing, and *Power* is another. To underſtand this the more clearly, let us repeat the thing from the beginning. You own, Adam was free before he ſinned, and was able to chuſe either Good or Evil. *Lewis.* I do. *Fred.* How was he after he had ſinned? *Lewis.* Calvin ſays, he was then ſo corrupt, that he could will nothing but ſin; for *all the thoughts and imaginations of his heart were evil.* *Fred.* Yet *Noah was a juſt man.* Not to mention *Enoch* and *Abel*: and indeed Adam himſelf: who if he could will nothing but evil, would ſcarce have begotten good and bad. But if he could chuſe good, as it is plain he did, I ſee not why his ſons might not have done the ſame.

But to come cloſer ſtill. Is that word true, *The things of a man knoweth the ſpirit of a man that is in him?* *Lewis.* It is true. *Fred.* And is not the Will of a man one of *the things of a man?* *Lewis.* It is. *Fred.* Then the ſpirit of a man knoweth, whether his Will is free or not. Therefore to this we

must

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muſt appeal. *Lewis.* Nay, but our friends ſay, *The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God:* and therefore we are not to regard Common Senſe in this matter. *Fred.* Why this is putting out the eyes of the mind, and depriving men of their underſtanding! They who talk thus require us to grant more than ever our Lord required. For he was ſo far from ever requiring the Jews to lay aſide their natural Judgment, that he directed them to judge of ſpiritual things, as they judged of natural things. So (Luke xii. 56,) *Ye hypocrites, ye can diſcern the face of the ſky: how is it that ye do not diſcern this time? Yea, and why even of yourſelves judge ye not what is right?* Again, (Matt. xxi. 28,) *What think ye? A certain man had two ſons.—Which of theſe did the will of his father?* Yet again, (Luke x. 36,) *Which now of theſe thinkeſt thou, was neighbour to him that fell among thieves?* You ſee how Chriſt deſires us to judge even of the things of the Goſpel, by the rules of Common Senſe? And indeed who would have regarded him, had he taught things inconſiſtent with Nature, and contrary to Common Senſe? Yea, what would any have thought, had he ſaid to her that waſhed his feet with her tears, "O woman, whatever ſin thou haſt committed, it was by God's decree, therefore thou couldſt not do otherwiſe, no, nor wiſh to do otherwiſe. Nay, if you ſin on, ſtill it is decreed, and therefore you cannot help it." Pray, how could the woman herſelf have borne this, who knew ſhe had ſinned voluntarily, not neceſſarily?

If God will teach us, muſt he not teach us according to our nature; leading us from the knowledge of natural things, (which every one knows) to that of ſpiritual things? If he would bring us Light, muſt it not be ſuch light, as our eyes can bear? If he ſpeaks, muſt he not ſpeak in our language? Otherwiſe what end would it anſwer? Theſe very men, who would not have us judge of the will of man, by what we feel in ourſelves, why do they ſo ſtrongly urge the Scripture Similies, that of the potter in particular? Have we not our

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our anſwer ready? "Away with your Similies, which appeal to the reaſon of a natural man! He cannot judge of the things of the Spirit of God." In fine, are not they quite at liberty, in denying human liberty? Will they not find if they examine themſelves, that what they ſpeak, they ſpeak quite freely? As freely as I ſhould contradict them, if they ſpake ſo in my hearing.

[*To be continued.*]

SERMON IX.

On GENESIS iii. 19.

Duſt thou art, and unto duſt thou ſhalt return.

1. WHY is there *Pain* in the world? Seeing God is *loving to every man, and his mercy is over all his works?* Becauſe there is *Sin*: had there been no ſin, there would have been no pain. But pain, (ſuppoſing God to be juſt,) is the neceſſary effect of ſin. But why is there ſin in the world? Becauſe man was created in the image of God: becauſe he is not mere Matter, a clod of Earth, a lump of Clay, without Senſe or Underſtanding, but a Spirit, like his Creator: a being endued not only with Senſe and Underſtanding, but alſo with a Will exerting itſelf in various Affections. To crown all the reſt, he was endued with Liberty, a power of directing his own Affections and Actions, a capacity of determining himſelf, of chuſing good or evil. Indeed had not man been endued with this, all the reſt would have been of no uſe. Had he not been a free, as well as an intelligent being, his Underſtanding would have been of no ſervice. For he would have been as incapable of Holineſs, or any kind of virtue, as a tree or a block of marble. And having

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having this power, a power of chuſing Good or Evil, he choſe the latter; he choſe Evil. Thus *Sin entered into the world*, and Pain of every kind preparatory to *Death*.

2. This plain, ſimple account of the Origin of Evil, whether Natural or Moral, all the wiſdom of man could not diſcover, till it pleaſed God to reveal it to the world. Till then Man was a mere enigma to himſelf, a riddle which none but God could ſolve. And in how full and ſatisfactory a manner, has he ſolved it in this chapter? In ſuch a manner, as does not indeed ſerve to gratify vain curioſity, but as is abundantly ſufficient to anſwer a nobler end; to

"Juſtify the ways of God with men."

To this great end, I would Firſt, briefly conſider the preceding part of this chapter, and then Secondly, more particularly weigh the ſolemn words, which have been already recited.

I. 1. In the firſt place, let us briefly conſider the preceding part of this chapter. *Now the ſerpent was more ſubtil*, or knowing, *than any beaſt of the field which the Lord God had made*, ver. 1. Endued with more underſtanding than any other animal in the brute creation. Indeed there is no improbability in the conjecture of an ingenious man,[a] That the ſerpent was then endued with that Reaſon, which is now the property of man. And this accounts for a circumſtance, which on any other ſuppoſition would be utterly unintelligible. How comes Eve not to be ſurpriſed, yea ſtartled and affrighted, at hearing the ſerpent *ſpeak* and *reaſon?* Unleſs ſhe knew that Reaſon, and Speech in conſequence of it, were the original properties of the ſerpent? Hence, without ſhewing any ſurpriſe, ſhe immediately enters into the converſation with him. *And he ſaid unto the woman, yea, hath God ſaid, Ye ſhall not eat of every tree of the garden?* See how he

[a] The late Dr. Nicholas Robinſon.

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who was a liar from the beginning mixes truth and falſehood together? Perhaps on purpoſe, that ſhe might be the more inclined to ſpeak, in order to clear God of the unjuſt charge. Accordingly *the woman ſaid unto the ſerpent*, (ver. 2.) *We may eat of the fruit of the trees of the garden: But of the fruit of the tree which is in the midſt of the garden, God hath ſaid, Ye ſhall not eat of it: neither ſhall ye touch it, leſt ye die.* Thus far ſhe appears to have been clear of blame. But how long did ſhe continue ſo? *And the ſerpent ſaid unto the woman, Surely ye ſhall not die. For God doth know, in the day ye eat thereof your eyes ſhall be opened, and ye ſhall be as gods, knowing good and evil*, ver. 4, 5. Here ſin began, namely, Unbelief. *The woman was deceived*, ſays the Apoſtle. She believed a lie: ſhe gave more credit to the word of the devil, than to the word of God. And Unbelief brought forth actual ſin. *When the woman ſaw that the tree was good for food, and pleaſant to the eyes, and to be deſired to make one wiſe, ſhe took of the fruit and did eat*, and ſo compleated her ſin. But *the man*, as the Apoſtle obſerves, *was not deceived.* How then came he to join in the tranſgreſſion! *She gave unto her huſband, and he did* eat. He ſinned with his eyes open. He rebelled againſt his Creator, as is highly probable,

"Not by ſtronger Reaſon moved,
But fondly overcome with female charms."

And if this was the caſe, there is no abſurdity in the aſſertion of a great man, "That Adam ſinned in his heart, before he ſinned outwardly, before he ate of the forbidden fruit," namely, by inward Idolatry, by loving the creature more than the Creator.

2. Immediately Pain followed Sin. When he loſt his Innocence, he loſt his Happineſs. He painfully feared that God, in the Love of whom his ſupreme Happineſs before conſiſted *He ſaid* (ver. 10,) *I heard thy voice in the garden; and*

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and I was afraid. He fled from Him, who was till then his desire, and glory, and joy. He *hid himself from the presence of the Lord God, among the trees of the garden?* Hid himself! What, from the all-seeing eye? The eye which, with one glance, pervades heaven and earth? See how his Understanding likewise was impaired! What amazing folly was this! Such as one would imagine very few even of his posterity could have fallen into. So dreadfully was his *foolish heart darkened* by sin, and guilt, and sorrow, and fear! His innocence was lost; and at the same time, his happiness and his wisdom! Here is the clear, intelligible answer to that question, How came evil into the world?

3. One cannot but observe, throughout this whole narration, the inexpressible tenderness, and lenity of the Almighty Creator, from whom they had revolted; the sovereign against whom they had rebelled. *And the Lord God called unto Adam, and said unto him, Where art thou?* Thus graciously calling him to return, who would otherwise have eternally fled from God. *And he said, I heard thy voice in the garden, and I was afraid, because I was naked.* Still here is no acknowledgment of his fault, no humiliation for it. But with what astonishing tenderness does God lead him to make that acknowledgment? *And he said, Who told thee that thou wast naked?* How camest thou to make this discovery? *Hast thou eaten of the tree, whereof I commanded thee that thou shouldst not eat? And the man said* (still unhumbled, yea indirectly throwing the blame upon God himself,) *The woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat. And the Lord God,* still endeavouring to bring them to repentance, *said unto the woman, What is this that thou hast done?* v. 13. *And the woman said,* nakedly declaring the thing as it was, *The serpent beguiled me, and I did eat. And the Lord God said unto the serpent,* to testify his utter abhorrence of sin, by a lasting monument of his displeasure, in punishing the creature that had been barely the instrument of it, *Thou art*

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curſed above all the cattle, and above every beaſt of the field.— And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy ſeed and her ſeed: it ſhall bruiſe thy head, and thou ſhalt bruiſe his heel. Thus in the midſt of judgment, hath God remembered mercy, from the beginning of the world! Connecting the grand promiſe of ſalvation, with the very ſentence of condemnation.

4. *Unto the woman he ſaid, I will greatly multiply thy ſorrow, (and,* or *in) thy conception, in ſorrow* or pain, *thou ſhalt bring forth children,* yea, above any other creature under heaven: which original curſe we ſée is intailed on her lateſt poſterity. *And thy deſire ſhall be to thy huſband, and he ſhall rule over thee.* It ſeems, the latter part of this ſentence, is explanatory of the former. Was there till now any other inferiority of the woman to the man, than that which we may conceive in one angel to another? *And unto Adam he ſaid, Becauſe thou haſt hearkened unto the voice of thy wife, and haſt eaten of the tree of which I commanded thee, ſaying, Thou ſhalt not eat of it; curſed is the ground for thy ſake.— Thorns and thiſtles ſhall it bring forth unto thee;* uſeleſs, yea and hurtful productions: whereas nothing calculated to hurt or to give pain, had at firſt any place in the creation. *And thou ſhalt eat the herb of the field,* coarſe and vile, compared to the delicious fruits of paradiſe. *In the ſweat of thy face ſhalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground; for out of it waſt thou taken. For duſt thou art, and unto duſt thou ſhalt return.*

II. 1. Let us now in the ſecond place, weigh theſe ſolemn words, in a more particular manner. *Duſt thou art.* But how fearfully and wonderfully wrought, into innumerable fibres, nerves, membranes, muſcles, arteries, veins, veſſels of various kinds! And how amazingly is this duſt connected with *water,* with incloſed, circulating fluids, diverſified a thouſand ways, by a thouſand tubes and ſtrainers! Yea, and how wonderfully is air impacted into every part, ſolid, or fluid

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fluid, of the Animal Machine! *Air* not elaſtic, which would tear the Machine in pieces, but as fixt as water under the pole! But all this would not avail, were not ethereal *Fire* intimately mixt both with this Earth, Air, and Water. And all theſe Elements are mingled together in the moſt exact proportion: ſo that while the body is in health, no one of them predominates in the leaſt degree over the others.

2. Such was Man, with regard to his corporeal part, as he came out of the hands of his Maker. But ſince he ſinned, he is not only duſt, but mortal, corruptible duſt. And by ſad experience we find, that this *corruptible body preſſes down the ſoul.* It very frequently hinders the Soul in its operations, and at beſt ſerves it very imperfectly. Yet the ſoul cannot diſpenſe with its ſervice, imperfect as it is. For an imbodied ſpirit cannot form one thought, but by the mediation of its bodily Organs. For thinking, is not (as many ſuppoſe,) the act of a pure Spirit: but the act of a Spirit connected with a body, and playing upon a ſet of material keys. It cannot poſſibly therefore make any better Muſic, than the nature and ſtate of its inſtruments allow it. Hence every diſorder of the body, eſpecially of the parts more immediately ſubſervient to thinking, lay an almoſt inſuperable bar, in the way of its thinking juſtly. Hence the maxim received in all ages, *Humanum eſt errare & neſcire.* Not Ignorance alone (That belongs more or leſs to every *Creature* in Heaven and Earth: ſeeing none is omniſcient, none knoweth all things, ſave the *Creator*) but Error is intailed on every child of man. Miſtake as well as Ignorance, is in our preſent ſtate, inſeparable from Humanity. Every child of man is in a thouſand miſtakes, and is liable to freſh miſtakes every moment. And a miſtake in judgment may occaſion a miſtake in practice, yea, naturally leads thereto. I miſtake, and poſſibly cannot avoid miſtaking, the character of this or that man. I ſuppoſe him to be what he is not; to be better or worſe than he really is. Upon this wrong ſuppoſition I behave wrong to

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him, that is, more or leſs affectionately than he deſerves. And by the miſtake which is occaſioned by the defeat of my bodily organs, I am naturally led ſo to do. Such is the preſent condition of Human Nature: of a mind dependent on a mortal body. Such is the ſtate entailed on all human ſpirits, while connected with fleſh and blood!

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

A ſhort Account of Mr. ROBERT WILKINSON.

[*Concluded from page* 183.]

IT was not long before my faith was tried. One of our brethren, a Calviniſt, lent me a book. As I read, I thought Mr. *Weſley* was quite in the wrong; and I found ſomething in me that roſe againſt him: yet one thing I remember I could not ſwallow, which was, The Author aſſerted that a ſenſe of inbred ſin would reconcile us to death. No, ſaid Mr. *Weſley*, Nothing but perfect Love. Indeed I could not perſuade myſelf that the ſting of death could reconcile us to death itſelf! However, I read and reaſoned myſelf miſerable. Yet the Lord gave me grace to wreſtle with him in prayer; and every day, I found more or leſs, the witneſs of my ſonſhip. I was then afraid if I ſought after holineſs, I ſhould rob Chriſt of his glory. Some of our people hearing that I read that book, and converſed with the man who lent it, took it for granted that I was prejudiced againſt the doctrine of Perfection and thoſe that preached it. They told this to my Band-Leader. I went one Sunday morning, as uſual, at ſeven o'clock, to meet my Band, and found myſelf in a peaceable frame of mind. No ſooner did the Leader begin to pray, than he cried, "Lord, never ſuffer us to be prejudiced againſt thy Servants, ſeeing that thy will is our Sanctification!"

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Sanctification!" I found, as it were, something in me saying, He means me. When he spoke his experience he expressed the same thing; on which, I said, It is me you mean? He answered, "What I have said, I have said." I then found violent prejudice against him. My peace was gone. My soul was torn in pieces within me. I told one of our people as we went home, how my Leader had behaved towards me. I did not regard breaking the Band-Rules, because I was determined never to meet in a Band any more. I had no rest: though I could not give up my Confidence in God; nevertheless my corruptions boiled so within me that I could have fought with a feather.

On Friday night we had preaching. I went to it like one possessed with a legion of devils. Afterwards the Bands met, and the Preacher earnestly exhorted all present to look for the second Blessing, and insisted that it might be received. Now, thought I, if there is such a thing, none can stand in more need of it than I do. But the Enemy suggested, "There are those that have known God several years, and have not attained; and shalt thou be delivered who hast been justified only a few months?" Immediately I found power to resist the temptation, and said within myself, God is not tied to time. No sooner did that thought pass through my heart than the power of God seized me. I found I could not resist, and therefore turned myself over upon the seat: I cannot express how I was. I found such a travail in my soul as if it would burst from the body. I continued so, till I was motionless and insensible for a season. But as I was coming to myself I found such an emptying, and then such a heaven of love springing up in my soul, as I had never felt before; with an application of these blessed words, "He that believeth on me, as the Scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water." If possible, I could have put my Band-Leader into my heart. The book I mentioned before, had pleased me so well that I had given orders to him that

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lent it me, to buy me one of them. But no ſooner did God work this change in my ſoul, than I found an utter averſion to it, and told the man, You muſt not buy it; for I ſhall never read it more.

In the year 1768, I was ſent to call ſinners to repentance, in and about the city of *Carliſle*. Here I was much perſecuted; but bleſſed be God he delivered me out of the hands of all my enemies, and gave me ſeveral ſeals to my miniſtry.

[*Thus far Mr. Wilkinſon lived to write himſelf. One of his Fellow-labourers added what follows.*]

My acquaintance with Mr. *Wilkinſon* was very ſhort. The firſt time I ever ſaw him was a little above three years ago. The next time was after laſt Briſtol Conference. He was there appointed to labour with me in and about *Grimſby*.

When we met in the Circuit, we were both in health; but the day before our Quarterly-meeting, I was taken very ill of a fever; however the next morning I ventured to ſet out for the meeting; but having fifteen miles to ride, it was with much difficulty I got ſafe thither. And then I was unable to attend either the Love-feaſt or the Watch-night.

But I ſhall never forget the prayer Mr. *Wilkinſon* put up for me at the cloſe of the Love-feaſt, "That the Lord would ſpare me a little longer, and raiſe me up again to labour in his vineyard." His prayer pierced the heavens; the power of God came down upon the people like a torrent of rain. They were ſo affected that they wept and rejoiced abundantly. Immediately I ſhared with them, although I was not in the ſame room, the Divine preſence broke my heart to pieces. My ſoul overflowed with love, and my eyes with tears. I know not that I was ever ſo powerfully and ſuddenly affected under any perſon's prayer, except on the day I was converted to God. Immediately I had faith to believe the Lord would raiſe me up again, and for ſeveral minutes it appeared to me as

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as if I was perfectly well. The next day I went along with him to *Louth*; and in that time we had a good deal of converfation together, which chiefly turned upon thefe two points, viz. Predeftination, and Chriftian Perfection.

He told me with forrow of heart, how often he had been grieved for the immenfe hurt that he had feen done by the preaching of Unconditional Predeftination, as it blocked up the way of Repentance; weakened the foundation of Diligence; damped the fervor of Believers after Holinefs; and had a tendency to deftroy it root and branch. He likewife very warmly expreffed his love for Bible-holinefs, faying, it was the delight of his foul to prefs after it himfelf, and to enforce it upon others; and that while he was doing this, the Lord bleffed him moft in his labours, and fhone cleareft upon the work he had wrought in his own foul. He fignified to me that the Lord had circumcifed his heart to love the Lord his God with all his heart, with all his foul, and with all his ftrength: and I believe, at that time, he was full of Faith and the Holy Ghoft.

He was truly meek, and lowly of heart; and little, and mean, and vile in his own eyes. I found my mind amazingly united to him, for the time we were together, like the foul of David and his beloved Jonathan. I loved him much for the mind of Chrift I faw in him, and for his zeal for the Lord of Hofts. We parted at *Louth*, and I endeavoured, with the fever upon me, to creep along to *Tedford* to preach: but it was with much trouble I went through my Difcourfe. That night the fever feized upon me more violently, and never left me for near a month. About a week after, Mr. *Wilkinfon* came to *Tedford* to fee me. We fpent about three hours together very profitably. We then both of us prayed, and commended each other to God.

A few days after we parted, he was taken ill of the fever, and could not reft until he came to his Wife at *Grimfby*; where he lay ill for four or five weeks. He then appeared

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to be recovering faſt, and walked about a little: but he ſuddenly relapſed, and was carried off in about a week.

He bore all his afflictions with great patience, frequently lifting up his heart to God, and repeating theſe words: "But he knoweth the way th I take: when he hath tried me, I ſhall come forth as gold. My foot hath held his ſteps, his way have I kept, and not declined. Neither have I gone back from the commandment of his lips; I have eſteemed the words of his mouth, more than my neceſſary food," Job xxiii. When he perceived that he ſhould die, he exhorted his Wife to caſt all her care upon the Lord; and encouraged her to believe that his grace was ſufficient for her.

He then prayed for her and his two children: earneſtly intreating the Lord to protect them in this troubleſome world, and to ſupply all their wants.

He next prayed fervently for Mr. *Weſley*, that the preſence of the Lord might continue with him all his days, and crown him at laſt with eternal glory.

He then remembe d his three Fellow-labourers in the Circuit, praying at the Redeemer would aſſiſt us in the great work: that he would go forth with, and bleſs the labours of all the Preachers, and that the kingdom of the Redeemer might ſpread unto the ends of the earth, and preſerve them until they join the church triumphant.

In the night ſeaſon, he had a ſevere conflict with Satan, and his ſpirit wreſtled with God in prayer. Yea, he was in an agony, as he ſaid afterwards. At laſt the Tempter fled, and he ſeemed as if he was admitted into heaven, to converſe with God, with angels, and ſaints.

He ſuddenly waked his Wife (who was in the ſame room) and ſaid, "Thou haſt been ſleeping, but I have been in hea-heaven. O what has the Lord diſcovered to me this night! O the glory of God! the glory of God and heaven! The celeſtial city! the New Jeruſalem! O the lovely beauty! the happineſs of paradiſe! God is all love; he is nothing but love!

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love! O help me to praiſe him! O help me to praiſe him! I ſhall praiſe him *for ever!* I ſhall praiſe him *for ever!*" So *Robert Wilkinſon* departed this life in peace, on Friday, December 8th, about eleven o'clock, 1780.

It ſeemed a great Providence that he died on the market-day, when a number of friends out of the country were preſent, who quickly publiſhed, in their little villages, that a funeral ſermon would be preached on Sunday. The houſe was well filled, and the Lord made it a ſolemn time. I believe there was ſcarce a dry eye in the congregation.

I have often taken notice, how the Lord makes the triumphant death of good men a peculiar bleſſing to his children, who are left behind: ſo it was at this time. The people of God were remarkably bleſt in hearing the dying teſtimony of our dear friend. The worldly people and the backſliders alſo were cut to the heart.

At the concluſion of the ſermon I dropt theſe words: Earth has loſt, and heaven has gained a child of God. Let us pray the Lord to add another to the Church militant. We did ſo; and the Lord anſwered our prayer, by ſetting a young man's ſoul at liberty, ſo that he went from the ſolmn place, as the ſhepherds from the heavenly viſion, bleſſing, praiſing, and glorifying God.

The Miniſter of the pariſh behaved exceeding kind; he came to the Preaching-houſe, ſtayed awhile, and then walked ſlowly before the corpſe; whilſt the people ſung a hymn of praiſe. When we arrived at the Church, one of our friends aſked him if we might ſing a hymn. He anſwered, "I have no objection: I am againſt nothing that is good." So we ſung thoſe awful words,

Thee we adore, eternal Name,
And humbly own to thee;
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms we be!

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The people ſang luſtily and with a ſolemn ſpirit; for the Divine preſence was with us all the way through; and in ſuch a manner as I never knew before at any funeral.

When the Miniſter read theſe words, "Not to be ſorry as men without hope," Mrs. *Wilkinſon* (who hung upon my arm with her two little babes,) was ſo overwhelmed with the preſence of God, that ſhe could not refrain from crying out, "Sorry! no! Glory be to God! glory be to God! Glory, and praiſe, and bleſſing, be aſcribed unto God, for *ever*, and *ever*! Her ſpirit ſeemed as if it was ready to launch into the eternal world, to be with Jeſus and her happy huſband. A remarkable power fell on all that could hear her; ſo that the people were melted into tears; ſome of ſorrow, others of joy.

From this time the work of God began to revive at *Grimſby*, and the country people catched the fire, and carried it along with them into their little Societies.

Robert Wilkinſon was, as you have deſcribed him, "An Iſraelite indeed; a man of faith and prayer: who having been a pattern of all good works, died in the full triumph of Faith." O what a bleſſing to live, and die a Chriſtian! May I alſo be a follower of thoſe who through Faith and Patience inherit the promiſes! In my life, and at my death, may I be like him!

Sept. 20, 1781. G. S.

Some Account of JOSEPH TAYLOR.

I Saw a remarkable inſtance of the power and goodneſs of God about five years ago, when in the Birſtal Circuit. One *Joſeph Taylor*, a very old man who lived at *Staincroſs*, near *Barnſley*, had been for many years remarkably prejudiced againſt

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againſt the Methodiſts, inſomuch, that when they preached abroad, near where he lived, if he happened to come that way, he would not ſo much as look at them. He conſtantly attended the ſervice of the Church, and lived a very regular life, and built his hopes of ſalvation upon that Scripture, *Be ſtedfaſt, immoveable, &c.* but went no farther. At laſt he was taken exceeding ill, and was expected to die very ſoon. A neighbour of his viſited him, and took much pains to convince him of his loſt and undone condition; but it ſeemed all loſt labour. He then aſked me to go to ſee him: I did ſo; but after hearing what kind of man he had been, I confeſs I had very little hopes of doing him any good. I ſpoke a little to him, and then we joined in prayer with him. After prayer, I ſaid, You ſeem to be very near death, and you cannot die in peace without an intereſt in Chriſt. You know he ſays, *Except a man be born again he cannot ſee the kingdom of heaven.* You have not a moment to ſpare. O cry to God that he may have mercy upon you! When I left him, he began to think, It is all true that he ſays. I know that it is the word of God. And I am not born again that I know off. He then was ſomething diſtreſſed, and began to pray as well as he could; the more he prayed, the more he was diſtreſſed; till, either that night or the following, the Lord ſpoke peace to his ſoul: and what was very remarkable, his body was healed at the ſame time; ſo that he got up the next morning and went and told his neighbours what the Lord had done for him. They beheld him with no ſmall degree of ſurpriſe, as every body had expected his death. He lived ſeveral years after, happy in the love of God, and then died in great peace.

JOHN PAWSON.

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A ſhort Account of Mrs. ANN HALL.

ANN HALL was a little awakened when ſhe was about fourteen years of age. Having been from home a ſhort time, on her return, ſhe obſerved a great change in her mother, who had been awakened during her abſence, which made her think more ſeriouſly of her own ſtate and condition. That text made a deep impreſſion on her mind, *Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.*

When ſhe was about ſeventeen years of age, ſhe found the Lord, and was ſo happy, and walked ſo circumſpectly, that ſhe was a pattern to all that knew her. Soon after, ſhe fell into a decline; but was miraculouſly raiſed again for awhile. After this, ſhe lived ſervant with Mrs. C——: where, though at times ſhe could rejoice in the Lord, ſhe was often overcome with violent paſſion, which was a great grief and diſcouragement to her Miſtreſs; who thought ſhe had loſt ground by coming into her family. However, ſhe ceaſed not to cry unto the Lord both for her and with her. She alſo prayed earneſtly herſelf for deliverance from it, as it was ſo great a hurt to her own ſoul, and alſo brought a reproach on the cauſe of God. One day as her Miſtreſs and a friend were at prayer with her, crying to God that he would *then* bring compleat deliverance into her ſoul, it pleaſed him who anſwers the prayer of Faith, to ſet her ſoul at liberty. She ſuddenly burſt out into praiſes, ſaying, Lord, thou haſt heard, thou haſt delivered, and I ſhall never thus offend thee more.

Mrs. C—— ſays, all the time ſhe lived with her after, ſhe never ſaw her the leaſt moved to anger. After ſhe married, ſhe was a pattern to all that knew her. But her old complaint returned, and continued more than a twelvemonth: but there was nothing but praiſe and reſignation heard from her. The nearer

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nearer she came to her end, the clearer views she had of her approaching glory, and sometimes said she saw the blessed spirits above, she was going to join, and Jesus smiling and assuring her, he would soon send for her. She frequently heard such delightful music as was beyond all description, and as plain as she heard any of our voices. She would sometimes say, "If I had but strength, I could talk all the day and all the night, of the love of Jesus to my soul." I have often gone and found her weeping. And once I asked, if she wanted any thing? She answered, "No; blessed be the Lord I want nothing: but am overcome with the consideration of the love of Jesus." While Mrs. C—— and I were at prayer with her, the day she died, it seemed as if heaven was come down to earth: the presence of the Lord so filled the place. Several who sat up with her said, the Lord was always so present, that the nights seemed but as so many hours.

Glory be to the Lord, her husband was as much a living, as she was a dying witness of the power and faithfulness of God. During the course of her illness, he was a pattern of tenderness, faith, resignation, and industry. Sometimes they were both ill together, yet their faith never failed: they followed the advice of the Apostle, in every thing making their request known to the Lord, with prayer and thanksgiving; and so were without carefulness. And the Lord abundantly rewarded them, in never suffering them to want what was necessary for their bodies, any more than for their souls.

Leeds, Feb. 12, 1782. D. D.

An Extract from A SURVEY *of the* WISDOM *of* GOD *in the* CREATION.

Of the HORNS *of divers* ANIMALS.

THE Horns of many animals fall off every year, and new ones come in their place. Our Deer drop them in March, and the new horns are full grown by the July following.

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lowing. We may very juſtly rank this, among the moſt wonderful phænomena of nature, which yields nothing analogous to the growth of ſuch hard ſolid bodies, of ſo great a bulk, in ſo ſhort a time. Many idle opinions have been maintained, concerning the cauſe of their falling off. The truth ſeems to be this: they are a ſort of vegetables, growing on animals, as the nails and hair on man, and feathers on birds. And there is ſome analogy between the growth of them, and that of branches and leaves in trees. Trees commonly drop their leaves in Autumn, becauſe the nouriſhing juice flows into them no longer. And at certain periods, theſe parts of the animal drop off, becauſe the blood and juices ceaſe to flow into them. At this time, the hollow part at the root of the horn grows hard, and the pores through which the juices paſſed, grow up. And as no more nouriſhment can then be carried to the horn, it decays and falls off. It is probable this ſtoppage of the pores happens, as ſoon as the horns are at their full growth. But they are ſo fixt to the head, that it takes a long time for them to looſen and fall. Whereas in leaves, their ſtalks are ſo tender, that when the juice ceaſes to flow, they preſently wither and fall.

The analogy between the falling off of Deer's horns and the falling of leaves and ripe fruit from the tree, will receive light from obſerving the proceſs of Nature in the latter caſe. If the ſtalk from which a ripe Orange has fallen, be compared with that part of a Deer's forehead, from which a horn is juſt fallen, it will plainly appear, that Nature has operated by the ſame laws in both. The young horns while yet ſoft, are full of blood-veſſels; and if cut off, eſpecially near the head, bleed violently. By theſe veſſels they are ſupplied with nouriſhment for their growth. But theſe dry up, when there is no farther occaſion for them. And hence it is, that no ill ſymptoms attend the falling off of theſe parts, when full grown.

So far we may give a probable account;—— But who can account for this, that if a Stag be caſtrated while he is ſo young

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young as not to have horns, he will never have any; and if caſtrated afterward, while his horns are on, he will never caſt them?

[*To be continued.*]

EXTRACTS *from* LOCKE *on* HUMAN UNDERSTANDING: *with ſhort* REMARKS.

[*Continued from page* 195.]

CHAP. XI. *On the difference of* Wit *and* Judgment.

"Sect. 2. HOW much the imperfection of accurately diſcriminating Ideas one from another lies, either in the dulneſs, or faults of the organs of ſenſe; or want of acuteneſs, exerciſe, or attention in the Underſtanding; or haſtineſs and precipitancy, natural to ſome Tempers, I will not here examine: it ſuffices to take notice, that this is one of the operations that the Mind may reflect on, and obſerve in itſelf. It is of that conſequence to its other knowledge, that ſo far as this faculty is in itſelf dull, or not rightly made uſe of, for the diſtinguiſhing one thing from another; ſo far our Notions are confuſed, and our Reaſon and Judgment diſturbed or miſled. If in having our Ideas in the Memory ready at hand, conſiſts quickneſs of parts; in this of having them unconfuſed, and being able nicely to diſtinguiſh one thing from another, where there is but the leaſt difference, conſiſts, in a great meaſure of the exactneſs of Judgment, and clearneſs of Reaſon, which is to be obſerved in one man above another. And hence, perhaps, may be given ſome reaſon of that common obſervation, that men who have a great deal of Wit and prompt Memories, have not always the cleareſt Judgment, or deepeſt Reaſon. For Wit lying moſt in the aſſemblage of Ideas,

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Ideas, and putting thoſe together with quickneſs and variety, wherein can be found any reſemblance or congruity, thereby to make pleaſant pictures, and agreeable viſions in the Fancy: Judgment, on the contrary, lies quite on the other ſide, in ſeparating carefully, one from another, Ideas, wherein can be found the leaſt difference, thereby to avoid being miſled by ſimilitude, and by affinity to take one thing for another. This is a way of proceeding quite contrary to metaphor and alluſion, wherein, for the moſt part, lies that entertainment and pleaſantry of Wit, which ſtrikes ſo lively on the Fancy, and therefore ſo acceptable to all people; becauſe its beauty appears at firſt ſight, and there is required no labour of thought, to examine what truth or reaſon there is in it. The Mind without looking any farther, reſts ſatisfied with the agreeableneſs of the picture, and the gaiety of the fancy: and it is a kind of an affront to go about to examine it, by the ſevere Rules of Truth and good Reaſon; whereby it appears, that it conſiſts in ſomething, that is not perfectly conformable to them.

"Sect. 13. The defect in *Naturals* ſeems to proceed from want of quickneſs, activity, and motion, in the intellectual faculties, whereby they are deprived of Reaſon: whereas *mad men*, on the other ſide, ſeem to ſuffer by the other extreme. For they do not appear to have loſt the faculty of Reaſoning: but having joined together ſome Ideas very wrongly, they miſtake them for truths; and they err as men do that argue right from wrong principles. For by the violence of their imaginations, having taken their fancies for realities, they make right deductions from them. Thus you ſhall find a diſtracted man fancying himſelf a king, with a right inference, require ſuitable attendance, reſpect, and obedience; others who have thought themſelves made of glaſs, have uſed the caution neceſſary to preſerve ſuch brittle bodies. Hence it comes to paſs, that a man, who is very ſober, and of a right underſtanding in all other things, may in one particular be as frantic

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frantic as any in Bedlam; if either by any ſudden very ſtrong impreſſion, or long fixing his fancy upon one ſort of thoughts, incoherent Ideas have been cemented together ſo powerfully, as to remain united. But there are degrees of Madneſs, as of Folly; the diſorderly jumbling ideas together, is in ſom more and in ſome leſs. In ſhort, herein ſeems to lie the difference between idiots and mad-men, That mad-men put wrong Ideas together, and ſo make wrong propoſitions, but argue and reaſon right from them: but idiots make very few or no propoſitions, and reaſon ſcarce at all."

9. The reſt of this volume treats of *Complex Ideas*, moſt aukwardly divided, (I fear, chiefly through affectation of Novelty,) into *Modes*, *Subſtances*, and *Relations!* How much clearer is the vulgar diviſion of Beings into the ten claſſes, called *Predicaments?* Or into the two, Subſtances, and Accidents? If the word *Mode* has any determinate meaning, it is only another term for *Accidents*. And are not *Relations* one ſpecies of Accidents? So that Mr. L——'s diſcovery comes to this, "Complex Ideas are without Modes, Subſtances, or a particular ſort of Modes!"

When *Accidents* are termed *Modi Entis*, or Entium in Latin, the phraſe ſeems proper enough. But why any man ſhould ſqueeze it into the Engliſh tongue, I know not; ſince the old word, *Accidents* is full as good. And we may retain it without any danger of "running into the notion, that Accidents are a ſort of real Beings."

[*To be continued.*]

An Account of the PASSIONS, *or* NATURAL AFFECTIONS: *extracted from Dr. Watts.*

Of ADMIRATION *or* WONDER.

8. I Proceed to give ſome account of each general or original Paſſion, with the particulars contained under it.

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The primitive and original Paſſions, are Admiration, Love, and Hatred.

Firſt, Admiration. When we perceive any object that is new and ſtrange, either for its kind or qualities; or when we meet with ſuch an occurrence as is unuſual or unexpected; at leaſt unuſual at ſuch a particular time and place, we are ſtruck with Admiration: and that without any conſideration whether the object be valuable or worthleſs, whether it be good or evil. Admiration has no regard to the agreeableneſs or diſagreeableneſs of the object, but only the rarity of it. And for this reaſon Wonder ſeems to be the firſt of the Paſſions.

If our wonder ariſe to a high degree, it is called Amazement or Aſtoniſhment. When it riſes very high, it will ſtop the voice, and and reduce the perſon to the poſture and ſilence of a ſtatue. And if Fear be joined with it, it will produce more unhappy effects.

Let it be obſerved, that this Paſſion has properly no oppoſite, becauſe if the object be not rare or new, or if the appearance be not ſudden or unexpected, but a common thing, we receive it with Neglect inſtead of Wonder: now Neglect is no Paſſion. The reſt of the Paſſions, at leaſt the moſt of them, go in pairs.

Let us take notice alſo that Admiration is moſt frequently excited in young perſons, and ſuch as have had but little opportunity of furniſhing themſelves with the knowledge of various things; whereas men, who have ſeen or known a large variety of objects and events, ſeldom find things rare, or ſtrange enough to wonder at.

The great end of this Paſſion is to fix our attention upon the admired object, to impreſs it more effectually upon our memory, as well as to give a ſenſible delight to the mind of man, which loves newneſs and variety.

Of

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Of LOVE *and* HATRED.

9. The next primitive Paſſions are Love and Hatred.

Love in general implies an approbation of, or propenſity towards what appears good: Hatred is a diſapprobation of, or averſion to what appears evil. I take Love and Hatred here in ſo general a ſenſe as may be applied to all thoſe Paſſions which ariſe from the ſeveral objects, that may be called Good or Evil.

In this general ſenſe therefore the word good may ſignify any thing that we look upon with eſteem, good-will or delight; and evil may be extended to whatever we view with ill-will, or diſguſt: and hence ariſes the ſecond rank of primitive Paſſions, Eſteem and Contempt, Good-will and Ill-will, Delight and Diſguſt, all which are but different kinds of Love and Hatred.

[*To be continued.*]

[Two remarkable Accounts lately fell into my hands; the one of Mrs. *Elizabeth Savage*, the other of *Suſannah Archer*, which well deſerve to be tranſmitted to poſterity. But they are now exceeding ſcarce, having been publiſhed near ninety years ago. I believe therefore the republiſhing them will give pleaſure to every pious Reader.]

A NARRATIVE *of an extraordinary Cure, wrought in an inſtant upon Mrs.* ELIZABETH SAVAGE.

MRS. *Elizabeth Savage*, the daughter of Mr. *Wm. Morton*, of the pariſh of Hitchington, in the county of Bucks, and the wife of Mr. *John Savage*, School maſter, living in Horſeſhoe-Alley, in Middle-Moorfields, was afflicted with a Palſy on her rightſide, and her mother, (to uſe her own

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words,) knows nothing to the contrary, but that ſhe brought it into the world with her. She perceived it ſo much, when ſhe was about twelve months old, that ſhe feared ſome of her child's bones were diſlocated; but adviſing with a Surgeon, he told her it was only ſome weakneſs, and directed her to ſome ſtrengthening things; but all applications proved ineffectual; and as ſhe grew in years, her diſtemper appeared more and more viſible, and was judged remedileſs. Her right thumb was diſtorted, and three of her fingers were bowed round, almoſt cloſe to the palm of her hand, but her fore-finger ſhe could ſtretch out a little. She was unable with that hand to put any ſuſtenance to her mouth: it was very cold in compariſon of the other hand, even in the hotteſt weather; but it felt and looked like a dead hand in the winter, which made the Cure the more remarkable, in that it was effected in a very cold ſeaſon, namely, on the 22d day of December, ſhe being then twenty-eight years old and upwards.

Mr. *Savage* and his wife agreed to ſet apart the aforeſaid day, for Faſting and Prayer to Almighty God, not for the obtaining of any temporal bleſſings but purely upon a ſpiritual account. About eleven o'clock, he being upon his knees, what he had heard of a French girl's cure came into his mind, and made ſuch an impreſſion, that he heartily praiſed God, for ſhewing his power in ſo wonderful a manner, at ſuch a time, when Atheiſm and Infidelity ſo much abounded: and this put him in mind of his wife's weakneſs, after his return out of his chamber: and aſking her whether ſhe believed our Lord Chriſt was able to cure her hand, adding, That he believed it, though he could not ſay he believed he would do it: this ſudden queſtion drew tears from her eyes, and ſhe anſwered, That had ſhe been on the earth when Chriſt was, ſhe believed he could have cured her; and that he is able to do it now, but ſhe queſtioned whether he would beſtow

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beſtow ſuch a favour on her, ſaying, That perhaps it might not be good for her to have ſuch a mercy; and that this infirmity might be inflicted on her to keep her humble.

Mr. *Savage* then looked into St. Matthew, and finding that the eighth chapter treated of Chriſt's cleanſing the leper, he began to read it; and when he had read thoſe words, *Lord, if thou wilt, thou canſt make me clean*; he ſaid, That he himſelf had as much faith in the power of Chriſt as the leper, as to the curing of her infirmity: and then proceeding to the third verſe, where Chriſt ſaith, *I will, be thou clean*; on a ſudden ſhe felt great pain in the middle joints of her crooked fingers, which before the chapter was ended were ſtretched out, and became almoſt as ſtrait as thoſe on the other hand. Her thumb, which was alſo bent, was now every whit as ſtrait as the other. And in a ſhort time ſhe could move thoſe fingers and that thumb as nimbly as thoſe of her left hand: and they were ſo ſtrengthened, that ſhe, without pain, could double lock the fore-door of her houſe with that hand, whereas before ſhe never could ſingle lock it, or ſo much as lock or unlock her boxes with it. And now warmth came into it, and even all the froſty weather it hath continued as warm as the other; and is become like the other, as to its natural colour. And whereas it was poor and lean before, it ſince grows (as likewiſe the wriſt) more fleſhy. And all this without the uſe of any means from firſt to laſt, but Faith in God and Chriſt, while reading that part of God's holy word in the eighth of St. Matthew. After Mrs. *Savage* had ſhewed her huſband what God had done, they both ſat down ſome time in tears of admiration, being amazed at God's wonderful power and goodneſs: and after they had recovered themſelves, they ſolemnly praiſed God on their knees for his infinite mercy. And the next day ſhe found a very great alteration in her weak ſide; for whereas ſhe was not able to walk a mile without wearineſs, though aſſiſted by her huſband, and ſometimes was fain to reſt herſelf too in a journey of leſs than

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than a mile, which ſhe every week went with him, when ſhe was at all able; now ſhe walked from Moorfields to Mill-yard at the farther end of Goodman's-fields, and returned home again without the leaſt complaint of wearineſs: and the day following (the ſecond day after her cure,) ſhe walked to Beech-lane, and from thence to Shadwell-dock, round about by Ratcliff-highway, and through Old Gravel-lane, and about by the water-ſide, and back again through Goodman's-fields home, which cannot be leſs than four or five miles: all this without wearineſs.

This wonderful Matter of Fact hath been enquired into, with all its circumſtances, by noted Divines both of the Church of England and others; and by eminent Doctors of Phyſic of the College, and very many perſons of quality, who have expreſſed themſelves fully ſatisfied, that this Cure was wrought by the immediate hand of God.

The Affidavit of Mrs. Elizabeth Savage.

I *Elizabeth Savage*, Wife of *John Savage*, living in Horſe-ſhoe-Alley, in the pariſh of St. Leonard Shoreditch, do teſtify and declare, That ever ſince I can remember, I have been afflicted with a Palſical Diſtemper, (for ſo it was called,) in my right ſide, which was very ſenſible on that hand; my thumb, and three of my fingers were drawn and bowed round, ſo as their ends almoſt touched my palm; it being impoſſible without the help of my other hand, to ſtretch them out, which at moſt was but a little way, and that with pain; by which means I was rendered very helpleſs. I could not at any time, ſince I can remember, make uſe of that hand to feed myſelf; my whole right ſide wanted the ſtrength and warmth of my other ſide, and my hand the colour alſo, being very pale and wan. It was a great pain and toil to me to travel, though I never could very far. And thus I remained until December 22d, 1693, which day my huſband and myſelf ſet a part for faſting and prayer upon a ſpiritual account, my

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my diſtemper being no end of it, not ſo much as having it upon my thoughts. And about eleven o'clock my huſband reading the eighth chapter of St. Matthew, and the ſecond verſe, (where the leper exerciſed his Faith in the power of Chriſt,) he propounded ſeveral queſtions to me, which, with my anſwers and the occaſion thereof, are truly ſet down in the Relation. About the time when he was reading the third verſe, where Chriſt ſaid, *I will, be thou clean*, I felt the middle joints of my lame fingers ache; and, as I remember, immediately, or at leaſt before the chapter was read out, my fingers and thumb were ſtretched out, without any means uſed: by which wonderful work of God, I enjoy the advantages I never did before; the whole right ſide of my body being (I finding as yet nothing to the contrary) in as perfect a ſoundneſs as my other. And therefore to God alone I deſire to aſcribe the glory.

Elizabeth Savage.

Jurat. fuit 26° *die Januarii* 1693, *coram me*

William Aſhhurſt, *Major.*

The Affidavit of Mr. John Savage, huſband to Mrs. Savage.

I JOHN SAVAGE, living in Horſeſhoe-Alley, in Moorfields, do certify, That *Elizabeth Savage*, my Wife, hath been troubled with the Palſy in her right ſide, ever ſince I married her, which hath been two years and a quarter. It was moſt predominent in that hand, contracting her thumb and three fingers into a crooked and diſtorted form, and clinching them almoſt to her palm. I further declare, I have, whenſoever I have obſerved it, always found her hand to be very cold; and that I have received a letter from my brother *Flight*, at Wargrove, near Henley, in which he teſtifies, That my Wife's Mother, who lives at Hitchington, in Buckinghamſhire, aſſerts, That ſhe knows no other, but that ſhe brought the aforeſaid

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aforesaid distemper into the world with her, for it was much perceived by her when she was twelve months old; and she has remained, as we thought, incurable, until the 22d of December, 1693; when, being in the duty of Fasting and Prayer, the relation that I had heard of a French girl's cure came so powerfully into my mind, that I heartily praised the Name of Almighty God for shewing his power in so wonderful a manner; and after prayer, this my Wife's illness came into my mind: so I took the Bible into my hand, and thought to have read the chapter that the girl had done; but not remembering which it was, I casting my eye upon the eighth chapter of Matthew, and finding it treated of the miracles of our blessed Saviour, namely, of the leper's being cleansed, I began to read; and about the time when I was reading the third verse, my Wife, as she told me, felt a great aching in her crooked fingers, which were stretched out, and became strait before the chapter was read out; whereupon it became like the other hand, and strength increased. All this was done without any outward means used, we never having any thoughts to use any; which in conscience I am bound to testify as the wonderful work of God, not seeking any profit, interest, or advantage by the publication thereof, but only the glory of God.

John Savage.

Jurat, fuit. 26° *die Januarii* 1693, *coram me*

William Ashhurst, *Major.*

The Certificate of Mr. Thomas Slater, of Dorking.

I am willing to satisfy all persons that are inquisitive, of the truth of the foregoing Relation, that I have known Mrs. *Savage* for more than two years and a half last past; and have been in her company both at her own house and other places; in all which time, I never saw her any other than lame, three-

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of her fingers and thumb being almoſt clinched cloſe to her palm: and being at London ſince the 22d day of December, 1693, I cannot diſcern, but her fingers are as well as thoſe of her other hand, her huſband and ſhe declaring to me the manner of her cure. I am well ſatisfied with the matter of fact in all its circumſtances, as alſo with the ſincerity and honeſty of the parties themſelves. I render this teſtimony as unqueſtionably true.

Thomas Slater,
London, living at Dorking, in the county of Surry.
Jan. 23, 1693.

February 6, 1693.

WE whoſe Names are underwrit do teſtify, That upon diligent ſearch and obſervation, we find Mrs. *Elizabeth Savage's* right hand and arm ſtrait and uſeful as the other.

THOMAS BURWELL,
[Præſes Coll. Med. Lond.
RICHARD MORTON,
Soc. Coll. Med. Lond.

[The Account of Sufannah Archer in our next.]

A SERMON

[By Dr. Cudworth.]

On 1 JOHN ii. 3, 4.

And hereby we do know that we know him, if we keep his Commandments.

He that ſaith, I know him, and keepeth not his Commandments, is a liar, and the truth is not in him.

WE have much enquiry concerning knowledge. The ſons of Adam are now as buſy as ever he himſelf was, about the *Tree of Knowledge* of good and evil, ſhaking the

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boughs of it, and ſcrambling for the fruit; whilſt many are too unmindful of the *Tree of Life*. And though there be now no Cherubim with their flaming ſwords to fright men off from it; yet the way that leads to it ſeems to be ſolitary and untrodden. There are many that ſpeak of new diſcoveries of Truth, of dawnings of Goſpel-light; and no queſtion but God hath reſerved much of this for the very evening and ſun-ſet of the world; for *in the latter days, knowledge ſhall be increaſed:* but yet I wiſh we could at the ſame time ſee that *day dawn* which the Apoſtle ſpeaks of, and that *day-ſtar to ariſe in men's hearts*. I wiſh, whilſt we talk of *light*, and diſpute about *truth*, we could walk more as *children of the light*. For if St. John's rule be good, that no man truly knows Chriſt but he that *keepeth his commandments*; it is much to be ſuſpected, that many of us who pretend to light, have thick darkneſs within overſpreading our ſouls.

There are now many large volumes written concerning Chriſt, thouſands of controverſies diſcuſſed, infinite problems determined concerning his Divinity, Humanity, Union of both together, and what not? So that our *Booki/h Chriſtians*, that have all their Religion in writings and papers, think they are now completely furniſhed with all kind of knowledge concerning Chriſt: and when they ſee all their leaves lying about them, they think they have a goodly ſtock of knowledge and truth, and cannot poſſibly miſs of the way to heaven; as if Religion were nothing but a little *book-craft*, a mere *paper-ſkill*.

But if the Apoſtle's rule here be good, we muſt not judge of our knowledge of Chriſt by our ſkill in books, but by our keeping of his commandments. And that I fear will diſcover many of us (notwithſtanding all this light, which we boaſt of) to have nothing but Egyptian darkneſs within.

The vulgar think they know Chriſt enough out of their Creeds, and Catechiſms, and Confeſſions of Faith: and if they have but a little acquainted themſelves with theſe, and like parrots

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parrots have conned the words of them, they doubt not but they are ſufficiently inſtructed in all the myſteries of the kingdom of heaven. Many of the more learned, if they can but diſpute about Chriſt, imagine themſelves to be grown great proficients in the ſchool of Chriſt.

The greateſt part of the world, learned or unlearned, think that there is no need of purifying their hearts for the right knowledge of Chriſt: but though their lives be never ſo wicked, their hearts never ſo foul, yet they may know Chriſt ſufficiently out of their Syſtems and Bodies of Divinity; although our Saviour preſcribeth his diſciples another method to come to the knowledge of divine truths, by doing of God's will. *He that will do my Father's will* (ſaith he,) *ſhall know of the doctrine whether it be of God.* He is a Chriſtian indeed, not that is only *Book-taught*, but he that is *God-taught*; he that hath an *Unction from the Holy One, that teacheth him all things*; he that hath the Spirit of Chriſt within him, *ſearcheth out the deep things of God.*

Cold Maxims and dry Diſputes, could never yet of themſelves beget the leaſt glimpſe of true heavenly light; the leaſt ſap of ſaving knowledge in any heart. All this is but the groping of the poor dark ſpirit of a man after truth, to find it out with his own endeavours, and feel it with his own cold and benummed hands. A Painter that would draw a Roſe, though he may flouriſh ſome likeneſs of it in figure, and colour, yet can never paint the ſcent and fragrancy; or if he would draw a Flame, he cannot put heat into his colours: he cannot make his pencil drop a ſound. All the ſkill of cunning Artizans cannot put a principle of life into a Statue of their own making, neither are we able to incloſe in words and letters, the life, ſoul and eſſence of any ſpiritual Truths, and as it were to incorporate it in them.

There is a ſpirit in man that giveth wiſdom; and *the inſpiration of the Almighty giveth underſtanding.* But we ſhall not

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meet with this ſpirit any where but in the way of obedience: the knowledge of Chriſt, and the keeping of his commandments, muſt always go together.

Hereby *we know that we know him if we keep his commandments. He that ſaith I know him, and keepeth not his commandments, is a liar, and the truth is not in him.*

I ſhall not need to force any thing from theſe words; I ſhall only take notice of ſome few obſervations which drop from them of their own accord, and then conclude with an application.

Firſt then, If this be the right way of diſcovering our *knowledge of Chriſt*, viz. by our *keeping his commandments*; then *we may ſafely draw concluſions concerning our ſtate from the conformity of our lives to the will of Chriſt.*

Would we know whether we know Chriſt aright, let us conſider whether the life of Chriſt be in us: he that hath not the life of Chriſt in him, hath nothing but a fancy of Chriſt, not the ſubſtance of him. He only that builds his houſe upon Chriſt dwelling and living in his heart, *buildeth it upon a rock*; and when the floods come, and the winds blow, and the rains deſcend and beat upon it, it ſhall ſtand impregnable. But he that builds his comfort upon a perſuaſion that God from all eternity hath decreed him to life, and ſeeketh not for God really dwelling in his ſoul; builds upon a quick-ſand, which ſhall ſuddenly ſink and be ſwallowed up: *His hope ſhall be cut off, and his truſt ſhall be a ſpider's web; he ſhall lean upon his houſe, but it ſhall not ſtand, he ſhall hold it faſt, but it ſhall not endure.*

We are no where commanded to pry into theſe ſecrets, but to *make our calling and election ſure.* We have no warrant in ſcripture to peep into theſe hidden Rolls and Volumes of Eternity, and to perſuade ourſelves that we are elected to everlaſting happineſs before we ſee the *Image of God* ſtamped upon our hearts. God's everlaſting decree is too dazling an object for us to ſet our eye upon. It is far eaſier for us to look

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look upon the rays of his goodneſs and holineſs, as they are reflected in our hearts, and there to read the mild and gentle characters of God's love to us, in our love to him, and our hearty compliance to his heavenly will: as it is ſafer for us, if we would ſee the ſun, to look upon it here below in a pail of water, than to caſt our eyes upon the body of the ſun itſelf, which is too radiant for us. The beſt aſſurance that any one can have of his intereſt in God, is doubtleſs the conformity of his ſoul to him. Thoſe divine purpoſes, whatſoever they be, are altogether unknowable by us, they lie wrapt up in everlaſting darkneſs and covered in a deep abyſs: who is able to fathom the bottom of them?

[*To be continued.*]

[The writings of Capt. *Williams*, both in Proſe and Verſe, are ſo perfectly original, that I cannot doubt but they will be acceptable to many Readers, were it only for their Novelty. But to others, the Piety which they breathe throughout, will be a ſtronger recommendation.]

SION's *prevalent* PRAYER.

TO ſave from ſin, to cure our curſe, to hand us home to heaven, celeſtial Grace deſcends on *all*, 1 Cor. xii. 7; and deigns to dwell with every *praying* mortal, Mark xi. 24. The high-price bleſſings, bought with blood-divine, are graciouſly conferred on ſinners, on theſe *eaſy terms*; and yet how few "wiſely inherit glory!" How few will pray life's moment, to obtain "a never-fading crown!" How few will have a preſent and eternal heaven, only for *aſking!* Too high, or too low, or too lazy are moſt men to pray, and ſooner will periſh than be at the pains, or rather have the pleaſure of praying. Too happy alſo are many below, to aſk for a throne

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a throne in the ſkies. Could I, ſaid one, (while wine went round) poſſeſs my *earthly* joys, I aſk no other heaven! But Godhead heard the earth-born Epicure! and death was diſpatched to *drive* this ſon of Adam out of houſe and home! O cruel parent! Source of all our ſorrows! Thou firſt and worſt of ſenſualiſts! How has the pleaſing of thy ſenſes, poiſoned thy *ſin-born* poſterity! Pſa. li. 5. O that the "ſecond Adam" would repair the ruins of the firſt! And ſave ſurviving ſons of pleaſure from *eternal pain!*

> See! Mighty Maker! ſee a ruined race!
> Sinking to hell! for want of—*promis'd grace!*

This ſeems to lay on the Creator the loſs of his creatures, and is an argument of prayer ſeldom uſed. To ſay, The world ſinks, becauſe God *will not* ſave, ſeems a daring aſſertion indeed! but to ſay that he *cannot*, is more ſo! That the Almighty *will not*—yet, is certain; but that he *cannot* verify his word, "The world's wide kingdoms are become our Lord's," is blaſphemy to ſpeak or think! ſince "the mouth of the Lord hath ſpoken it." Therefore the ſacred enquiry,

> "What more ſhall Godhead do?
> Say, how *muſt* Deity the earth renew?"

ſpeaks neither more, nor leſs than the language of Faith, in the *abſolute* promiſe of heaven, which *attributes-divine* are *bound* to perform. "The Lord increaſe our praying-faith," to haſten earth's millennium! is ſtill the requeſt of the Redeemer's diſciples. "The Spirit and the Bride ſay, Come! Make haſte, O Beloved! to bring in Jew and Gentile! For Sion's ſake we cannot hold our peace, for Jeruſalem's ſake we will not reſt, till the righteouſneſs thereof go forth as brightneſs, and its glory as a lamp that burneth," Iſa. lxii. 1, 2, This is the righteous reſolve of ſupplicants ſtill—ſeeing "All things

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things now are ready." Seeing the *goſpel* is ready to be "preached to all people:" the *means are prepared* to conquer the world: the *miniſters* of grace, mortal and immortal! are ready to forward the work of their Lord. Theſe wait the word, "Go;" and they *haſte through all lands*; *their words to the ends of the world*—inſtrumental under God, in *converting* nations of *ſouls* now *loſt* in their ſins. Will then *one* bleſt word from the throne work ſuch wonders on earth, and will not the Majeſty of heaven "ſend forth the command?" Pſa. xlviii. 15. *Will not the Judge of all the earth do right?* "Avenge us of our adverſary *quickly?*" Will not the Moſt High *yet* ſubmit to the cry, of millions of martyrs in heaven, (Rev. vi. 10.) and men of God on earth, who for numbers of ages have been aſking, "How long?" Will "the Father, of Mercies" *ſeem* more ſlow to ſhew mercy, than the *judge* (moſt *unjuſt!*) *whom the widow's entreaties ſubdued?* Luke xviii. 1. 8. Will "the God that heareth the prayer," hear numberleſs prayers (moſt importunate!) and ſtill leave them unanſwered—ruined regions unrenewed—and "oracles divine" unconfirmed? Will "the God of truth" affirm, "Behold I do a new thing: *now* ſhall it ſpring forth; ſhall ye not know it?" and *yearly* poſtpone his *preſent* engagements? Iſa. xliii. 19. Will "the God of all grace" reveal this "*new* thing," and *monthly* refuſe to impart what ſcripture gives *now?* Will "the Holy One of Iſrael" ſay, "Now ſhall it ſpring forth," and *weekly* with-hold, the fulfilment of his promiſe—the grace a *world* wants—the claim of God in man? Will not infinite compaſſion now be conquered? will not boundleſs love now yield? Will not Almighty goodneſs now be overcome, by worlds of woe! by profeſſing prayer! by arguments almighty? Can "Deity deny himſelf" (2 Tim. ii. 13.) by keeping till to-morrow, what *mercy*, *juſtice*, *holineſs*, *grace*, *truth* demand "to-day?——Not ſo! ſay reaſon, faith, and *all that's good*, within, without, below, above. Sooner ſhall all creation crumble back to chaos, than ſpotleſs Purity be

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be ſullied! or "one jot or tittle fail, of all that God hath promiſed!" or Truth's *performance* be *delayed* one day—when gracious gifts prepare the way for, "Now ſhall this new thing ſpring forth!"

"The prayer of Faith" prevails with Heaven, *to heal a ſin-ſick* Univerſe! Hoſanna in the higheſt! The *anſwer* graciouſly deſcends, "Aſk *what ye will* (believingly,) it ſhall be done!" John xv. 7. The Word and the Spirit teſtify, "Jehovah will avenge us *ſpeedily!*" Hallelujah! Praiſe the Lord! *The dominion of Satan falls like lightning from heaven!*—till Sin, infernal ſin! is chaſed to hell! "The moſt Mighty girds his ſword on his thigh, and triumphs glorioufly over *yielding* kingdoms!" The Sovereign of glory comes "riding on his chariots of ſalvation!" to ſway his golden ſceptre over the "*willing* nations!" Pſal. xlv. 3, 4. Rev. xv. 4.

Hail golden age! celeſtial day!
Haſten it Lord! ten thouſand pray!
Whoſe fearleſs-faith *can't* be deniéd,
When God hath ſworn! and Chriſt hath diéd!
The promiſéd graces "ſhall be givén,"
Till earth obeys like duteous heavén!

Hail golden age! celeſtial day!
When wars, wounds, woes, are ſwept away!
When Tempters ceaſe from ſhore to ſhore!
When "wickedneſs corrects" no more!
When men like angels bleſt agree!
When earth like heavén is *unity!*

Hail golden age! celeſtial day!
When Love ſhall ſpread its bliſsful ſway!
When peace-born pleaſures bright as noon!
Will rule as wide as ſun and moon!
When "filléd with glory, worlds adore!"
The heaven's "Great King"—till *time's* no more!

Hail

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Hail golden age! celeſtial day!
When "Godhead reigns from ſea to ſea!"
When worlds allow, "All ſouls are mine!"
When realms redeemed are all divine!
When "floods" of heaven the earth o'erflow!
With dearer joys than angels know!

Hail golden age! celeſtial day!
Which now draws near, ſaints, ſ——s ſay!
"The morning dawns! the day-ſtars riſe!"
The Sun of heaven ſhines from the ſkies!
The purchaſed glories Grace diſplays!
Till "earth, like heaven, is grateful praiſe!"

Hail golden age! celeſtial days!
When mortals tune angelic lays!
When Sion's ſons below, above,
Harmonious hymn ethereal love!
When earth is paradiſe reſtored!
"The heaven-born garden of the Lord!"

LETTERS.

LETTER CCXXXI.

[From Miſs B. to a Friend.]

July 16, 1762.

Dear Friend,

I Have many fears leſt you ſhould find ſuch a Reſt in the enjoyment of your Friends, as ſhall hide from your eyes your need of Chriſt to reſt in. When I cry earneſtly for you, it ſeems to me, that this is the very hinderance. And I tremble, leſt I ſhould be one, and you inſenſible of it. Were you ſenſible of the danger, and watchful againſt it, I ſhould

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be no more hurtful to *you*, than you were to *me* the laſt two months, when I really fought with all my might.

Sure I am, that my Jeſus, who has ſaved you from ten thouſand dangers, is now waiting, yea longing to fill you with the Faith that opens heaven. And though we find our heart full of corruption, yet I am a witneſs, if we diſcern and ſtrive againſt it, it will not long hinder, but God will ſoon *deſtroy the man of ſin, by the breath of his mouth.*

I bleſs God, I find the croſs very profitable: though at times it has lately laid ſo heavy upon me, that without a very particular aſſiſtance, the fleſh would have failed before him. I am not conſcious of any will to lay it down, but reſt in this, Thy will be done in all things! It is enough: I can truſt him to keep my will from ever departing from him. He does keep me night and day.

I find Jeſus very preſent with my ſoul. And his Spirit continually reproves me, if I ſpeak uſelefsly, or too much, or any thing in the leaſt degree contrary to love. But I am not always ſo on my guard, as immediately to hear his voice. Therefore I fall exceeding ſhort of the perfect Law: but I know my intereſt in the atoning blood. And my will does not err; though as a child juſt learning to read, I make a thouſand blunders. Pray for me, and help me by pointing out the very *narroweſt path.*

I am yours, &c.

M. B.

LETTER CCXXXII.

[From Mrs. S. R. to the Rev. Mr. Weſley.]

Rev. and dear Sir, Briſtol, Jan. 27, 1758.

YOURS dated January 20th, gave me matter of prayer and praiſe to God.

To anſwer your queſtions. I really was what I *appeared* to be. My ſoul was exceedingly troubled: I found my Lord's

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Lord's prayer in my heart, "Father, if it be thy will, let this cup paſs from me:" yet not my will, but thine be done. My ſorrow proceeded, from my knowing how the Spirit of God was grieved by what was ſpoken. I had as much deſire as ever, that all thoſe things ſhould be done away; and yet I was tempted to deſpair of it. As to my love, I cannot tell how I felt. I found my own life nothing, if that would put away theſe dreadful things. I think if we all had a deeper ſenſe, how much this diſhonours God, we ſhould pray more, till he made all love and harmony.

As ſoon as you were gone, the Lord was gracious to me; I found a great weight taken off my ſpirits, with a clear ſenſe, I had been bearing the Lord's burden, and a thankfulneſs that I had dealt faithfully with both your ſouls. Certainly it was no mark that our converſation was not of God, becauſe Satan raged. I know it was made a bleſſing to my ſoul every way, and I will not deſpair of Mrs. ———.

It is true, my trials hitherto have been of another kind: but I muſt go through honour and diſhonour. And if I ſuffer a thouſand times more, I am paid over and above, if the end is anſwered on your ſoul.

One thing in your letter comforts my heart more than all. Does converſing with me or thinking of me indeed bring your ſoul ſtrait to God? Why this is the very end I want it to anſwer. I often feared leſt you ſhould have ſtopped by the way. I find freſh life at the very thought. O Lord, let this be done, and it is enough! For Chriſt's ſake, for his Church's ſake, for your ſoul, for my ſoul's ſake, let it do ſo ſtill. And it will, if you are inſtant in prayer.

Sir, may I not aſk you, Whether it is right to obey God or man? If God has called you to truſt *me*, or me *you*, will he not give us integrity of heart? When I ſhall no longer be of uſe to you, he will not let me ſpend uſeleſs words. As

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to my praying for you, I find no difference; for it is as natural, as to pray for my own ſoul.

Since you have been gone, I have read again my favourite book, the Life of Monſieur de Renty. It covers me with ſhame and confuſion to think, how little I know of true Chriſtianity. The Lord help me to ſet out afreſh! Help me by your prayers!

I believe you will not ſpare letting me know the goodneſs of God to your ſoul. In this I am more nearly concerned than many. My very dear Sir, I am aſhamed of my freedom with you. I cannot account for it. One favour more I muſt beg of you. That you would *unboſom* your heart to God! O Sir, pray for me continually; for I never ſtood more in need. That Grace, Mercy, and Peace may follow you all your days, is the prayer of

Your affectionate Child and Servant,

S. R.

LETTER CCXXXIII.

[From the Rev. Mr. Weſley, to Mrs. S. R.]

January 27, 1758.

My dear Siſter,

LAST Friday, after many ſevere words, my ——— left me, vowing ſhe would ſee me no more. As I had wrote to you the ſame morning, I began to reaſon with myſelf, till I almoſt doubted, whether I had done well in writing, or whether I ought to write to you at all? After prayer, that doubt was taken away. Yet I was almoſt ſorry that I had written that morning. In the evening, while I was preaching at the Chapel, ſhe came into the chamber where I had left my clothes,

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clothes, ſearched my pockets, and found the letter there, which I had finiſhed, but had not ſealed. While ſhe read it, God broke her heart: and I afterwards found her in ſuch a temper, as I have not ſeen her in for ſeveral years. She has continued in the ſame ever ſince. So I think, God has given a ſufficient anſwer, with regard to our writing to each other.

I ſtill feel ſome fear concerning you. How have you found yourſelf ſince we parted. Have you ſuffered no loſs by any thing? Has nothing damped the vigour of your ſpirit? Is honour a bleſſing? And diſhonour too? The frowns and ſmiles of men? Are you one and the ſame in eaſe or pain? Always attentive to the voice of God? What kind of humility do you feel? What have you to humble you, if you have no ſin? Are you wiſe in the manner of ſpending your time? Do you employ it all, not only well, but as well as it is poſſible? What time have you for reading? I want you to live like an Angel here below! Or rather like the Son of God! Woman, walk thou as Chriſt walked! Then you cannot but love and pray for

Your affectionate Brother,

J. W.

LETTER CCXXXIV.

[From the Rev. Mr. Weſley, to the Rev. Mr. Walker.]

October 1757.

Rev. and dear Sir,

I Return you many thanks for the welcome Letter from Mr. Adam, as well as for your own. I have anſwered his, (which is wrote in a truly chriſtian ſpirit) and now proceed to conſider yours. After having obſerved, That two of our Preachers are gone from us, and none of theſe remaining (to

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(to my knowledge,) have at preſent, any *deſire* or *deſign* of ſeparating from the Church, yet I obſerve,

1. Thoſe Miniſters who truly feared God near a hundred years ago, had undoubtedly much the ſame objections to the Liturgy, which ſome (who never read their works) have now. And I myſelf ſo far allow the force of ſeveral of thoſe objections, that I ſhould not dare to declare my aſſent and conſent to that book in the terms preſcribed. Indeed they are ſo ſtrong, that I think they cannot ſafely be uſed, with regard to any book but the Bible. Neither dare I confine myſelf wholly to Forms of Prayer, not even in the Church. I uſe indeed all the Forms; but I frequently add Extemporary Prayer, either before or after Sermon.

2. In behalf of many of the Canons, I can ſay little; of the Spiritual Courts, nothing at all. I dare not therefore allow the authority of the former, or the juriſdiction of the latter. But I am not yet required to do it. So that difficulty does not lie in my way yet.

3. "Whether it be lawful to attend the miniſtrations of one, whom I know God has not ſent to miniſter, ſeeing he expreſsly diſclaims that Call of God, which is at leaſt as neceſſary as the Call of man:" is really a queſtion which (as I ſaid before) I cannot anſwer to my own ſatisfaction. Neither can I tell,

4. How far that Command of our Lord, *Beware of falſe prophets*, obliges me to refrain from hearing ſuch, as put darkneſs for light and light for darkneſs. I am ſtill in doubt, whether quietly attending them while they do this, be not, in effect, the *bidding them God ſpeed*; the ſtrengthening their hands in evil, and encouraging others to hear them, till they fall into hell together.

I am ſtill deſirous of knowing, In what particular manner you think the preſent work of God could be carried on, without the aſſiſtance of Lay-preachers. This I will fairly weigh, and give you my thoughts upon it.

Some

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Some little things occured to me in reading over your Sermons, which I had a deſire to communicate to you. In the great Points I cannot obſerve any difference between us. We both contend for the Inward Kingdom, the Mind that was in Chriſt Jeſus, the Image of God to be new ſtamped upon the heart. I am ſometimes much diſcouraged at finding ſo little of this in myſelf. Aſſiſt both with your advice and prayers,

Dear Sir,

Your very affectionate Brother and Servant,

JOHN WESLEY.

LETTER CCXXXV.

[From the Rev. Mr. Weſley, to Miſs Elizabeth Hardy.]

December 26, 1761.

Dear Siſter,

THE path of Controverſy is a rough path. But it ſeems ſmoother while I am walking with *you*. So that I could follow *you*, through all its windings: only my time will not permit.

The plain Fact is this. I know many who love God with all their heart, mind, ſoul and ſtrength. He is their One Deſire, their One Delight, and they are continually happy in him. They love their neighbour as themſelves. They feel as ſincere, fervent, conſtant a deſire, for the happineſs of every man, good, or bad, friend or enemy, as for their own. They rejoice evermore, pray without ceaſing, and in every thing give thanks. Their ſouls are continually ſtreaming up to God in holy joy, prayer and praiſe. This is plain, ſound, ſcriptural experience. And of this we have more and more living witneſſes.

But

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But theſe ſouls dwell in a ſhattered, corruptible body, and are ſo preſſed down thereby, that they cannot *exert* their love as they would, by always thinking, ſpeaking, and acting *preciſely right*. For want of better bodily organs, they ſometimes inevitably think, ſpeak, or act wrong. Yet I think, they need the advocacy of Chriſt, even for theſe involuntary defects: although they do not imply a defect of *love*, but of *underſtanding*. However that be, I cannot doubt the fact. They are *all love*. Yet they cannot *walk* as they deſire. "But are they *all love* while they grieve the Holy Spirit?" No ſurely: they are then fallen from their ſtedfaſtneſs: and this they may do even after they are ſealed. So that even to ſuch, ſtrong cautions are needful. After the heart is cleanſed from Pride, Anger, and Deſire, it may ſuffer them to re-enter. Therefore I have long thought, ſome expreſſions in the hymns are abundantly too ſtrong: as I cannot perceive any ſtate mentioned in Scripture from which we may not (in a meaſure at leaſt) fall.

Perſons who talked of being "emptied before they were filled," were for ſometime a great ſtumbling-block to me too: but I have ſince conſidered it Thus: the great point in queſtion is, "can we be ſaved from all ſin or not?" Now it may pleaſe God to act in that uncommon manner; purpoſely to clear this point: to ſatisfy thoſe perſons, That they are "ſaved from all ſin" before he goes on in his work.

Forgive me, dear Miſs Hardy, that I do but juſt touch upon the heads of your Letter. Indeed this defect does not ſpring from the want of love, but only from want of time. I ſhould not wonder if *your* ſoul was one of the next, that was filled with pure love. Receive it freely! Thou poor bruiſed reed! It is able to make *thee* ſtand.

I am your affectionate Friend and Brother,

JOHN WESLEY.

LETTER

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LETTER CCXXXVI.

[From ———, to the Rev. Mr. Wesley.]

April 5, 1762.

Dear Sir,

THE present state of my soul is, Him having not seen I love; in whom though I see him not, yet believing, I rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. My chief consolation flows from the expectation of seeing him as he is. And having this hope, my desire is, to purify myself even as he is pure.

I have found of late an hour of sore temptation; but have been saved through all. I have no doubt of the love of God to my soul, or of his saving me eternally. But I have doubted, Whether I loved him with all my heart, and sometimes thought, I have felt *evil*. But I do not reason about it, as in times past; for I have power to go to Christ through all: and I always find him, to receive me graciously, and to love me freely. I continue to prove, great is his faithfulness: my soul is more deeply acquainted with God, and more sensible of the utter helplessness of man, and of my inability to breathe one wish heavenward, without the influence of his Spirit.

I have been greatly tempted to a refined sort of Antinomianism: so to see all in Christ, as not earnestly to seek after the mind that was in Him, a full renewal in his image. O how many unsuspected wiles has Satan! What need have we to hear our Lord's voice, and to follow it!

I am, &c.

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LETTER CCXXXVII.

[From the ſame, to the ſame.]

Dear Sir, May 28, 1762.

I Am often aſhamed of myſelf, for writing ſo freely to you. I think my Letters have an appearance of ſelf-ſufficiency. And yet I do not know how it is, that when I begin to write, I cannot help it.

One leſſon I ſee God means to teach me, by all the various occurrences that have lately happened, is the folly, weakneſs, and inſtability of human Nature. Lord, what is man! The name of Jeſus alone ſhall be exalted: hereby we are forced to depend alone on Him, in whom is no variableneſs, neither ſhadow of turning.

My deſire is, to ſit at the Saviour's feet, and hear his words which are ſpirit and life. I feel the neceſſity of inwardly following God, and being free from all care and every incumbrance of ſpirit, that my ſoul may be at leiſure to receive the communications of his love and power. Fellowſhip with God is the thing my ſoul thirſts after: to live in his preſence, and to be taught by the Spirit, to walk in the truth, and to do the will of my heavenly Father in all things. I find more communication with God, and knowledge of the Three-One Jehovah. My ſoul beholds, as with open face, the glory of the Lord. The veil is more withdrawn, and by faith I enter into the holieſt, and feel the precioufneſs of that Blood, which alone ſpeaks my peace. So that I can ſay,

" For ever here my reſt ſhall be,
Cloſe to thy bleeding-ſide:
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For *me* the Saviour dièd!"

I am, &c.

POETRY.

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POETRY.

THOUGHTS ON IMPUTED RIGHTEOUSNESS,

Occaſioned by reading the Rev. Mr. Hervey's *Dialogues between* Theron *and* Aſpaſio. *By Dr.* Byrom.

PART II.

TO ſhun much novel ſentiment and nice,
I take the thing from its apparent riſe;
It ſhould ſeem then, as if *imputed ſin*
Had made *imputed Righteouſneſs* begin:
The one ſuppoſéd, the other to be ſure,
Would follow after——like diſeaſe and cure:
Let us examine then imputed guilt,
And ſee on what foundation it is built.

As our firſt parent loſt a heavénly ſtate,
All their deſcendants ſhare their hapleſs fate,
Forewarnéd of God, when tempted not to eat,
Of the forbidden tree's pernicious meat;
Becauſe incorporating mortal leaven
Would kill, of courſe, in them the life of heaven.
They diſobeyéd, both Adam and his wife,
And diéd of courſe to their true heavénly life:
That life thus loſt the day they diſobeyéd,
Could not by them be poſſibly conveyéd;
No other life could children have from them,
But what could riſe from the parental ſtem:
That love of God, alone, which we adore,
The life, ſo loſt, could poſſibly reſtore;

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Their children could not, being born to earth,
Be born to heaven, but by a heavenly birth:
God found a way, (explain it how we will,)
To save the human race from endleſs ill;
To save the very diſobeying pair;
And made their whole poſterity his care.

Has this great Goodneſs any thing a-kin,
To God's *imputing* our firſt parents' ſin
To their unborn poſterity?—What ſenſe
In ſuch a ſtrange, and ſcripturleſs pretence?
For though men feel——(ſo far we are agreed)
The conſequences of a ſinful deed:
Yet where aſcribed, by any ſacred pen
But to the *doers*, is the *deed* of men?
Where to be found, in all the ſcripture through,
This *imputation* thus advanced anew?

From the OLNEY COLLECTION.

Will ye alſo go away? John vi. 67—69.

WHEN any turn from Zion's way,
(Alas! what numbers do!)
Methinks I hear my Saviour ſay,
"Wilt thou forſake me too?"

Ah Lord! with ſuch a heart as mine,
Unleſs thou hold me faſt;
I feel I muſt, I ſhall decline,
And prove like them at laſt.

Yet thou alone haſt power, I know,
To ſave a wretch like me;
To whom, or whither, could I go,
If I ſhould turn from thee?

Beyond

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Beyond a doubt I reſt aſſuréd
Thou art the Chriſt of God;
Who haſt eternal life ſecuréd
By promiſe and by blood.

The help of men and angels joinéd,
Could never reach my caſe;
Nor can I hope relief to find,
But in thy boundleſs grace.

No voice but thine can give me reſt,
And bid my fears depart;
No love but thine can make me bleſſéd,
And ſatisfy my heart.

What anguiſh has that queſtion ſtirréd,
If I will alſo go?
Yet, Lord, relying on thy word,
I humbly anſwer, No!

VERSES *to the Memory of the late Rev. Mr. Smith Dunning.*

[By Miſs E———.]

ALAS! what miſéries o'er the life of man,
By ſad Mortality's dread law are ſpread!
How like a vapour glides the fleeting ſpan,
Which quickly ranks him with the ſilent dead!

Man like a beauteous flowér in morn appears,
Freſh opening all its glories to the day;
But cropt ere noon, a witheréd aſpect wears,
Trod under foot, he ſhrinks to quick decay.

So

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So often in the pride of youthful bloom,
The ſons of Adam fall a prey to Death;
From honours torn, to drop into the tomb,
Whilſt weeping friends deplore their parting breath.

Here mourns a father o'er a much-lovéd ſon;
Here ſighs a wretched widow and forlorn;
Whilſt by the anxious cares of life undone,
Are by a thouſand fruitleſs paſſions torn.

But ſoft—from whence proceeds this mournful ſound!
From yonder room?—Ah! what a diſmal groan!
Who by yon funéral bed ſits weeping round?
In agonizing woe they ſigh and moan.

A mournful eloquence dwells in their eyes;
Silent and ſad their looks to heavén aſcend:
But breathleſs, cold, and pale here ever lies,
Their kind protector, brother, father, friend.

Dear, tender names! in one for ever fled;
Ye ſympathizing friends that pity know:
Approach with awe, and juſtly mourn the dead,
To grief like theirs a ſacred revérence ſhow.

For ne'er from ſorrow's ever-ſtreaming eye,
The human tears more reaſon had to flow:
Ne'er did the wounded boſom heave a ſigh,
Or prove a more afflictive cauſe of woe.

No more ſhall his inſtructive language cheer
The heart when ſad, or calmly whiſper peace:
For Friendſhip's ſacred force can baniſh fear,
And bid each tumult in the boſom ceaſe.

This

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This art was his: for Harmony and Truth,
Fair Virtue, Piety, with Eaſe combinéd,
With evéry nobler grace, to form his youth,
And guard from abjeƈt views thé immortal mind.

Large were the virtues of his friendly heart,
Though veiléd by modeſty from public view:
His worth to choſen friends he did impart;
Which, as the more 'twas known, the dearer grew.

Benevolence and juſtice ruléd his mind;
E'en whilſt ſome thorny paths of life he trod,
To conquer Vice his ſoul was ſtill inclinéd,
And fire the lukewarm heart with love to God.

But ah! 'tis paſt! and mortal things no more
Can e'er employ his unembodiéd ſoul,
Now ſafely landed on the heavénly ſhore;
Where human paſſions never more ſhall roll.

No more diſeaſe or death ſhall him affright;
But God's eternal day on him ſhall ſhine;
And whilſt he rapturéd treads yon fields of light,
He ſings the powér of love and grace divine.

Ah, think, whilſt weeping o'er the ſenſeleſs clay,
Your briny tears bedew his cold remains;
The ſpirit borne by Seraphs, wings its way
To yonder regions where the Saviour reigns.

With what delight and wonder will he trace
The matchleſs glories of his ſovereign Lord!
With extaſy ſurvey the boundleſs ſpace,
Where Jeſus is by rapturéd ſaints adoréd!

Death

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Death is to Nature dreadful and ſevere;
But Faith in God diſpels the awful gloom;
Bids fairer worlds beyond the grave appear,
Where through eternal years the ſoul ſhall bloom.

A SHORT HYMN.

James ii. 21. *Was not Abraham our father juſtified by works, when he had offered Iſaac his ſon upon the altar?*

THE father of the faithful ſeed,
His faith by his obedience provéd;
Abraham was juſtifiéd indeed,
When offering up his beſt belovéd;
He ſhewéd the grace before receivéd,
And perfectly in God believéd.

Accepted *firſt* through faith alone,
His pardon unconfirméd he held;
But rendéring back his only ſon,
He felt the precious promiſe ſealéd,
Felt in his heart and ſpirit pure
The peace irrevocably ſure.

Before he ſacrificéd his child,
Accounted juſt through faith he livéd,
By cauſeleſs mercy reconciléd
Forgiveneſs without works receivéd:
But when he res'lutely obeyéd,
Through works he then was righteous *made*.

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THE Arminian Magazine, For JUNE 1782.

Of FREE-WILL: tranſlated from SEBASTIAN CASTELLIO's *Dialogues, between* Lewis *and* Frederic.

DIALOGUE III.

[*Continued from page* 230.]

Lewis. BUT what is the Anſwer to that of St. Paul, *The natural man receiveth not the things of God?*

Fred. The ſame which I gave before. *The things of God knoweth the Spirit of God,* and he that hath that Spirit: ſuch are the kingdom of heaven, the new man, and the like. Theſe are known only to God and his Children. But this is nothing to the point, Whether the Will be free or not? For the Will is one of the things of men, which is in the wicked as well as the good, and of which all may judge, as they do of colours, taſtes, and ſounds. Add, that the ſpiritual man has no other ſenſe of the will, than the carnal man. Nor do *you* now feel any other freedom or ſervitude of the will, than you did before you believed.

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Pray, when you drink wine, do you drink it willingly, or unwillingly? *Lewis.* Willingly. *Fred.* Are you compelled thereto, or not? *Lewis.* I am not. I feel a temptation from pleasure; yet I can drink or let it alone. *Fred.* You have then a Free-will, and power to drink or not. *Lewis.* I have, if I may judge from what I feel. *Fred.* You certainly may. But when afterwards your head aches, do you chuse it should? *Lewis.* No indeed. *Fred.* You chuse then that it should not ache, but you cannot help it. *Lewis.* So it is. *Fred.* You have then the will to help it, but not the power. *Lewis.* True. *Fred.* Therefore you feel your Will is free, both in things that are, and things that are not in your own power. *Lewis.* I do feel it. *Fred.* Certainly you do; for what is so free as the Will? What is so good or so evil, so hard or so easy, which you may not will? Let us make the experiment. Here I am. I say, my will is free. Bid me rise; I rise: bid me stand; I stand: bid me speak; I speak: bid me be silent; I am so. And all these things, I will do, not only at my own choice, but at yours also. Again, bid me rise; I will not rise: bid me stand; I will not stand: bid me be silent; I will speak. All these things are at my own choice. But this liberty I have, not from myself, but from God who created me thus.

I will say more. Bid me do what I cannot do. I answer, I am willing to do it, but am not able. Yet my Will herein is absolutely free: I can will this way or that way; I can chuse black or white, hot or cold, which I could not do, unless my Will were free. Otherwise I could not will what I pleased of two contraries, but one of the two only; as a heavy body cannot move upward or downward, but must move downward. Let any shew me if they can, that Adam before he sinned, yea or Christ himself, (whom surely none can deny to have had Free-will,) could have had a greater Freedom than this.

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Lewis. But perhaps ſome will ſay, Still your Will is not free: for your Underſtanding is moved by Duty, Profit, or Pleaſure, and one or other of theſe draw your Will to itſelf; and it cannot be otherwiſe. *Fred.* This is only ſhewing the motive, not the ſervitude of the will: for motives do not force, or lay us under a neceſſity. When good men ſerve God, they have motives to it; yet their Will is then moſt free. Otherwiſe Chriſt himſelf had not been free. For he was moved by ſeveral cauſes to ſerve the Father. He was moved by compaſſion to heal the ſick: yet he was free in the higheſt degree.

Lewis. They confeſs, the Will of man is free in things indifferent, but deny it to be free to any thing good. For it can will nothing but evil: ſeeing all men are ſinners. And he that committeth ſin is the ſervant of ſin. *Fred.* Likewiſe he that worketh righteouſneſs is the ſervant of righteouſneſs. Is he therefore enſlaved to it? Nothing leſs: if we allow the will of Chriſt to have been free, who certainly was a ſervant of righteouſneſs. Your footman, Lewis, ſerves *you*. But is his Will therefore enſlaved? Yea, it is his Will, which commands him to ſerve you. So that the will even of a ſervant is free, whether he chuſes to ſerve you always, or to change his maſter. So he that ſerves ſin ſerves it freely, whether he chuſes to ſerve it always, or to change his maſter. But if his will is enſlaved, becauſe he wills only ſin, You muſt ſay, God's will is enſlaved, becauſe he wills only righteouſneſs.

All this I have ſaid on ſuppoſition that all men can by nature will nothing but evil. But even if it were ſo, their Will would be no more enſlaved, than if they could will nothing but good. But I cannot allow, that men can will nothing but evil. There are two things which invite men to know and then love God. One is, the viſible work of God, wherein his inviſible things are ſeen, even his eternal Power and Godhead: The other is, the Law of God, that is, whatever is contained in the Law of Moſes, the Prophets, and the

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Goſpel. For the ſum of both the Law and the Goſpel is, To love God with all our heart, and our neighbour as ourſelves. Now not only the Scripture, but the very frame of nature (by the preventing grace which is given to every man) invites thoſe who have not the Scripture, to reverence God, and love their neighbour. To ſhew this by clear examples. I ſuppoſe you will allow, that among thoſe who are *without the law* there are two kinds of men; ſome good and others bad. Take Camillus and Catiline. By what name ſhall we diſtinguiſh theſe? Or will you call them both alike, wicked men? *Lewis.* I dare not; there was a wide difference between them. *Fred.* What difference? *Lewis.* Catiline was of an evil diſpoſition, fond of murder, rapine, and civil diſcord from his youth. In Camillus were juſt the contrary tempers. *Fred.* But what is contrary to evil is good. Therefore Camillus willed that which is good: for certainly it is good to will peace, and to abhor murder, rapine, and diſcord. *Lewis.* But our friends anſwer, He was a natural man, and therefore nothing in him was good. *Fred.* If ſo, let us place him in the ſame rank with Catiline, and aſcribe the ſame vices to him, and ſay that all natural men, as well as him, are villains, traitors, hypocrites, guilty of all vices, and that there is no difference at all between the Catilines, and the Camillus's. *Lewis.* Nay, the difference is great and undeniable. *Fred.* Then we muſt ſay, that Camillus, though a natural man, yet willed that which is good. I ſay *Willed*: although I allow, his power was ſmall. And yet he performed more good than Catiline did; Catiline himſelf being the judge.

But let us come to Scripture-examples. *Abimelech* ſaid to God, who threatened him for taking *Sarah*, (Gen. xx. 5,) *In the integrity of my heart, and innocency of my hands have I done this.* And God accepts of the plea. He afterwards expoſtulates with Iſaac, becauſe he had called his wife Rebeckah his ſiſter, (Gen. xxvi. 10.) *One of the people might lightly have lien with thy wife, and thou wouldeſt have brought guiltineſs*

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guiltineſs upon us. See, how he abhors adultery! And if he thus abhorred evil, he certainly had a Will to good. What ſhall we ſay of the Queen of *Sheba*, who came ſo far, to hear the wiſdom of *Solomon*? Shall we ſay, that ſhe willed nothing but evil, when our Lord himſelf commends her deſire of inſtruction?

But the plaineſt place of all is that of the Apoſtle, (Rom. ii. 14, 15,) *When the Gentiles who have not the law, do by nature the things contained in the law, theſe not having the law are a law unto themſelves, who ſhew the work of the law written in their hearts.* Now I pray could they do the things contained in the law, if they could will nothing but evil? When they praiſe virtue, and blame and puniſh vice, do not they ſhew a will to good, and an averſion to evil? Otherwiſe they would praiſe vice, and blame and puniſh virtue. What ſhall we ſay of Cornelius the Centurion, who before he was a Chriſtian worſhipped God and prayed, ſo that his *prayers and his alms came up for a memorial before God.* We muſt not therefore ſay, that men till they are converted will nothing but evil.

From theſe Reaſons and Examples I think it evident, that man has a Will, flexible either way, ſo that he may will either good or evil, and that not from himſelf, but from God his Creator. Having now ſhewn, what man *can will* by virtue of the nature which God has given him, it remains to ſhew, what he actually *does will.* Now I allow, moſt men will evil; but a few (as we have ſhewn) will good. And even thoſe who now will evil, need not continue ſo to do. As no wild olive-tree is ſo bad, but it may be amended by being ingrafted into a good olive, ſo no man is ſo bad, but he may become good, by being grafted into Chriſt.

[*To be continued.*]

SERMON

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SERMON IX.

On GENESIS iii. 19.

[*Concluded from page* 236.]

3. *AND unto dust thou shalt return.* How admirably well has the wise Creator, secured the execution of this sentence on all the offspring of Adam! It is true, He was pleased to make one exception, from this general rule, in a very early age of the world, in favour of an eminently righteous man. So we read (Gen. v. 23, 24,) After Enoch had *walked with God, three hundred, sixty and five years, he was not; for God took him.* He exempted him from the sentence passed upon all flesh, and took him alive into heaven. Many ages after he was pleased to make a second exception; ordering the prophet Elijah to be taken up into heaven, in a chariot of fire: very probably by a convoy of Angels, assuming that appearance. And it is not unlikely, that he saw good to make a third exception, in the person of the beloved Disciple. There is transmitted to us a particular account of the Apostle John's old age. But we have not any account of his death, and not the least intimation concerning it. Hence we may reasonably suppose, that he did not die, but that after he had finished his course, and *walked with God* for about a hundred years, *the Lord took him* as he did *Enoch*: not in so open and conspicuous a manner, as he did the prophet Elijah.

4. But setting these rare instances aside, who has been able in the course of near six thousand years, to evade the execution of this sentence, passed on Adam and all his posterity? Be men ever so great Masters of the Art of Healing, can they prevent or heal the gradual decays of nature? Can all their

boasted

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boaſted ſkill heal Old Age, or hinder duſt from returning to duſt? Nay, who among the greateſt maſters of Medicine has been able to add a Century to his own years? Yea, or to protract his own life any conſiderable ſpace beyond the common period? The days of man, for above three thouſand years, from the time of Moſes at leaſt, have been fixt, by a middling computation, at threeſcore years and ten. How few are there that attain to fourſcore years? Perhaps hardly one in five hundred. So little does the Art of man avail againſt the appointment of God!

5. God has indeed provided for the execution of his own decree, in the very principles of our nature. It is well known, the human Body when it comes into the world, conſiſts of innumerable membranes exquiſitely thin, that are filled with circulating fluids, to which the ſolid parts bear a very ſmall proportion. Into the tubes, compoſed of theſe membranes, nouriſhment muſt be continually infuſed: otherwiſe Life cannot continue, but will come to an end almoſt as ſoon as it is begun. And ſuppoſe this nouriſhment to be liquid, which as it flows through thoſe fine canals, continually enlarges them in all their dimenſions, yet it contains innumerable ſolid particles, which continually adhere to the inner ſurface of the veſſels through which they flow: ſo that in the ſame proportion as any veſſel is enlarged, it is ſtiffened alſo. Thus the body grows firmer, as it grows larger, from infancy to manhood. In twenty, five and twenty, or thirty years, it attains its full meaſure of firmneſs. Every part of the body is then ſtiffened to its full degree: as much earth adhering to all the veſſels, as gives the ſolidity they ſeverally need to the Nerves, Arteries, Veins, Muſcles, in order to exerciſe their functions in the moſt perfect manner. For twenty, or it may be, thirty years following, although more and more particles of earth, continually adhere to the inner ſurface of every veſſel in the body, yet the ſtiffneſs cauſed thereby is hardly obſervable, and occaſions little inconvenience. But

after

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after ſixty years, (more or leſs, according to the natural Conſtitution, and a thouſand accidental circumſtances) the change is eaſily perceived, even at the ſurface of the body. Wrinkles ſhew the proportion of the fluids to be leſſened, as does alſo dryneſs of the Skin, through a dimunition of the blood and juices which before moiſtened, and kept it ſmooth and ſoft. The Extremities of the body grow cold, not only as they are remote from the centre of motion, but as more remote, the inner veſſels are filled up, and can no longer admit the circulating fluid. As Age increaſes, fewer and fewer of the veſſels are pervious, and capable of tranſmitting the vital ſtream: except the larger ones, moſt of which are lodged within the trunk of the body. In extreme Old Age, the Arteries themſelves, the grand inſtruments of Circulation, by the continual oppoſition of earth, become hard and as it were bony, till having loſt the power of contracting themſelves, they can no longer propel the blood, even through the largeſt Channels, in conſequence of which, Death naturally enſues. Thus are the ſeeds of Death ſown in our very nature! Thus from the very hour when we firſt appear on the ſtage of life, we are travelling toward Death: we are preparing, whether we will or no, to return to the duſt from whence we came!

6. Let us now take a ſhorteſt review of the whole, as it is delivered with inimitable ſimplicity, in what an unprejudiced perſon might even from hence infer to be the word of God. In that period of Duration which He ſaw to be moſt proper, (of which He alone could be the judge, whoſe eye views the whole poſſibility of things from everlaſting to everlaſting) the Almighty, riſing in the greatneſs of his ſtrength, went forth to create the univerſe. *In the beginning he created*, made out of nothing, *the matter of the heavens and the earth.* (So Mr. Hutchinſon obſerves, the original words properly ſignify.) Then *the Spirit or breath from the Lord*, that is the Air, *moved upon the face of the waters.* Here were Earth, Water, Air, three of the Elements, or component parts of the lower world.

And

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And God said, Let there be light: and there was light. By his omnific word, Light, that is, Fire, the fourth Element sprang into being. Out of these variously modified and proportioned to each other, He composed the whole. *The earth brought forth grass, and herb yielding seed, and the tree yielding fruit after its kind:* and then the various tribes of animals, to inhabit the waters, the air, and the earth. But the very heathen could observe,

Sanctius his animal mentisq; capacius altæ
Deerat Adhuc!——

There was still wanting a creature of a higher rank, capable of Wisdom and Holiness. *Natus homo est. So God created man in the image of God, in the image of God created He Him!* Mark the emphatical repetition! God did not make him mere Matter, a piece of senseless, unintelligent clay; but a Spirit, like himself, (although clothed with a material vehicle.) As such, he was endued with Understanding, with a Will, including various Affections, and with Liberty, a power of using them in a right or wrong manner, of chusing good or evil. Otherwise neither his Understanding nor his Will would have been to any purpose; for he must have been as incapable of virtue or holiness, as the stock of a tree. Adam in whom all mankind were then contained, freely preferred evil to good. He chose to do his own will rather than the will of his Creator. He *was not deceived*, but knowingly and deliberately rebelled against his Father and his King. In that moment he lost the Moral Image of God, and in part, the Natural. He commenced, unholy, foolish, and unhappy. And *in Adam all died.* He entitled all his posterity, to error, guilt, sorrow, fear; pain, diseases and death.

7. How exactly does matter of fact, do all things round us, even the face of the whole world agree with this account? Open your eyes? Look round you! See darkness that may be felt; see ignorance and error; see vice in ten thousand forms: see consciousness of guilt, fear, sorrow, shame, remorse, care covering the face of the earth! See misery, the

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daughter of ſin. See on every ſide ſickneſs and pain, inhabitants of every nation under heaven, driving on the poor helpleſs ſons of men, in every age, to the gates of death! So they have done, well-nigh from the beginning of the world. So they will do, till the conſummation of all things.

8. But can the Creator deſpiſe the work of his own hands? Surely that is impoſſible? Hath he not then, ſeeing He alone is able, provided a remedy for all theſe evils? Yea, verily he hath! And a ſufficient remedy, every way adequate to the diſeaſe. He hath fulfilled his word: He hath given *the ſeed of the woman to bruiſe the ſerpent's head. God ſo loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whoſoever believeth in Him, might not periſh but have everlaſting life.* Here is a remedy provided for all our guilt: He *bore all our ſins in his body on the tree.* And *if any man have ſinned, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jeſus Chriſt the righteous.* And here is a remedy for all our diſeaſe, all the corruption of our nature. For *God hath alſo,* through the interceſſion of his Son, *given us his Holy Spirit, To renew* us both *in Knowledge,* in his natural image, *opening the eyes of our underſtanding, and enlightening* us with all ſuch knowledge as is requiſite to our pleaſing God: and alſo in his moral image, namely, *Righteouſneſs and true holineſs.* And ſuppoſing this is done, we know that *all things will work together for our good.* We know, by happy experience, that all Natural Evils change their nature and turn to good: that Sorrow, Sickneſs, Pain, will all prove medicines, to heal our ſpiritual Sickneſs. They will all be *to our profit*; will all tend to our unſpeakable advantage: making us more largely *partakers of his holineſs,* while we remain on earth, and adding ſo many ſtars to that crown, which is reſerved in heaven for us.

9. Behold then both the Juſtice and Mercy of God! His Juſtice in puniſhing ſin, the ſin of him in whoſe loins we were then all contained, on Adam and all his whole poſterity! And his Mercy, in providing an univerſal Remedy for an univerſal evil! In appointing the ſecond Adam to die for all, who had

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died in the First: that *as in Adam all died, so in Christ all might be made alive:* that *as by one man's offence, judgment came upon all men to condemnation, so by the righteousness of one,* the free gift *might come upon all, unto justification of life. Justification of life,* as being connected with the New Birth, the beginning of spiritual life, which leads us through the life of Holiness, to life eternal, to glory.

10. And it should be particularly observed, that *where sin abounded, Grace does much more abound.* For *not as the condemnation, so is the free gift,* but we may gain infinitely more than we have lost. We may now attain both higher degrees of Holiness, and higher degrees of Glory, than it would have been possible for us to attain, if Adam had not sinned. For if Adam had not sinned, the Son of God had not died. Consequently that amazing instance of the Love of God to man had never existed, which has in all Ages excited the highest Joy, and Love, and Gratitude from his children. We might have loved God the Creator; God the Preserver, God the Governor. But there would have been no place for Love to God the Redeemer: this could have had no being. The highest glory and joy, of saints on earth and saints in heaven, Christ crucified, had been wanting. We could not then have praised Him, that *thinking it no robbery to be equal with God, yet emptied himself, took upon him the form of a servant, and was obedient to death, even the death of the cross!* This is now the noblest theme of all the Children of God on earth. Yea, we need not scruple to affirm, even of Angels; and Archangels, and all the company of Heaven,

" Hallelujah they cry
To the King of the sky,
To the great, everlasting I AM,
To the Lamb that was slain,
And liveth again,
Hallelujah to God and the Lamb.

Bristol, March 13, 1782.

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Some Account of Mr. WILLIAM FERGUSON: *aged* 47.

1. MY Father and Mother lived at *Kelso*, in *Scotland*, where they had five children. But when my mother was big of the ſixth, ſhe could not be delivered, the child being dead within her. In a deſperate caſe a deſperate method was uſed; inciſion was made, and the child taken out of her ſide. And yet, by the bleſſing of God ſhe ſurvived, and recovered her health and ſtrength. But the Phyſician aſſured her, if ſhe had another child, it could not be born, but ſhe muſt infallibly die. However ſhe was with child again: as the time of her delivery approached, expecting nothing but death, ſhe cried to God day and night. But to the amazement of all, ſhe was delivered with more eaſe, than ſhe had ever been of any child before.

2. I was the child then born, on the 25th of March, 1735. I was brought up a Preſbyterian, and had very early impreſſions on my ſoul. When I was about ſix years old, I uſed to wonder, I could not weep under ſermons, as others did. I left off play, and going into the fields, uſed to think of God, of the devil; of heaven and hell. I thought God loved me, and was willing to bring me to heaven. But I thought if the devil ſhould get me to hell, I ſhall never get out. Yet I thought, Chriſt ſuffered for my ſins; and thereby made a full atonement for them. But although I knew theſe great truths, yet my heart was unchanged: and I conſtantly went on in the follies of childhood, according to the devices of my own heart.

3. When I was ten years old, my parents removed to *Eyesmouth*, eight miles North of *Berwick*: here I grew thoughtful again, and began to pray much, wherein I found ſo great pleaſure, that I perſuaded four boys I was acquainted with,

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with, to go with me, morning and evening, into a ſecret place in a timber-yard, between two ſtacks of deals, where we prayed one after the other. This we conſtantly did for two months: but a young gentleman lodged juſt by, whoſe window looked into the yard: obſerving us to go thither conſtantly, he wanted to know the reaſon. And meeting me one day alone, after giving me many good words, he aſked me, Why we met together between the ſtacks? I told him, but begged him, not to tell any one: which he faithfully promiſed. But notwithſtanding he went immediately and told the children themſelves, and their parents, and the people of the town: many of whom cried out, "That it was blaſphemy for ſuch young children to pretend to pray." The children were ſoon laughed out of their religion, and never reſted till they made me like themſelves: nay till they taught me to get drunk, which we did in that very place were we uſed to pray together.

4. Two years after, my parents removed to *Holy Iſland*, nine miles South of *Berwick*. The people of this place were moſtly Smugglers, and the children remarkably wicked. Of theſe I ſoon learnt to curſe and ſwear, and to glory in my ſhame. I learned to tell lies for ſport, to play at cards, to dance, to work the greateſt part of the Sabbath-Day: and to make a mock at all religious people, ſaying, they where all hypocrites. And in this deplorable condition I remained, till I was near twenty years old.

5. During this time I was twice in great danger of being drowned, going to *Holy Iſland* in very dark nights. It was alſo a flowing tide: I had loſt my way: and the ſea came in faſt upon me. But both times I was brought ſafe to land. I was ſerious for a while after. But I then got into laughing, trifling company; and my ſerioufneſs ſoon wore off. Another time being with a gang of Smugglers, a King's Officer clapt a piſtol to my breaſt, and ſwore bitterly, if I lifted a hand, he would

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would shoot me through the heart. The thought of instant death shocked me much. But this too I stifled by drinking and dancing.

6. So I continued fast asleep in the devil's arms, till one day as I was working in the shop with my father, my mind ran upon a match of drinking and dancing in which I was engaged to join in the evening. Suddenly I heard a voice as from heaven saying, "What if thou shouldest drop down dead in the midst of the dance! Wouldest thou go to heaven?" I said, "No! I am not fit for heaven." Immediately I felt, I had past sentence upon myself; and that if I went not to heaven, hell was my portion; light broke in: I was filled with horror: I saw myself hanging over the mouth of hell, by the brittle thread of life!

7. My father looked me in the face, and asked, "What is the matter?" But I made no answer. He said, certainly something is the matter. For you are sometimes red as scarlet, and in a moment white as chalk. But still I spoke not one word: my mouth was stopt: I was guilty before God. Yet I was thankful that I was alive, and thought, "O that God would let me live one day longer! In how different a manner would I spend my time! Surely not in the ways of sin." Soon after I sat down to dinner; but I could not swallow a morsel. My mother observing this, was very angry at my father, thinking I was grieved at something he had said. But finding that was not the case, she was quite struck, and turning to me said, "My dear, why do not you eat your dinner?" I made no answer. Indeed I could not, for my heart was fit to break.

8. In the evening my company came in, to carry me to the dancing. To their great surprise, they found me reading the Bible. They asked my father and mother, "Are not you willing he should go with us?" They said, "Yes; but we think, he is not well." They said, "Come, we shall soon cure him. Lay hold. We will carry him." "Do says another, and I will carry his fiddle." I looked at them and said

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ſaid very mildly, "If you do carry me, I ſhall be of no uſe to you. For a dance I will not dance this night; and a tune I will not play." They ſtared and left me.

9. When our family went to reſt, I durſt not go to bed, for fear I ſhould awake in hell. I tried to pray but could not. I ſtayed for ſome time, with my heart as heard as a ſtone. At laſt I fell upon my knees; and with a flood of tears cried out, "Lord, be merciful to me; for I am a great ſinner." I found my mind a little eaſed, and went to bed and ſlept comfortably. But in the morning my trouble was as great as ever. When I went out about my buſineſs, many mocked me for my gravity: others ſaid, "It is great pity, ſo fine a young man ſhould loſe the uſe of his reaſon." But what grieved me more, was to ſee all the people, as I had been myſelf, faſt aſleep in the devil's arms.

10. On Sunday morning I roſe early, and the tide being out, walked to *Lonwich* on the main land, and went to a Preſbyterian meeting. The Miniſter's text was, *I will ariſe and go to my Father.* It was a word ſpoke in ſeaſon. I thought he looked at *me* all the time. The people did indeed look at me; many of them knowing me well, and therefore wondering, how I came there! When I came home, my mother begged me with tears, to reveal what was upon my mind. She ſaid, "What is it you have done? Have you murdered any body?" I ſaid, No, mother; I have murdered no body; but I have almoſt murdered my poor ſoul."

11. As ſoon as the inhabitants of the iſland found, that I would not drink, ſwear, or work on the Lord's-Day, they were violently angry, ſo that I could hardly walk the ſtreet, for the mob ſetting upon me. And my father and mother inſiſted on my working at my buſineſs on the Lord's-Day. But I told them, "No: never more; I will ſooner have the fleſh torne off my bones." My prayer now was, to get out of this ungodly place: and a fortnight after, my parents conſented: ſo I left them, not knowing whither I was going, but

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but deſigning to follow my father's trade, provided I could find any Maſter, who would not require me to work on the Lord's-Day.

12. When I came to *Newcaſtle upon Tyne*, as I was going down Pilgrim-ſtreet, I ſaw abundance of people going along, who ſeemed remarkably ſerious. I aſked a man, "Pray, who are all theſe?" He anſwered, Theſe are all Weſleyites; they are coming from the preaching. This was the firſt time I ſaw or heard of them. The next day I went on to *Sunderland*, where I found out my father's brother, and enquired, If he knew any Barber, who did not work on a Sunday? "Yes, ſaid he, there is *Tommy Parker*." So to him I went without delay.

13. To my great ſurpriſe, the ſailors that came into our ſhop, did not curſe or ſwear at all. But ſeveral of them took my Maſter by the hand, and ſaid, "How do you do, Brother?" I aſked, "Pray, Sir, are all theſe your Brothers?" He ſaid, "We are all Brethren in Chriſt." When Sunday came, I got one to ſhew me to the Preaching-houſe, where I ſaw my Maſter in the pulpit! His text was, *He ſhall bring forth the top ſtone with ſhouting, crying, Grace, grace unto it.* I then told him the diſtreſs of my mind. He adviſed me to go to *London*, telling me, I ſhould there have all the means of grace, in the greateſt abundance. I went to *London*, where my couſin *Thomas Fryer* ſoon got me into a ſhop: and not long after, on my telling him I wanted to meet in a Claſs, carried me to the Tabernacle. I went into the Veſtry and told two Gentlemen I found there, "I ſhould be glad to meet in a Claſs, that I may ſpeak my experience, and tell of the work of God which I have found upon my heart." One of them ſaid, "What Claſs ſhall we put him into?" The other anſwered, "Indeed I cannot tell. Mr. *Weſley's* Claſſes are far more ſtrictly looked after than ours." If you pleaſe then, ſaid I, I will go and meet in one of his Claſſes. He looked

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at me and ſaid, "Really young man, I cannot blame you." I went immediately to Mr. *Weſley*, who after a little converſation, gave me a note of Admittance.

14. As I now prayed much, and heard many ſermons, and abſtained from all known ſin, I began to be very eaſy, ſuppoſing myſelf to be a very good Chriſtian. And one day in a houſe in *Radcliffe-highway*, I began talking as if I had gone a great way in Religion. This an old gentlewoman obſerving, came and taking me by the hand, ſaid, "Do you know your ſins are pardoned?" I anſwered, "I hope ſo." She ſaid, "I fear not: for if they were, you would have the witneſs in yourſelf. Satan cares not how far we go in Religion, if we will but ſtop ſhort of this. I adviſe you, when you go home, pray earneſtly to the Lord, to ſhew you whether your ſins are pardoned? If they are, to give you the witneſs of it: if they are not, never to let you reſt without it."

15. I was quite ſpeechleſs, finding I had ſtopped ſhort of the prize. I haſtened home, praying all the way. I watched, I prayed, I waited in all the means of grace, longing for Chriſt to come into my heart. I could hardly eat any food, till Sunday came, when I went to the *Seven-Dials*, to hear Mr. *Weſley*. I was much bleſt under the word, expecting every moment to receive the bleſſing. On Monday, as I ſat at work, I was thinking the ſermon over again, when on a ſudden my mind was whirled away, and filled with vain imaginations. After a time I cried out, "Lord, what a wicked wretch am I? Wilt thou pardon this, with all my other ſins?" In a moment the Lord ſaid to my heart, "My blood hath atoned not only for this, but for all the ſins which thou haſt ever committed. Thou art no more thy own. Thou art bought with a price: and I will give thee power to glorify me, with thy body, and thy ſpirit which are mine."

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

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To the READER.

I Do not remember ever to have met with a more remarkable account than is contained in the following Journal. What an amazing inſtance of Divine Mercy does it ſet before us! Eſpecially conſidering all the difficulties he had to grapple with, in his infancy, his childhood and his youth. Was not this indeed a brand plucked out of the burning? And who then can deſpair? For

> " May not every ſinner find
> The grace that found out thee?"

The Journal itſelf is abundantly larger. But as the ſame Experience occurs over and over, I judged it adviſable to ſelect out of it only the moſt material parts: thoſe eſpecially which artleſsly deſcribe the ſtruggle between the fleſh and the Spirit, even in a true Believer; and thoſe which relate to the accompliſhment of that grand Promiſe, which is the Quinteſſence of the Goſpel, " I will circumciſe thy heart, to love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy ſoul."

J. W.

Macclesfield, April 1, 1780.

An Extract from the JOURNAL *of Mr.* G—— C——.

1. I Was born July 1, 1710, (New Stile,) at *New York*. My Father was ſeveral years Governor of the Province. My Mother's name was *Rebecca*, daughter of *George Haig*, merchant in *London*. My Mother brought me to *London*, without my Father's conſent. Having in a little time ſpent all the money ſhe had, ſhe was obliged to leave me to the pariſh of St. *Ann's*, *Weſtminſter*. I was ſhifted about from one

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one parish-nurse to another, till I was taken into the School. I dined on Sundays at the woman's house, where my Mother lodged: but I knew nothing either of my Father or Mother.

2. When the Parish-Officers judged me to be of a fit age, they bound me apprentice to a soft-wood Turner. He took me for the sake of the six pounds he had with me. My Mistress made Soldiers' clothes: and while that business lasted (six months in the year,) we lived pretty well: but afterwards we had scanty allowance: for my master and I earned next to nothing. I was then taken very ill: the Physician said, I must go out of town. My mother heard of it, and came and took me in a coach to *Kensington*. Being recovered, I was brought home to my Master, with whom I continued two years. I then stole some pattens and offered them to sale; but I was stopped and forced to confess. Yet the owner would not prosecute me. But my Master would not receive me, and bade me go where I would.

3. I wandered about, till I was found by a woman whom my Mother had desired to enquire after me. With her I lodged, till I got to be servant to a man that sold Newspapers. Somtime after I caught an Ague, which continued eighteen months. But before I was well, my Master turned me away. I then returned to the same woman, whom I long begged to introduce me to my mother. At length my mother consented to see me. And that was all; for she gave me nothing, no, not so much as a kiss.

4. After this, I got a place in a public-house. Here I learnt all manner of wickedness. At this time I was about one and twenty. Together with the rest, I had learnt to swear in so uncommon a manner, that it shocked even my companions. Yet even at this time, and in the midst of this company, the Lord did strangely visit me with Love, strongly drawing me every day for a fortnight, to retire to prayer, and giving me inexpressible sweetness in it: but having no one

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to converſe with, I quickly returned as a dog to the vomit, and was more the child of hell than before.

5. When I was about five and twenty I married. My wife's father died ſoon after, and ſhe and I undertook his buſineſs, which was ſelling Newſpapers. Within two months of her delivery of a ſecond child, I was taken ill of a fever, and brought very low. I promiſed God great things if he would raiſe me up: he did ſo; but the fear of my death brought on her labour. I was then ſo weak, as hardly to be able to get out of my bed: yet I was obliged to go and ſerve the cuſtomers. I held by her mother, and walked from morning to evening: yet I was ſtrengthened to bear it. In this illneſs my mother came to me, being reduced to great poverty. She never owned me till now; and I know not that ever ſhe called me, "My dear," or "My dear child," in her life.

6. There was now a conſiderable change in my outward life. I behaved decently, and was well eſteemed of my neighbours. Yet I had no Religion. I frequently drank to exceſs, and was violently paſſionate. I made no account of the ſabbath, and it was very ſeldom that any of our family went to Church. The year after the hard froſt, I was much ſtraitened in my circumſtances, having a ſickly wife, three children and two mothers to keep. I therefore took a ticket as a porter at Doctors-Commons which enabled me both to pay my debts and keep my family. Yet did I not ſee the Lord's hand in this, nor acknowledge him in any of my ways.

7. Soon after, my wife fell into a conſumption, and languiſhed for ſeveral months. Beſides a girl ſhe had before I married her, I had two fine children, a boy and a girl. They both died of the ſmall-pox, about ſix weeks before my wife. She wept much, and told me, "My dear, your mother ſays, I ſhould not fear death, if God would make known his love to me." But I could ſay little to it. Many times ſince I have cried out, "Deliver me from blood guiltineſs, O Lord?"

8. Soon

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8. Soon after my wife died, God touched my heart, in reading a little tract of Biſhop *Taylor's*. And though my conviction was not deep, yet now, for the firſt time, I prayed from my heart. About this time my mother aſked me, to go to hear Mr. *Weſley*; but it made little impreſſion upon me. Yet I liked it more and more, till November, 1746, at my mother's inſtance I entered into the Society. I knew not the nature of it; but I got the Rules; read them carefully, and reſolved to keep them. From this time I gave up all my company, and all thoughts of women. And now every ſermon went to my heart, and I was conſtrained to plead guilty before God: but he dealt very graciouſly with me, gently leading me, yet with ſo ſtrong a conviction, that I ſat up part of many nights, not daring to ſleep, leſt I ſhould wake in hell. This continued till February 15, 1747. That morning I found a ſtrange alteration. I felt no more condemnation. I had liberty to pray, and a full aſſurance, that my prayer was heard. Yet this was but as a drop before a ſhower. For at the Chapel the love of God ſo over-powered me, that I could not bear up under the weight of it, but was obliged to ſit or kneel great part of the ſervice. And for ſeveral days thoſe words followed me, "I am the Lord, the Lord God, who forgives iniquity, and tranſgreſſion, and ſin." My ſoul had now a clear ſenſe of its union with Jeſus, and I peculiarly loved him. I no more feared death or judgment, but had a ſtrong deſire to go to Him my ſoul loved. I had a great love for the ſabbath, for private prayer, and all the other means of grace.

[*To be continued.*]

A ſhort Account of Mr. SAMUEL MASSEY.

MR. *Samuel Maſſey*, lived at *Seacroft*, near *Leeds*. He was a great bigot to the Church, and an utter enemy to the Methodiſts. He heard indeed Mr. *Charles Weſley* preach

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preach one ſermon, but did not receive any benefit from it. But God who is rich in mercy, was afterwards pleaſed to convince and convert him without any outward means.

As ſoon as he was converted, (being about eighty years of age,) he joined the Society, and rejoiced exceedingly for a ſhort time: ſoon after, he was ſorely tried, being urged to think, he and all that would be ſaved, muſt leave the Church. But by converſing with a friend upon that ſubject, he was reconciled, and he continued to go to the Church the remainder of his life. Afterwards, he was very happy, for about two years, and then believed he had a clean heart.

For four years he was oppoſed almoſt by every one he converſed with. But he ſaid, it did not make him unhappy whether they believed him or not, although he felt himſelf grieved on their account.

The laſt three years of his life, hardly any one doubted of his teſtimony. Sept. 20, he went to Church as uſual. In the time of the ſervice he was overcome with ſleep in a very uncommon manner. On Monday he went to ſee ſome of the Society, but in returning home he fell down and hurt his arm. However he got as well as he could, to his own houſe, yet he had no one there to help him. For after his wife died, he would not have any woman of the Society as a ſervant, leſt any one ſhould be offended; nor would he have any of the world, becauſe he could not bear their ways. On Tueſday one of the Society went to ſee him, and found him drowſy, and almoſt deprived of his Reaſon. So he continued the following day, and only for about two hours every morning, he had his Reaſon perfectly well. All his converſation then was about the perfect Love of God, exhorting all about him to ſeek it: when any came that was unawakened, he often repeated thoſe words,

We want we know not what,
We want our wants to ſee,

We

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We want, alas! what want I not,
When thou art not in me!

It was all one to him to live or die. When he was aſked if he was ready to die? his anſwer was, "Yes, love, I am." On Sunday morning all his drowſineſs left him, and he made his Will, his Memory being as well as ever. When he was aſked what he owed, he told them every particular, and alſo what was owing to him. One of our friends aſking him if he would leave the Bible for the uſe of the Deſk, in the Preaching-houſe, as he had promiſed, he ſaid, "Yes, love, and bleſſed be God it is all written on my heart."

He ſaid, "O the Enemy! O the Enemy! It is his laſt onſet, but he has no place in me;" and in the afternoon he went to God.

October 31, 1761. J. J.

An Extract from A SURVEY *of the* WISDOM *of* GOD *in the* CREATION.

GENERAL REFLECTIONS.

AND firſt, what admirable Wiſdom is diſplayed, in the *motion* of various animals, ſuited to their various occaſions! In ſome their motion is ſwift, in others ſlow; and both diverſified a thouſand ways.

And firſt, for ſwift or ſlow motion. This is exactly proportioned to the occaſion of each animal. *Reptiles*, whoſe food, habitation, and neſts lie in the next clod, plant, tree, or hole, or which can bear a long hunger, need neither legs, nor wings, but their vermicular motion anſwers all their purpoſes.

Beaſts, whoſe occaſions require a larger room, have accordingly a ſwifter motion: and this in various degrees, anſwerable to their range for food, and the enemies they are to eſcape from.

But

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But as for *Birds*, who are to traverſe vaſt tracts of land and water, for their food, habitation, breeding their young, and for places of retreat and ſecurity, from various inconveniencies: they are endued with the faculty of *flying*; and that ſwiftly or ſlowly, a long or ſhort time, according to their occaſions. In all this, the Wiſdom of God appears, ordering all things well.

Again. How admirable is the motion of all creatures, is the neat, geometrical performance of it! The moſt accurate mathematician cannot preſcribe a nicer motion than that they perform, to the legs and wings of thoſe that fly or walk, or to the bodies of thoſe that creep. Neither can the body be more completely poiſed, for the motion it is to have, in every creature. From the largeſt Elephant to the ſmalleſt Mite, the body is exactly balanced. The head is not too heavy, nor too light for the reſt of the body, nor the reſt of the body for it. The bowels are not looſe, or ſo placed as to ſwag, overbalance, or overſet the body: but well-braced, and accurately diſtributed to maintain the equipoiſe of it. The motive parts alſo are admirably well fixed, in reſpect to the centre of gravity, placed in the very point which beſt ſerves to ſupport and convey the body. Every leg bears the ſhare of the weight. And the wings are ſo exactly placed, that even in the fluid medium, the air, the body is as truly balanced, as we could have balanced it with the niceſt ſcales.

Yet again. What an admirable proviſion is made for the motion of ſome creatures, by *temporary parts! Frogs* for inſtance have tails in their Tradpole-ſtate, which fall off when their legs are grown out. The *Water-Newt* alſo when young, has four fins, two on a ſide, to poiſe and keep the body upright. But as ſoon as the legs are fully grown, theſe preſently drop off.

Secondly, The *Bore* of the *Gullet* in all creatures, is anſwerable to their occaſions. In a Fox, which feeds on bones, (as in all oſſivorous beaſts) it is very large. But in a Squirrel it

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it is exceeding ſmall, leſt he ſhould diſgorge his meat in his deſcending leaps: and ſo in Rats and Mice, which often run along a wall with their heads downward.

Thirdly, In all animals the ſtrength and ſize of their *Stomach* are proportioned to their food. Thoſe whoſe food is more tender and nutritive, have it ſmaller, thinner, and weaker. Whereas it is large and ſtrong in thoſe whoſe food is leſs nutritive, and whoſe bodies require large ſupplies.

All carnivorous beaſts have the ſmalleſt ſtomachs, as fleſh goes the ſwifteſt. Thoſe that feed on fruits and roots have them of a middle ſize. Sheep and Oxen, which feed on graſs, have the greateſt. Yet the Horſe, Hare, and Rabbit, though graminivorous, have comparatively ſmall ones. For a Horſe is made for labour, and both this and the Hare for quick and continued motion; for which the moſt eaſy reſpiration, and ſo the freeſt motion of the diaphragm is requiſite. But this could not be, did the ſtomach lie big and cumberſome upon it, as it does in Sheep and Oxen.

Another very remarkable circumſtance is, that thoſe animals which have teeth on both jaws, have but one ſtomach; whereas moſt of thoſe which have no *upper-teeth*, or no teeth at all, have three ſtomachs. For the meat which is firſt chewed, is eaſily digeſted; but that which is ſwallowed whole, requires a ſtronger concoctive power.

Fourthly, All the parts of the ſame animal are adapted one to the other. So, for inſtance, the length of the neck is always proportioned to that of the legs. Only the *Elephant* has a ſhort neck: for the weight of his head and teeth, would to a long neck have been inſupportable. But then he is provided with a trunk, which abundantly ſupplies the defect. In other beaſts and birds, the neck is always commenſurate to the legs; ſo that they which have long legs have long necks, and they that have ſhort legs ſhort ones; as may be obſerved in Lizards of all kinds, and the king of them, the Crocodile. And creatures that have no legs, as they want no necks, ſo

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they have none, as Fiſhes. This equality between the length of the neck and legs, is peculiarly ſeen in beaſts that feed on graſs. Their legs and necks are very near equal. Very near, I ſay, becauſe the neck muſt neceſſarily have ſome advantage; for it cannot hang perpendicular, but muſt incline a little.

Moreover, as theſe creatures muſt hold their heads down, for a conſiderable time together, which would be very laborious and painful for the muſcles, therefore on each ſide the neck, nature has placed a thick and ſtrong ligament, capable of ſtretching and ſhrinking again as need requires: this, which is vulgarly called *white-leather*, extends from the head (to which, and the next vertebræ of the neck it is faſtened at the end) to the middle vertebræ of the back, to which it is knit at the other. And by the aſſiſtance of this, they are able to hold the head in that poſture all day long.

Fifthly, The parts of all animals are exactly fitted to their manner of living. A notable inſtance of this is in the ſwine. His natural food being chiefly the roots of plants, he is provided with a long and ſtrong ſnout; long, that he may thruſt it to a convenient depth in the ground without offence to his eyes; ſtrong and conveniently formed, for rooting and turning up the ground. And beſides, he has an extremely quick ſcent, for finding out ſuch roots as are fit for him. Hence in *Italy*, the uſual way of finding truffles, or ſubterraneous muſhrooms, is by tying a cord to the hind-leg of a pig, and driving him before them into their paſtures. They then obſerve, where he ſtops and begins to root: and digging there they are ſure to find a truffle. So in paſtures where there are earth-nuts, though the roots are deep in the ground, and the leaves are quite gone, the Swine will find them by their ſcent, and root only in the places where they grow.

Another inſtance of like nature we have in the *Porpes* (antiently wrote *Porc-peſce*, that is, *Swine-fiſh*) which reſembles the Hog, both in the ſtrength of his ſnout and in the manner of

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of getting his food. For the ſtomach of one of theſe when diſſected, was found full of ſand-eels, which lie deep in the ſand, and cannot be gotten, but by rooting and digging there.

That very action, for which we look upon Swine as unclean creatures, namely wallowing in the mire, is deſigned by nature for a good end; not only to cool their bodies (which fair water would do as well) but alſo to ſuffocate and deſtroy fleas, lice, and other inſects, which are troubleſome and hurtful to them. For the ſame reaſon, poultry and divers other birds baſk themſelves in the duſt, in hot ſummer weather.

The *Variety* of ſhape and colour obſervable in *Beaſts*, prevents any two from being exactly alike, as much as the human features diſtinguiſh mankind one from another. Wherefore then was this variety beſtowed upon brutes? Are they at all ſenſible of ſuch diverſity? Are they the more happy, or more uſeful to one another for it? No. This variety then is doubtleſs intended for the ſake of man, to prevent confuſion, and decide and aſcertain his property.

[*To be continued.*]

EXTRACTS *from* LOCKE *on* HUMAN UNDERSTANDING: *with ſhort* REMARKS.

CHAP. XIII. *Of Simple Modes of Space.*

"Sect. 21. IF *Body* be not ſuppoſed infinite, which I think, no one will affirm, I would aſk, Whether, if God placed a man at the extremity of corporeal beings, he could not ſtretch his hand beyond his body? If he could, then he would put his arm, where there was before *Space* without *Body*; and if there he ſpread his fingers, there would ſtill be *Space* between them without *Body*: if he could not ſtretch out his hand, it muſt be becauſe of ſome external

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hinderance; (for we ſuppoſe him alive, with ſuch a power of moving the parts of his body, that he hath now, which is not in itſelf impoſſible, if God ſo pleaſed to have it; or at leaſt it is not impoſſible for God ſo to move him:) and then I aſk, Whether that which hinders his hand from moving outwards, be Subſtance or Accident, ſomething or nothing? And when they have reſolved that, they will be able to reſolve themſelves, what that is, which is, or may be between two Bodies at a diſtance, that is not Body, has no Solidity. In the mean time, the argument is at leaſt as good, That where nothing hinders, (as beyond the utmoſt bounds of all Bodies) a *Body* put into motion may move on, as where there is nothing between, there two Bodies muſt neceſſarily touch: for pure *Space* between, is ſufficient to take away the neceſſity of mutual contact; but bare *Space* in the way, is not ſufficient to ſtop the motion. The truth is, theſe men muſt either own, that they think Body infinite, though they are loth to ſpeak it out, or elſe affirm, that *Space* is not *Body*. For I would fain meet with that thinking man, that can, in his thoughts, ſet any bounds to Space, more than he can to Duration; or by thinking, hope to arrive at the end of either: and therefore if his Idea of Eternity be infinite, ſo is his Idea of Immenſity; they are both finite or infinite alike.

"Sect. 22. Farther, thoſe who aſſert the impoſſibility of *Space* exiſting without *Matter*, muſt not only make Body infinite, but muſt alſo deny a power in God to annihilate any part of Matter. No one, I ſuppoſe, will deny, that God can put an end to all motion that is in Matter, and fix all the Bodies of the univerſe in a perfect quiet and reſt, and continue them ſo as long as he pleaſes. Whoever then will allow, that God can, during ſuch a general reſt, annihilate either this Book, or the Body of him that reads it, muſt neceſſarily admit the poſſibility of a *Vacuum*: for it is evident, that the Space that was filled by the parts of the annihilated Body, will ſtill remain, and be a Space without Body. For the circumambient Bodies being in perfect reſt, are a wall of adamant,

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adamant, and in that ſtate make it a perfect impoſſibility for any other Body to get into that Space. And indeed the neceſſary motion of one particle of Matter, into the place from whence another particle of Matter is removed, is but a conſequence from the ſuppoſition of plenitude; which will therefore need ſome better proof, than a ſuppoſed matter of fact, which experiment can never make out, our own clear and diſtinct Ideas plainly ſatisfying us, that there is no neceſſary connexion between *Space* and *Solidity*, ſince we can conceive the one without the other. And thoſe who diſpute for, or againſt a *Vacuum*, do thereby confeſs they have diſtinct *Ideas* of *Vacuum* and *Plenum*, i. e. that they have an *Idea* of Extenſion void of Solidity, though they deny its exiſtence; or elſe they diſpute about nothing at all. For they who ſo much alter the ſignification of words, as to call *Extenſion*, *Body*, and conſequently make the whole eſſence of a Body to be nothing but pure Extenſion, without Solidity, muſt talk abſurdly whenever they ſpeak of *Vacuum*, ſince it is impoſſible for Extenſion to be without Extenſion. For *Vacuum*, whether we affirm or deny its exiſtence, ſignifies Space without Body, whoſe very exiſtence no one can deny to be poſſible, who will not make Matter infinite, and take from God a power to annihilate any particle of it.

"Sect. 23. But not to go ſo far as beyond the utmoſt bounds of Body in the univerſe, nor appeal to God's Omnipotency, to find a *Vacuum*, the *motion* of Bodies that are in our view and neighbourhood, ſeem to me plainly to evince it. For I deſire any one ſo to divide a ſolid Body, of any dimenſion he pleaſes, as to make it poſſible for the ſolid parts to move up and down freely every way within the bounds of that ſuperficies, if there be not left in it a void ſpace, as big as the leaſt part into which he has divided the ſaid ſolid body. And if where the leaſt particle of the Body divided, is as big as a muſtard-ſeed, a void ſpace equal to the bulk of a muſtard-ſeed, be requiſite to make room for the free motion

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of the parts of the divided Body within the bounds of its ſuperficies, where the particles of Matter are 100,000,000 leſs than a muſtard-ſeed, there muſt alſo be a ſpace void of ſolid Matter, as big as 100,000,000 part of a muſtard-ſeed; for if it hold in one, it will hold in the other, and ſo on *in infinitum*. And let this void Space be as little as it will, it deſtroys the hypotheſis of *Plenitude*. For if there can be a Space void of Body, equal to the ſmalleſt particle of Matter now exiſting in Nature, it is ſtill Space without Body, and makes as great a difference between Space and Body, as if it were Μίλια χάσμα, a diſtance as wide as any in Nature. And therefore, if we ſuppoſe not the void Space neceſſary to motion, equal to the leaſt parcel of the divided ſolid Matter, but to one-tenth or one-thouſandth part of it, the ſame conſequence will always follow of Space, without Matter.

"Sect. 24. But the queſtion being here, Whether the *Idea of Space* or *Extenſion* be *the ſame with the Idea of Body*, it is not neceſſary to prove the real exiſtence of a *Vacuum*, but the *Idea* of it; which it is plain men have, when they enquire and diſpute, whether there be a *Vacuum* or no? For if they had not the *Idea* of Space without Body, they could not make a queſtion about its exiſtence: and if their *Idea* of Body did not include in it ſomething more than the bare *Idea* of Space, they could have no doubt about the plenitude of the world; and it would be as abſurd to demand, whether there were Space without Body, as whether there were Space without Space, or Body without Body, ſince theſe were but different names of the ſame *Idea*."

[*To be continued.*]

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An Account of the PASSIONS, *or* NATURAL AFFECTIONS: *extracted from Dr. Watts.*

Of ESTEEM *and* CONTEMPT.

10. THE firſt ſort of Love is called Eſteem, and its oppoſite is Contempt. Eſteem ariſes from the conſideration of ſome excellency, in an object, and it belongs either to perſons or things. Contempt ariſes from the conſideration of a worthleſs object. So we eſteem a good picture and the hand that drew it, or a good piece of clock-work and its author: but we contemn an ill painting or any bungling performance, as well as the maker of it, conſidered in that view.

If our Eſteem be raiſed by an object which has any thing in it either grand or ſolemn, and ſacred, it is called Reverence or Veneration. So we reverence the perſons and the counſels of our parents and ſuperiors: we have a veneration for the Bible, and for the Prophets and Apoſtles.

When this Veneration has God for its object, it may be properly termed Adoration or inward Worſhip.

As we eſteem an excellent object, and contemn what is worthleſs; ſo there is a ſort of Paſſion which ariſes towards an intelligent object that has ſome diſagreeable or diſhonourable qualities, and which we may call Diſeſteem or Diſapprobation. Diſhonourable qualities are diſtinct from thoſe which are merely worthleſs, and raiſe a motion of the mind a little different from Contempt. Nor yet is Diſeſteem quite the ſame thing with Diſplicence.

If a man has too high an eſteem of his own merit, this excites Vanity. This is ſometimes called Arrogance, ſometimes Self-Admiration: but then the word Admiration does not ſignify Wonder, but Eſteem.

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From this many times ſprings boldneſs to attempt what is too hard for us; which is properly called Raſhneſs.

Hence alſo ariſe Scorn and Diſdain toward thoſe whom we think beneath us.

But the terms Scorn and Diſdain are ſometimes uſed in a good ſenſe; as when a man of virtue, diſdains and ſcorns a baſe practice.

[*To be continued.*]

A NARRATIVE *of the Cure of* SUSANNAH ARCH.

I *Suſannah Arch*, do ſolemnly declare, in the fear of God, that my diſtemper began about four years ago, with an extraordinary itching and ſcurf on my head, and afterwards it ſpread over my body. This continued about three years before I adviſed with any Phyſician to know what it was; and then my huſband died; whoſe death was attended with many aggravating circumſtances, occaſioning much ſorrow and grief: all which conduced to increaſe my diſtemper. Under my great diſtreſs of body and mind I was lamenting myſelf, ſaying, What a poor diſtreſſed widow! a poor afflicted widow! Then the Lord was pleaſed to give me in that Scripture, Romans viii. 32, *He that ſpared not his own Son, but gave him up for us all, how ſhall he not with him freely give us all things?* This I took as a bond from the Lord, wherein he was graciouſly pleaſed to bind himſelf to ſupply all my neceſſities. Immediately after my huſband's burial, being left in a poor and deſolate condition, that Scripture came to my mind, Job i. 21, *Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked ſhall I return again. The Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken away, and bleſſed be the Name of the Lord.*

After theſe troubles, my diſtemper much increaſed: then I adviſed with Mr. *Forty*, an Apothecary, who told me my diſtemper

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temper was a Leproſy. I aſked him whether it was curable: he told me it was not curable. Then I was adviſed by his wife to go to one Mrs. *Griffin*, who was noted for curing ſcald heads, who perſuaded me to go to the Hoſpital, but I found a great reluctancy thereto, having a perſuaſion from the time Mr. *Forty* told me it was incurable, that Jeſus Chriſt would cure it. Nevertheleſs conſidering that paſſage of the woman that had the bloody iſſue, that though ſhe ſpent all on phyſicians, yet this did not hinder her being cured by Chriſt when ſhe came to him; I concluded my going to the hoſpital might not hinder Chriſt's curing me: thereupon I was ſatisfied to go; and when I preſented myſelf to the Phyſician and Surgeons, they told me it was a Leproſy, and aſked me what I deſired of them? I told them I deſired to be an out-patient, on which they preſcribed me ſome medicines, but I had no faith in them, ſo I took but one doſe, and threw the reſt away, looking to a higher hand for my cure. However, I went a ſecond time, and then they who gave out the medicines, ſeeing my diſtemper, told me, it was in vain to ſpend my time in attending any further on them, for it was a Leproſy, and could not be cured. Not long after this, I was ſent by a friend of mine, on her own account, to Dr. *Bourne*, and I took that opportunity to ſhew him my diſtemper: and when he ſaw it, he lift up his hands, ſaying, Good Lord have mercy upon thee! It is a Leproſy. He likewiſe told me, there might be ſomething given to curb it (but not to cure it) if I had wherewithal to defray the charge. I told him I was a poor widow, and ſo concerned myſelf no more with him. I went away from him full of comfort, having this perſuaſion that Jeſus Chriſt would be my Phyſician.

After this, I was ſent by the ſame friend to Dr. *Clarke*, who knowing me, ſympathized with me, ſaying, Alas, poor woman, it is a Leproſy! I aſked him whether it could be cured: he told me, ſomething might be given to check it, but not to cure it; and that if I would go to Mr. *Hume's*, the

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Apothecary, he would give directions to him, and he would do what he could for me. But having no hopes of cure from any human means, I concerned myself no further about it.

After this, another friend and neighbour being sick, desired me to go to Dr. *Nicholls* for her; and after I had discoursed with him concerning my friend, I asked him what he thought of my distemper? He said, Alas! poor woman, how came you by this? I asked him what the distemper was. And he likewise told me, as the others had done, that it was a Leprosy, and incurable.

Yet all along my faith was fixed on the Lord Jesus Christ: it was on him I was resolved to rely, who in the days of his flesh cured all diseases and sicknesses among the people; and I was confident that he had the same power now he was glorified, as he had in the days of his humiliation.

Upon the last day of May, 1694, at night, when I was asleep in my bed, I was pleading with God in those words of the Psalmist, *I will cry unto God most high, unto him that performeth all things for me*, Psal. lvii. 2. And I thought I saw a man standing by me, and laying his hand on me, saying, *I will: be thou clean.* I answered, *Lord, if thou sayest the word, it is done.* To which I received this reply, *All things are possible to him that believeth.* I answered, *Lord, I believe, help thou my unbelief.* To which it was answered, *He that believes, is whole every whit*, (the hand being all the while upon my hand) thereupon I awaked, and perceived it was a dream. From that time (tho' I grew worse and worse) I was strongly persuaded I should be made whole.

And whereas I had been afflicted with a phthysical-complaint for many years, wherewith I was laid up every winter; in November last it pleased the Lord to remove that distemper without any human means. And this was to me a token that God would likewise cure me of my Leprosy. Soon after this, hearing people talk of a miraculous cure of one that was lame, I asked one that sat by me concerning it. She told

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told me, a maid that had been lame ſeventeen years was miraculouſly cured. I told her, I was waiting at the pool, believing that I ſhould be made whole. From that time my heart was drawn out to wreſtle more earneſtly with God, crying out, *Lord! why not I? why not I, a poor Leper?*

In December my diſtemper growing worſe and worſe, both on my head and body, I met with ſome inward ſtrugglings, but was helped to ſay; in the words of Job, *I know, O Lord, that thou canſt do every thing.*

On the 26th of December, I went to bed at night as bad as ever I was; and in the night had grievous temptations from the Adverſary, who told me I had no faith; and that if I had faith I might be healed: but I perceived this was to beat me off from my confidence in God. Then I was helped to look back to former experience, and remembered that about thirty years ago, when I was under great diſtreſs about the ſtate of my ſoul, I was enabled to caſt it on the Lord Jeſus Chriſt. And from that conſideration many times ſince, when I have been in great diſtreſs, with reſpect to my outward condition, I have been enabled to caſt my bodily concerns upon him. I cried out, Lord, I have caſt my ſoul and body upon thee, and now I am reſolved to caſt all my diſeaſes upon thee. Then I pleaded with God, ſaying, Lord, if I have true faith; if I have an intereſt in Chriſt, take away this diſtemper before I die. I then lay quiet, with a compoſed mind till morning. Next day I found a marvellous alteration, being much better, and more cheerful, which was diſcerned by a friend of mine, who ſaid, ſhe perceived I was much better.

The next night, as I was in bed, I put my hand to my head, firſt on one ſide, and then on the other, and felt ſkin on both ſides of it, which at firſt was ſupriſing to me. Then I ſaid, *Lord Jeſu! haſt thou begun? thou wilt carry it on.* When I aroſe in the morning, and took off my head clothes, I found the ſcurf was gone from off my head, there only remaining

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a little ſcurf like a cap on the crown of my head, which was eaſily taken off with a comb: and then appeared firm ſkin all over my head. At the ſame time my diſtemper, which was ſpread over my whole body from head to foot, even to my very toes, was taken away. And whereas I had neither ſkin nor hair on my head before, my hair is now grown to the admiration of them that behold it. And to this day, through the Lord's goodneſs, I remain free both from the Leproſy and Phthyſic.

SUSANNAH ARCH.

Jan. 16, 1694-5.

SOME of us whoſe names are ſubſcribed, have had certain knowledge of Suſannah Arch's *Diſtempers, and alſo of her Cure: and we are all fully ſatisfied in the truth of what is contained in this Narrative.*

William Kiffin,	John Piggott,
William Collins,	Benjamin Dennis,
Robert Stead,	William Draycot,
Richard Adams,	Robert Bartlett.
Edward Man,	

The Certificate of Charles Nicholls, Doctor of Phyſic.

ON the 29th of September laſt, Suſannah Arch coming to me on the behalf of another woman, deſired me to tell her what her own diſtemper was? I gave it, as my opinion, that it was a Leproſy, and could not perfectly be cured, but ſomething might be given to check it, or keep it under. Furthermore, I coming this day into Southwark, ſaw this woman was cured of her ſaid diſtemper; and I do verily believe it was done by the immediate Hand of God, as the effect of her Faith. I muſt ſay, that I ſtand in admiration in beholding this woman cured. In witneſs of all which I ſet my hand this 18th day of January, 1694-5.

CHARLES NICHOLLS.

The

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The Certificate of Mr. Thomas Forty, Apothecary.

I underſtand I was the firſt perſon that Sufannah Arch came to enquire of about her diſtemper, as ſhe declared; and I do teſtify, in the fear of God, that I did and do believe ſhe had a Leproſy; and I have ſeen her ſeveral times ſince ſhe was cured: and by my conferring with her and others, I do declare, that I verily believe ſhe is perfectly cured; and that it was not done by any human means, but by the immediate Hand and Power of Jeſus Chriſt, as the effect of her Faith. In witneſs of which I ſet my hand this 18th day of January, 1694-5.

THOMAS FORTY.

The Teſtimony of Mr. Robert Hume, Apothecary.

I Robert Hume do declare, in the fear of the all-ſeeing, heart-ſearching God, concerning Sufannah Arch, whom I have known for ſeveral years, as followeth, viz.

1. She was to my knowledge, grievouſly afflicted with an Aſthma; yea, I have ſeen her ſcarce able to go along the ſtreet ſo faſt as a child of two years old. When her huſband was ill of the ſickneſs whereof he died, if ſhe went but a croſs the chamber, ſhe would pant like one almoſt expiring, inſomuch that I thought ſhe was more likely to die than he: and ſo ſhe commonly was in the winter.

2. One day ſhe came to me, (which I think was about July laſt,) and ſhewed me her head, ſaying, Sir, Can you tell me what I have got here? I anſwered, It is a Leproſy. Ay, ſaid ſhe, ſo every body tells me; for I have been at the hoſpitals, and they all ſay ſo of it, and tell me there is no cure for it.

Now as to theſe matters I do further declare, Firſt, as to her Aſthma: I could not but admire when I was with her a little after ſhe was cured of the Leproſy, and ſaw how ſhe went along the ſtreet, and up a pair of ſtairs, and that in froſty weather, without puffing and blowing, as ſhe was uſed to

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to do. I did take particular notice how ſhe could ſpeak without fetching her breath longer than a great many that never were afflicted with any ſuch indiſpoſition.

Secondly, As for the Leproſy: it was no leſs wonder to me, that when I came to look upon that which formerly was as leprous as ſnow, I found now was become as the fleſh of a young child. I do verily believe ſhe is wholly cured of it, there being all the ſymptoms of ſoundneſs, and the hair does grow apace. Let any doubtful, make what ſearch they will, I am not afraid of being found in a miſtake in this matter. To the truth of this Atteſtation, I have hereunto ſet my hand this 12th day of February, 1694-5.

ROBERT HUME.

A SERMON

[*By Dr. CUDWORTH.*]

On 1 John ii. 3, 4.

[*Continued from page* 261.]

LET us not therefore make this our firſt attempt towards God and Religion to perſuade ourſelves of theſe everlaſting Decrees: for if at our firſt flight we aim ſo high, we ſhall but ſcorch our wings, and be ſtruck back with lightning as thoſe giants of old were, that would attempt to aſſault heaven. And indeed it is a moſt gigantical eſſay, to thruſt ourſelves ſo boldly into the lap of Heaven; it is the prank of a *Nimrod*, of *a mighty hunter*, thus rudely to deal with God. The way to obtain a good aſſurance of our title to heaven is, not to climbe up to it by a ladder of our own perſuaſions, but to dig low by humility and ſelf-denial. And though

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though this may seem to be the fartheſt way about, yet indeed it is the neareſt way to it. We muſt, as ſome of the Grecians ſpeak, *aſcend downward*, and *deſcend upward*, if we would indeed come to heaven, or get a true perſuaſion of our title to it.

The moſt triumphant confidence of a Chriſtian riſeth ſafely on this low foundation. When our heart is once tuned into a conformity with the word of God; when we feel our will perfectly to concur with his will, we ſhall then preſently perceive a *Spirit of Adoption* within ourſelves teaching us to cry, *Abba, Father.* We ſhall not then care for peeping into thoſe hidden Records of Eternity, to ſee whether our names be written there in golden characters: no, we ſhall find a copy of God's thoughts concerning us, written in our breaſts. There we may read the characters of his favour to us; there we may feel an inward ſenſe of his love to us, flowing out of our unfeigned love to him. And we ſhall be more perſuaded of it, than if any of thoſe winged Watchmen above, that are privy to Heaven's ſecrets, ſhould come and tell us, that they ſaw our names enrolled in thoſe *Volumes of Eternity.* Whereas on the contrary, though we ſtrive to perſuade ourſelves never ſo confidently that God from all eternity hath elected us to life and happineſs, if we yet entertain any iniquity within our hearts, do what we can, we ſhall find many a cold qualm now and then ſeizing upon us at approaching dangers: and when Death ſhall grimly look us in the face, we ſhall feel our ſpirits faint away, though we ſtrive to raiſe and recover them never ſo much with the *ſtrong Waters* and *Aqua-vitæ* of our own ungrounded preſumptions. But a good Conſcience will be better to a Chriſtian, than *health to his navel, and marrow to his bones*; it will be an everlaſting cordial: it will be ſofter than a bed of down, and he may ſleep ſecurely upon it in the midſt of raging and tempeſtuous ſeas. A good Conſcience is the beſt looking-glaſs of heaven; in which the ſoul may ſee God's thoughts, and purpoſes concerning

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cerning it, as if ſo many ſhining ſtars reflected to it. *Hereby we know Chriſt; hereby we know that Chriſt loves us, if we keep his commandments.*

Secondly, If hereby we know that we know Chriſt, by our keeping his commandments: then *the knowledge of Chriſt doth not conſiſt merely in a few barren Notions, in a form of certain dry and ſapleſs Opinions.*

Chriſt came not into the world to fill our heads with mere ſpeculations; to kindle a fire of contentious diſputes amongſt us, and to warm our ſpirits againſt one another with angry and peeviſh debates, whilſt in the mean time our hearts remain all ice towards God. Chriſt came not to poſſeſs our brains with ſome cold opinions, that ſend down nothing but a benumming influence upon our hearts. He is the Chriſtian whoſe heart beats with the trueſt pulſe towards heaven: not he whoſe head ſpinneth out the fineſt cobwebs.

I wiſh it were not the diſtemper of our times, to make men ſolicitous about this and that ſpeculation, which will not render them any thing the better in their lives, or the liker unto God; whilſt there is no care taken about *keeping of Chriſt's commandments*, and being renewed in our minds, according to the image of God, in righteouſneſs and true holineſs. We ſay, *Lo, here is Chriſt*; and, *Lo, there is Chriſt*, in theſe and theſe Opinions; whereas in truth Chriſt is neither here, nor there, nor any where, but where the Spirit of Chriſt, where the life of Chriſt is.

Do we not open and lock up heaven with the private key of this and that Opinion? Do we not ſuppoſe that though a perſon obſerves Chriſt's commandments never ſo ſincerely, and ſerve God with faith and a pure conſcience, yet becauſe he is not of our opinion, he hath not the right Watch-word, he muſt not paſs the Guards into heaven. Do we not make this and that Opinion, this and that outward Form, to be the *Wedding-garment*, and boldly ſentence thoſe to outer-darkneſs that are not inveſted therewith?

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with? Whereas every true Chriſtian finds the leaſt dram of hearty affection towards God to be more cordial and ſovereign to his ſoul, than all the ſpeculative Notions and Opinions in the world; and though he ſtudy alſo to inform his underſtanding aright, and free his mind from all error and miſapprehenſions; yet it is nothing but the life of Chriſt deeply rooted in his heart, which is the chymical elixir that he feeds upon. He feels himſelf ſafely anchored in God, though perhaps he is not acquainted with many of thoſe ſubtilties which others make the Alpha and Omega of their Religion. Neither is he ſcared with thoſe childiſh affrightments, with which ſome would force their private conceits upon him: he is above the ſuperſtitious dreading of mere ſpeculative opinions, as well as the ſuperſtitious reverence of outward Ceremonies: he cares not ſo much for ſubtilty as for ſoundneſs and health of mind. And indeed it is well ſpoken by a noble philoſopher, that *without purity and virtue God is nothing but an empty name*; ſo it is true here that without Chriſt's commandments, without *the life of Chriſt* dwelling in us, whatſoever opinion we entertain of him, Chriſt is only named by us, he is not known.

[*To be continued.*]

I think the following Account, one of the moſt remarkable, which I ever ſaw. I recommend it to the ſerious attention of all that have a feeling heart.

March 22, 1782. J. W.

A TALE *of* REAL WOE.

THE following little narrative is ſo ſtrictly and literally true, that it does not require any ornament from fiction, or any embelliſhment from language. I ſhall relate it with the utmoſt ſimplicity, and the cloſeſt adherence to Fact.

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Near four years ago, a young woman ſtopped at a ſmall village near *Briſtol*, and begged the refreſhment of a little milk. There was ſomething ſo attractive in her whole appearance as to engage the attention of all around her. She was extremely young, and ſtrikingly beautiful: her manners graceful and elegant, and her countenance intereſting to the laſt degree: ſhe was alone—a ſtranger—and in extreme diſtreſs; yet ſhe uttered no complaints, and uſed no arts to excite compaſſion. Her whole deportment and converſation bore viſible marks of ſuperior breeding, yet there was a wildneſs, an incoherence, and inconſiſtency in all ſhe ſaid and did. All day ſhe wandered about in ſearch of a place to lay her wretched head, and at night actually took up her lodging under an old hay-ſtack. The neighbouring Ladies remonſtrated with her on the danger of ſo expoſed a ſituation, but in vain; their bounty ſupplied her with the neceſſaries of life, but neither prayers nor menaces could induce her to ſleep in a houſe. As ſhe ſometimes diſcovered evident marks of inſanity, ſhe was at length confined.

I paſs over this period of her hiſtory—it is too touching for my own feelings.—At length ſhe was releaſed; with all the ſpeed her ſmall remains of ſtrength allowed ſhe flew to her beloved hay-ſtack, though it was ſix miles from the place of her confinement. Her rapture was inexpreſſible on finding herſelf at liberty, and once more beneath this miſerable ſhelter. It is now near four years ſince this forlorn creature has devoted herſelf to this deſolate life, ſince ſhe has known the comfort of a bed, or the protection of a roof. Hardſhip, ſickneſs, intenſe cold, and extreme miſery, have gradually injured her health, and impaired her beauty, but ſhe is ſtill a moſt intereſting figure; there is an uncommon ſweetneſs and delicacy in her air and manner; ſhe is above all that vanity ſo common to her ſex, and ſo natural to Maniacs, for ſhe will neither wear nor accept of any finery or ornaments, but hangs them on the buſhes as below her attention. She refuſes to

give

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give the leaſt account of herſelf; her ſilence on this head is invincible: her recollection ſeems impaired, and her whole mind viſibly diſturbed; yet her anſwers are pertinent enough, unleſs ſhe ſuſpects the queſtion is meant to enſnare her. Her way of life is the moſt harmleſs and unoffending that can be imagined; every fine morning ſhe walks round the villages, converſes with the poor children, makes them little preſents of ſuch things as are given her, and receives others in return; ſhe will take no food except milk, tea, and the moſt ſimple diet. No means have been left unattempted by the neighbouring Ladies (one in particular, who has been her conſtant and unwearied benefactreſs,) to prevail on her to live in a houſe, but her conſtant reply is, "*That trouble and miſery dwell in houſes, and that there is no happineſs but in liberty and freſh air.*" From a certain peculiarity of expreſſion, with a ſlight foreign tincture in her pronunciation and in the conſtruction of ſome ſentences, ſome have been led to conjecture, that ſhe is not of this country. Various attempts have been made at different times to draw from this circumſtance ſome knowledge of her origin. About a year ago a Gentleman ſpoke to her in the language of the continent; ſhe appeared uneaſy, reſtleſs, and embarraſſed; but when he addreſſed her in German, her emotion was too great to be ſuppreſſed; ſhe turned from him, and burſt into tears. The Anecdote, which is told in the neighbourhood, was a few days ago, related to two Gentlemen, whom humanity led to viſit this forlorn creature. One of them, who ſpoke German fluently, made the experiment; ſhe was evidently confuſed, bluſhed, and from accident, or a knowledge in the language, anſwered ſome queſtions in Engliſh; but feeling as if ſhe had been hurried into an imprudence, ſhe artfully changed the ſubject, and denied having underſtood what had been ſaid to her.

This artleſs ſtory is written with no other view but the warm hope that it may catch the eye of ſome one intereſted

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in this tale of woe, and the ardent wiſh of reſtoring an amiable and wretched young creature to the arms of (perhaps) a broken hearted parent.

The preceding *Tale of real Woe* (which firſt made its appearance in the St. James Chronicle, and ſince in various other publications) has induced many to viſit the unfortunate Object alluded to, and they fully confirm the truth of this deſcriptive and affecting narration. Some perſons feeling themſelves particularly intereſted for her ſafety and welfare, and conſidering on every hand, the inclemencies to which ſhe is expoſed, are anxious to remove her to ſome ſuitable place, where every attendance may be given, which the circumſtances of her caſe require; in order, if poſſible, to reſtore her to health of body and mind.

To defray the needful expences of this meaſure, Donations and Annual Subſcriptions are ſolicited; for which purpoſe Books are opened at the Miſs *Mores*, Park-ſtreet; Dr. *Till-Adams's*, Union-ſtreet; and at Mr. *J. B. Becket's*, Bookſeller, oppoſite the Exchange; where thoſe who may be deſirous of further information, are requeſted to apply.

To conclude—If *Innocence* and *Beauty* in *diſtreſs*—if *Delicacy* and *Virtue*—ſecluded from human ſociety—where the *Rays* of the *Underſtanding* have ceaſed to *illume*—are ſubjects of *tender Conſideration*—this *inſtance* of *Calamity* has ſurely an *eſpecial* Claim to the *Tear* of *Compaſſion*—to the *Smile* of *Benevolence*.

Briſtol, Dec. 12, 1781.

Friday, March 15. I called on Mr. *Henderſon*, at *Hannam*, and ſpent ſome time with the poor, diſconſolate creature. Such a ſight, in the ſpace of near eighty years, I never beheld before. Pale and wan, worne with ſorrow, beaten with wind and rain, (having been ſo long expoſed to all weathers,) with her hair rough and frizzled, and a blanket wrapt round her. Native Beauty gleamed through all. Her Features were

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were ſmall and finely turned; her Eyes had a peculiar ſweetneſs; her Arms and Fingers were delicately ſhaped; her Voice ſoft and agreeable. But her Underſtanding was in ruins: ſhe appeared partly inſane, partly ſilly and childiſh. She would anſwer no queſtions concerning herſelf; only that her name was *Louiſa*: ſeemed not to take notice of any perſon or thing, and ſeldom ſpake above a word or two at a time. Mr. *Henderſon* has ſpared no pains, ſince ſhe was brought to him. And with regard to her body he has been ſucceſsful, having reſtored her to ſome degree of health. She appears to love him much, (as indeed all the patients do,) and he is exceeding tender of her. She is alone in a clean, large room, with a conſtant fire, and wants nothing that is proper for her.

Sometime ſince a Gentleman called, who ſaid, he came two hundred miles, on purpoſe to enquire after her. When he came in, ſhe took no notice of him at all: but when he ſaw her face, he trembled exceedingly. All he ſaid was, "She was born in Germany; and is not four and twenty years old."

A Gentleman in Devonſhire affirms, (how truly I cannot tell,) That he knows her well: that her father is a German Baron: that a Gentleman married her ſome years ſince, brought her over to England, and after awhile deſerted her. If this be true, a very eaſy account may be given of her inſanity. But what a Villain!

LETTERS.

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LETTERS.

LETTER CCXXXVIII.

[From Mrs. S. R. to the Rev. Mr. Weſley.]

Briſtol, Feb. 1, 1758.

Rev. and dear Sir,

I Am thankful if my Lord continue to make me a bleſſing to your ſoul. For O! how I long for you to be holy, in ſpirit, ſoul, and body! Has God fixt a reſolution in your ſoul, to graſp the glorious prize? Do not you depend too much upon any creature? We muſt not ſay, "Lord, work by this or that perſon or thing. Work as thou wilt, and how thou wilt! Only finiſh thy work in my ſoul." O dear Sir, It is a good, but painful fight; indeed it is fighting up to the knees in blood. Nature will not ſubmit to die. But away with it; crucify it; crucify it! "The ſins that murdered God ſhall die."

Dear Sir, uſe much private Prayer, and much good will come out of all this. Let us ſtand ſtill, and we ſhall ſee the great ſalvation of God. In the mean time, having our eye ſingle, our intention pure, determined to be on the Lord's ſide.

O how good is God to my ſoul! I do not need *ſin* to humble me. For he breaks me in pieces with his ten thouſand bleſſings. I find a life that never dies; a hidden life above. Neither pain nor eaſe, ſmiles nor frowns, life nor death, can part me from my Love.

I am ſometimes tempted, becauſe I do not labour more with my hands. But O! the thirſt I feel for ſouls! I know not but the Lord lays his hand on my body in mercy, or I ſhould

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ſhould have little time for retirement: for I could be ſpeaking and going about all the day. O Sir, let us make haſte to live!

The Lord grant you the deſire of your ſoul upon me! O that I may be like my ſpotleſs Maſter! The thought makes my heart leap again. This is all I thirſt for, and ſhort of this I will not live. Jeſus hath purchaſed all for *me*. Pray help me by your prayers!

O my Father, look up! The chariots and horſe-men of Iſrael! O for faith to lay hold on all the promiſes! Let us pray more than ever, and the Lord will keep us from every ſnare of the devil!

I am your affectionate Child and Servant,

S. R.

LETTER CCXXXIX.

[From Miſs M. to the Rev. Mr. Weſley.]

October 7, 1762.

Rev. and dear Sir,

I Have found you much laid on my heart, and have power to commend you to Him who is able to help you; and who, I believe, will with-hold from you no manner of thing that is good. He delighteth in the proſperity of his ſervants; and my heart's deſire and prayer for you is, that Jeſus may ſet you as a ſeal on his heart, and diſcloſe to you all the ſecrets of his love, the hidden myſteries of his kingdom. This is a time when you have need of his eye to guide you. He will direct you in all your paths. I rejoice that that word is true, "My grace is ſufficient for thee."

I believe, I need not aſk you to forgive the freedom of my ſtile, becauſe I am perſuaded you would have me ſimply write the

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the language of my heart. I desire to consider you as my Minister, and to treat you with the respect that character claims.

I have abundant reason to praise my Lord, for I feel him to be my portion, and he makes me happy by giving me himself. I only thirst for a deeper knowledge of Jesus, whom to know is eternal life. There is no complaining in my streets, for the voice of joy and gladness is heard in my land: the Lord hath rooted and grounded me in his love, and taught me to *come* to him for a supply of my present wants. I strove, I laboured to do, and to suffer the will of God, but I was continually foiled, because I did not *believe* as my day, my strength should be; I mean, I stood in some measure in the strength of the present grace, without coming every moment for a fresh supply. The many arguments I had heard against the doctrine of Salvation from Sin, and the continual attacks of Satan with, How can these things be! And how is this or the other thing consistent, &c. made me reason much whether there was *sin* in my heart? I could not believe there was, and yet I did not dare to say there was *not*. But after much reasoning about the matter, sometimes fearing every thing was a delusion, I alway left off just as I begun, and felt the truth of those words, "Man by wisdom knew not God." I strove to search Him out by my Reason, but I found *Faith* alone revealed the Saviour to my heart. When I was taken sick, my reasonings all dropt for a season, and I felt a power to take God at his word; my soul was quite happy, and I could not doubt but his precious blood had cleansed me from *sin*. I have not doubted ever since, I feel it such a self-evident thing, something so *real*! Neither do I find that the Enemy hath power to bring his temptations so close to my heart; but I dwell in the light, and that light shews me what I am. I do not *now* seek to find out the state of my soul by my Reason: but I look to Jesus, that his Spirit may reveal his thoughts of me, and I find the whispers of his voice

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voice is *peace*. I feel I live in the poſſeſſion of that promiſe, "I will not leave you comfortleſs, but becauſe I *live*, ye ſhall live alſo;" and it is true in him and no lie, for by believing, eternal life abideth in us.

I am weak and helpleſs, but in the Lord I have righteouſneſs and ſtrength. Help me to praiſe my everlaſting Friend, for great is his goodneſs, great is his bounty. Pray for me; and believe me your obliged Servant in the Lord,

J. C. M.

LETTER CCXL.

[From the ſame.]

October 16, 1762.

Rev. and dear Sir,

I Thank you for yours. The Lord is good to all who truſt in him. Whoever make the eternal God their refuge, will prove him to be the ſtrong city; and experience that he hath appointed ſalvation for walls and bulwarks. The deſire of my heart is to receive the law from his mouth, and to lay up his words in my heart; for they are ſpirit and life: and man liveth by every word that proceedeth from the mouth of God. My chief bleſſing of late has been, in underſtanding more fully the union between Chriſt and my ſoul; and how much I am *one* with him. That word has been unſpeakably precious to me, "As the Father hath loved *me*, ſo have I loved *you*. Continue ye in my *love*." We may well long to know, What manner of love it is wherewith he hath loved us; becauſe it paſſeth knowledge. When I read the Scripture, every text is ſo full of meaning, that my underſtanding is too ſhallow to ſearch into all the riches contained therein. The word of God is like himſelf, incomprehenſible; and I daily learn to know that I know nothing, and can only underſtand as he, by

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his Spirit, explains the hidden myſtery: and I rejoice that the ſecret of the Lord is with thoſe who fear him.

I am more and more convinced that one thing is needful; and by his grace I am determined only to know Jeſus Chriſt and him crucified. His *will* I deſire to make my rule of action in every minute thing; and if I watch always, I am perſuaded I ſhall hear that voice behind me ſaying, *This is the way, walk ye in it.*

That the Lord may bleſs, and fill you with holineſs, is the prayer of your obliged and obedient Servant in Chriſt,

J. C. M.

LETTER CCXLI.

[From the ſame.]

February 8, 1763.

Dear Sir,

I Feel for your preſent trials; but I hope the Lord will ſupport you. It is a matter of comfort that you did not force any of thoſe people to ſeparate from you. I fear for them, and yet I believe they are devoted to God; though there appears a want of bowels of compaſſion. I have obſerved in them an inattention to that command, "Be ye merciful as your Father which is in heaven is merciful." True is that word, "God is *love*, and he that dwelleth in *love*, dwelleth in God, and God in him.

I praiſe the Lord, that in ſome meaſure, I experience the ſalvation you preach; yet not in all the fulneſs thereof. I find my heart given to God without reſerve. My deſire is unto him, and unto the remembrance of his name. But I do not feel always the ſame fervor. Sometimes I experience a kind of heavineſs of ſpirit. I think I am always ſenſible of the multitude of mercies with which I am ſurrounded, and

in

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in some degree thankful for them, though I have not such a lively sense at sometimes as at others. I find temptations to *pride*; but my soul takes refuge under the shadow of the Almighty. I do not feel anger, though I am not so well-pleased with all I meet with. I am sensible I want more tender compassion for all in affliction. I often think, I was formerly more unfeeling than any body; and in all the outward trials I meet with, my greatest is, that I am too little sensible of them: I want that mind that was in Jesus, when he wept over Jerusalem.

I am found fault with by some, for being blind to the faults of those I love much. I know it is a comfortable way; for if I was to dwell upon all the evil there appears in every one, I fear my love would be lessened towards them. Before I was a Christian I could love nobody, unless my affection was founded on esteem. You will give me your opinion on this head. If we judge of every action rigorously, I know not where we shall find any saved *from sin*. I believe all the degrees of grace you preach is both scriptural, and attainable; but I doubt whether any body is truly or properly *sinless* before God.

I am, dear Sir, yours, &c.

J. C. M.

LETTER CCXLII.

[From Mr. A. O. to the Rev. Mr. Wesley.]

Manchester, Jan. 8, 1763.

Reverend Sir,

AMONGST the many relations you have of the work of God under your direction, I think it my duty to add to your consolation, by acquainting you of the

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happy union in your little Society here. I think we are in a prosperous way, growing up into the mind that was in Christ Jesus. It is my province once a week to enquire what fresh Members we have, and who are justified in the preceding week. And it appears to me, as if every soul was pressing towards the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. Many, most, nay, near all that came after me, are preferred before me. I find them exceeding kind; most of them being willing to lend me their helping hand. But what had almost borne me down was, Mr. *Furz's* enjoining me to take part of Mr. *Mattis's* Class. I durst not refuse, though it threw me into great conflicts. I cried to God, and he strengthened my hands. About a month since, one in the Class found the blessing of a clean heart; the power of God was so awful, that we were obliged to be silent before him. I mustered up all my resolution, that I might not expose myself. But I was obliged to submit, after some struggles, to lie as clay before him. I find my soul in solid peace, and crying for the indubitable seal. Many help me with their prayers, so that I expect God will soon give me what I long and wait for. Pray for your assured Friend, but unworthy Brother in Christ Jesus.

A. O.

****

POETRY.

THOUGHTS ON IMPUTED RIGHTEOUSNESS,

Occasioned by reading the Rev. Mr. Hervey's *Dialogues between* Theron *and* Aspasio. *By Dr.* Byrom.

PART III.

ADAM and *Eve*, by *Satan's* wiles decoyed,
Did what the kind Commandment said—avoid.
To them with justice therefore you impute
The sin of eating the forbidden fruit;

And

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And every imputation muſt in fact,
If juſt, be built on ſome preceding act;
Without the previous deed ſuppoſed, the word
Becomes unjuſt, unnatural, and abſurd.

If as you ſeemed to think the other day,
All *Adam's* race, in ſome myſterious way,
Sinned when he ſinned; conſented to his fall,
With juſtice then impute it to them all:
But ſtill it follows that they all contract
An imputation founded upon fact.
And *Righteouſneſs of Chriſt*, in Chriſtian heirs
Muſt be as deeply and as truly theirs;
A heavenly life in order to replace,
As was the ſin that made a guilty race.

Old *Eli* thus, not knowing what to think,
Imputed *Hannah's* violent prayer to drink.
Little ſuppoſing that it would prepare
A ſucceſſor to him, her ſilent prayer.
There may be other meanings of the phraſe,
To be accounted for in human ways;
But God's imputing to the future Child,
The ſin by which his Parents were beguiled,
Seems to eſtabliſh, an unrighteous blame,
That brings no honour to its Maker's name.

A ſerious REFLECTION *on* NEW YEAR'S-DAY.

BEHOLD, my Friend, the radiant ſun,
Once more his annual courſe has run,
And finds thee ſtill the ſame!
Reaſon with cuſtom ſtrives in vain;
But cannot break ſtern habit's chain;
Nor one fierce paſſion tame.

With

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With health and ſpirits not content;
On pleaſures ſtill, or trifles bent,
Each glittering work of art;
A picture, medal, buſt, or ſeal,
From Wiſdom's charms thy love can ſteal,
And captivate thy heart.

But ah! though *Tully* pleads in vain,
Nor *Seneca* can yet reſtrain
The ardors of thy ſoul:
Oh! liſten what the ſacred page
Preſcribes to check wild fancy's rage,
And every thought control.

No longer with the Muſes ſport;
Let younger Bards their favour court,
On whom they gladly ſmile:
Though yet indulged, hope not for praiſe;
Ah, how inſipid are thy lays!
How obſolete thy ſtyle!

Each fond purſuit of life give o'er;
Old age creeps on, then write no more
In proſe or jingling rhyme;
With critic eye thy *works review*;
Scan well thy ways; thy life renew;
Correct thy faults in time.

"Thy counſel's good: heaven grant I may,
Whilſt life remains, each fleeting day
Some human frailty mend!
With conſcience clear, then cheerful wait
The time allotted to my fate;
Still mindful of my end!"

To

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To a YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

BE not, my Friend, by *youth* deceiv'd,
Nor let the *Siren* be believ'd,
Though ſmooth and ſoft her ſtrain:
Away on whirling wheels ſhe flies,
Swift as the guſt that rides the ſkies
Without or yoke or rein.

Youth muſt reſign its blooming charms
To *Age*, whoſe cold, whoſe frozen arms
Will wither every joy:
'Tis brittle glaſs; 'tis rapid ſtream;
'Tis melting wax, 'tis hair-dreſſ'd dream,
That *Time* will ſoon deſtroy.

So ſmiles at Morn the dewy Roſe,
And to the genial breezes blows,
Revolving odours round:
But, cruſh'd by Even'ing's furious rains,
It droops, it ſinks upon the plains,
Down-trodden on the ground.

Hours, days, months, years impetuous fly,
Like meteors darting through the ſky,
And muſt return no more.
Know my young Friend, that moments fled,
Are moments ever, ever dead,
And cancell'd from thy ſcore.

See how the globes, that ſail the heav'n,
Around in rapid eddies driv'n,
Are haſt'ning to their doom:
Time ruſhes to *Eternity*,
Eager in his embrace to die,
His parent and his tomb.

Though

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Though we in this low vale were born,
Yet this low vale our ſouls ſhould ſcorn,
And to the heaven ſhould riſe:
So the larks hatched on clods of earth,
Diſdain their mean inglorious birth,
And warble to the ſkies.

On an URN *at* WORVILLE, *in* SHROPSHIRE.

STRANGER! if woods and lawns like theſe;
If rural ſcenes thy fancy pleaſe;
Ah! ſtop awhile, and penſive view
Poor *Shenſtone's* Urn: who oft, like you,
Theſe woods and lawns well-pleaſed has roved,
And oft theſe rural ſcenes approved.
Like him be thou fair Virtue's friend,
And health, and peace, thy ſteps attend!

A SHORT HYMN.

James ii. 22. *Thou ſeeſt that faith wrought together with his works, and by works was faith made perfect.*

THE power of faith his works begot,
They did not life on faith beſtow,
But faith with works together wrought,
And working faith did ſtronger grow;
New life by exerciſe obtain,
And thus its full perfection gain.

As motion raiſed by vital heat,
Increaſe the heat, and vigour brings,
The work which faith doth firſt beget,
Augments the ſource from whence it ſprings;
And faith by each exertion grows,
And fuller ſtill the fountain flows.

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THE Arminian Magazine, For JULY 1782.

Of FREE-WILL: tranſlated from SEBASTIAN CASTELLIO's *Dialogues, between* Lewis *and* Frederic.

DIALOGUE III.

[*Continued from page* 285.]

Fred. HAVING ſhewn that the will of man is free, I will ſhew farther, that this is the cauſe, why although God willeth all men to be ſaved, yet all men are not ſaved. You know what choice was given to David: *Chuſe*, ſaith the Prophet, *either three years famine, or three months to be deſtroyed before thy foes, or three days the ſword of the Lord*, even *the peſtilence in the land.* Do you think, David had a free choice? *Lewis.* Doubtleſs: for God did not mock him. *Fred.* His will therefore was free herein. *Lewis.* It was. *Fred.* And if he had choſe famine, or war, he would have had

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had this, not the peſtilence. *Lewis.* Certainly. *Fred.* And do you think that God, in the other things which he offers to the choice of man, is ſerious, and does not mock him! *Lewis.* I do. *Fred.* Let us appeal to inſtances from the beginning. Firſt, God ſays to *Cain* (Gen. iv. 7.) *If thou doſt well, ſhalt not thou be accepted*, as well as Abel: *and if thou doſt not well, ſin lieth at the door.* It is thy own wilful ſin which lies in the way of thy acceptance. Indeed had he not been convinced of this he would ſcarce have ſaid, *My ſin is too great to be forgiven.* (That is the true rendering of the words.) And how much juſter herein is Cain, than your friends? For he lays the blame upon himſelf: they throw it upon God, who ſo decreed it, that it was impoſſible for him not to kill his Brother.

Come we next to the Iſraelites, whom God commanded to invade Canaan. If it was not his will, why did he command it, and puniſh them for not doing it? Indeed, if he does not will what he commands, how ſhall we know his will? Or if he has two wills contrary to each other, will not this ſometimes bring us into ſuch a ſtrait, that whether we do what he commands, or not, we ſhall ſin? So that it ſignifies nothing, whether we do it or no? For if we do what he commands, and he has decreed the contrary, we ſin againſt his ſecret will: if we do it not, we ſin againſt his declared will. Yea, whether we do or do it not, we always obey his will. For if we do what he commands, we obey his revealed will: if we do what he forbids, we do his ſecret will. And ſince both of theſe are equally holy, it is no matter which we obey!

Come we now to the words of God in *Iſaiah*; (chap. v. 3, 4,) *And now, O inhabitants of Jeruſalem, and men of Judah, judge I pray you betwixt me and my vineyard? What could have been done more for my vineyard that I have not done? Wherefore, when I looked that it ſhould bring forth grapes, brought it forth wild grapes?* What can be anſwered? What more could be required of Him? The fault clearly lay in their own will.

I had

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I had almoſt forgot the word of God by Moſes, (Deut. xxx. 19,) *I ſet before you life and death; good and evil: therefore chuſe life.* If they ſaid, But their choice was not free, I aſk firſt, Why then was the offer made? And, ſecondly, Did not many embrace it, as Caleb and Joſhua, who did in fact chuſe life? The ſame choice is given them by Jeremiah (chap. xxi. 8, 9,) *I ſet before you the way of life, and the way of death. He that abideth in the city, ſhall die by the ſword, and by the famine, and by the peſtilence. But he that goeth out and falleth to the Chaldeans that beſiege you, he ſhall live.* Now, I pray, was it not in their power, to chuſe one or the other?

I will cite but one inſtance more: *O Jeruſalem, Jeruſalem,* (they are our Lord's words,) *thou that killeſt the prophets, and ſtoneſt them which are ſent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings; and ye would not,* Matt. xxiii. 37. Hence thoſe tears which Chriſt ſhed, when he wept over Jeruſalem: which he certainly would not have done, had he willed that it ſhould periſh. For it would have been ridiculous to have wept becauſe that was done, which he himſelf had willed.

Lewis. But they ſay, God wills ſome things only conditionally; ſome things abſolutely. He wills conditionally, that all men ſhould be ſaved; namely, if they believe the Goſpel. But he wills abſolutely that the Elect ſhould be ſaved, and therefore gives them all things neceſſary for ſalvation. *Fred.* What, does God will to ſave any, without any condition at all? That is, whether they believe or not? For if they are ſaved without any condition, they are ſaved with or without Faith. *Lewis.* Not ſo: God gives them Faith, and all things neceſſary to ſalvation. *Fred.* If thoſe things are neceſſary to ſalvation, they are not ſaved without any condition, but on condition of believing the Goſpel: ſince this, you ſay, is neceſſary, there is a condition in either caſe. And

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if you deny there is any condition in thoſe that are ſaved, becauſe they cannot but believe, I muſt likewiſe deny there is any condition to them that periſh, becauſe they cannot believe. And ſo there is no condition on either ſide.

Lewis. But ſuppoſing there is a condition on either ſide, yet they ſay, here is the difference, God gives all things neceſſary for ſalvation to the elect; but to none elſe. *Fred.* If ſo, he does not will all thoſe to be ſaved, whom he invites to ſalvation. For to will that they ſhould be ſaved, implies the willing that they be ſupplied with all things neceſſary to ſalvation. If a phyſician who alone could cure you of a fever, ſhould ſay, "I am willing to cure you of your fever," and yet would not give you the things which are neceſſary to cure it, what would you ſay? *Lewis.* That he lied, or that he mocked me. *Fred.* What if to him who ſaid, *Lord, if thou wilt, thou canſt make me clean*, Chriſt had anſwered, *I will: be thou clean:* and yet had not cleanſed him, what would you ſay? *Lewis.* That Chriſt had mocked him. *Fred.* The caſe is juſt the ſame. For if God ſays, "I will, that all men be ſaved," and yet will not ſupply all men with all things neceſſary to ſalvation, he undoubtedly mocks them. If you were to ſay to your ſon, "I will have you learn to write, and yet gave him neither pen, ink, nor paper, which he could not have but from you; and afterwards were angry with him, becauſe he had not learnt, who would not think you a madman? And they ſuppoſe God to act exactly in this manner.

Who can reconcile theſe contradictions? God ſays, *Come unto me, and I will give you reſt:* while, mean time, he has ſo bound me by his decree, that I can no more come unto him than I can fly: and afterwards, becauſe I cannot come, he caſts me into everlaſting fire! He ſaid to dead *Lazarus*, *Come forth.* And he that was dead, came forth. He ſaith unto me, "Come forth out of thy ſins." And is it his will that I ſhould not come forth? Such is the power of his word, that it commands winds, ſeas, devils, diſeaſes, death, and they obey.

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obey. And is it his will, that I ſhould not obey when he commands? Does hé himſelf ſo bind me, that I cannot? Who even of *us* is capable of ſuch injuſtice? O beware of thinking God capable of it!

[*To be continued.*]

SERMON X.

On GENESIS i. 31.

And God ſaw every thing that he had made; and behold, it was very good.

1. WHEN God created the heavens and the earth, and all that is therein, at the concluſion of each day's work it is ſaid, *And God ſaw that it was good.* Whatever was created was good in its kind, ſuited to the end for which it was deſigned, adapted to promote the good of the whole, and the glory of the great Creator. This ſentence it pleaſed God to paſs, with regard to each particular creature. But there is a remarkable variation of the expreſſion, with regard to all the parts of the Univerſe, taken in connexion with each other, and conſtituting one ſyſtem. *And God ſaw every thing that he had made: and behold, it was very good!*

2. How ſmall a part of this great work of God is man able to underſtand! But it is our duty to contemplate what he has wrought, and to underſtand as much of it as we are able. For *the merciful Lord*, as the Pſalmiſt obſerves, *hath ſo done his marvellous works*, of Creation as well as of Providence, *that they ought to be had in remembrance* by all that fear him, which they cannot well be, unleſs they are underſtood. Let us then, by the aſſiſtance of that Spirit who giveth unto man underſtanding, endeavour to take a general ſurvey of the works

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works which God made in this lower world, as they were, before they were disordered and depraved, in consequence of the sin of man: we shall then easily see, that as every creature was *good* in its primeval state; so when all were compacted in one general System, *behold, they were very good.* I do not remember to have seen any attempt of this kind, unless in that truly excellent Poem, (termed by Mr. *Hutchinson*, *That wicked farce:*) *Milton's* Paradise Lost.

1. *In the beginning God created the matter of the heavens and the earth.* (So the words, as a great man observes, may properly be translated.) He first created the four Elements, out of which the whole Universe was composed, Earth, Water, Air, and Fire, all mingled together in one common mass. The grossest parts of this, the earth and water, were utterly without form, till God infused a principle of motion, commanding the Air to move *upon the face of the waters.* In the next place, *the Lord God said, Let there be light: and there was light.* Here were the four constituent parts of the universe: the true, original, simple Elements. They were all essentially distinct from each other: and yet so intimately mixt together in all compound bodies, that we cannot find any, be it ever so minute, which does not contain them all.

2. *And God saw that* every one of these *was good*, was perfect in its kind. The *earth* was good: the whole surface of it was beautiful in a high degree. To make it more agreeable,

> "He clothed
> The universal face with pleasant green."

He adorned it with Flowers of every hue, and with Shrubs and Trees of every kind. And every part was fertile as well as beautiful: it was no where deformed by rough or ragged rocks: it did not shock the view with horrid precipices, huge chasms,

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chaſms, or dreary caverns; with deep, impaſſable moraſſes, or deſerts of barren ſand. But we have not any authority to ſay, with ſome learned and ingenious Authors, That there were no Mountains on the original earth, no unevenneſſes on its ſurface. It is not eaſy to reconcile this Hypotheſis, with thoſe words of *Moſes*, *The waters increaſed—and all the high hills, that were under the whole heaven were covered. Fifteen cubits upward* (above the higheſt) *did the waters prevail; and the mountains were covered*, Gen. vii. 19, 20. We have no reaſon to believe, that theſe mountains were produced by the deluge itſelf. Not the leaſt intimation of this is given: therefore we cannot doubt but they exiſted before it: indeed they anſwered many excellent purpoſes, beſide greatly increaſing, the beauty of the creation, by a variety of proſpects, which had been totally loſt, had the earth been one extended plain. Yet we need not ſuppoſe that their ſides were abrupt, or difficult of aſcent. It is highly probable, that they roſe and fell, by almoſt inſenſible degrees.

3. As to the internal parts of the earth, even to this day, we have ſcarce any knowledge of them. Many have ſuppoſed the centre of the Globe to be ſurrounded with an abyſs of fire. Many others have imagined it to be incompaſſed with an abyſs of water; which they ſuppoſed to be termed in ſcripture, *the great deep*, Gen. vii. 11: all the fountains of which were broken up, in order to the general deluge. But however this was, we are ſure all things were diſpoſed therein, with the moſt perfect order and harmony. Hence there were no agitations within the bowels of the Globe: no violent convulſions; no concuſſions of the Earth; no Earthquakes; but all was unmoved as the pillars of heaven. There were then no ſuch thing as eruptions of fire: there were no Volcanos, burning Mountains. Neither Veſuvius, Ætna nor Hecla, if they had any being, then poured out ſmoke and flame: but were covered with a verdant mantle, from the top to the bottom.

4. The

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4. The Element of *Water*, it is probable was then moſtly confined within the great abyſs. In the New Earth (as we are informed by the Apoſtle, Rev. xxi. 1,) *There will be no more ſea*: none covering as now the face of the earth, and rendering ſo large a part of it uninhabitable by man. Hence it is probable, there was no external Sea in the Paradiſiacal earth: none, until the Great Deep burſt the barriers which were originally appointed for it: indeed there was not then that need of the Ocean for Navigation, which there is now. For either (as the Poet ſuppoſes)

Omnis tulit omnia tellus;

Every country produced whatever was requiſite either for the neceſſity or comfort of its inhabitants: or man being then (as he will be again at the reſurrection) equal to angels, was able to convey himſelf at his pleaſure, to any given diſtance. Over and above that thoſe flaming Meſſengers were always ready to miniſter to the heirs of ſalvation. But whether there was ſea or not, there were rivers ſufficient to water the earth and make it very plenteous. Theſe anſwered all the purpoſes of convenience and pleaſure;

By "liquid lapſe of murmuring ſtream."

To which were added gentle genial ſhowers, with ſalutary miſts and exhalations. But there were no putrid lakes, no turbid or ſtagnating waters; but only

Such as "bore impreſt
Fair Nature's image on their placid breaſt."

5. The Element of *Air* was then always ſerene, and always friendly to man. It contained no frightful Meteors, no unwholſome

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unwholſome vapours, no poiſonous exhalations. There were no tempeſts, but only cool and gentle breezes,

Genitabilis aura Favoni

fanning both man and beaſt, and wafting the fragrant odours on their ſilent wings.

6. The Sun, the fountain of *Fire*,

"Of this great world both Eye and Soul,"

was ſituated at the moſt exact diſtance from the Earth, ſo as to yield a ſufficient quantity of heat, (neither too little nor too much,) to every part of it God had not yet

"Bid his Angels turn aſkance
This oblique Globe."

There was therefore, then no Country that groaned under

"The Rage of Arctos, and eternal Froſt."

There was no violent Winter, or ſultry Summer; no extreme either of Heat or Cold. No Soil was burnt up by the Solar Heat: none uninhabitable through the want of it. Thus Earth, Water, Air and Fire all conſpired together to the welfare and pleaſure of man.

7. To the ſame purpoſe ſerved the grateful viciſſitude of light and darkneſs, day and night. For as the human body, though not liable to death or pain, yet needed continual ſuſtenance by food, ſo although it was not liable to wearineſs, yet needed continual reparation by ſleep. By this the ſprings of the animal machine were wound up from time to time, and kept always fit for the pleaſing labour, for which man was deſigned by his Creator. Accordingly, *the evening and the morning were the firſt day*, before ſin or pain was in the world.

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The firſt natural day had one part dark, for a ſeaſon of repoſe; one part light, for a ſeaſon of labour. And even in paradiſe *Adam ſlept*, (chap. ii. 21,) before he ſinned; ſleep therefore belonged to innocent human nature. Yet I do not apprehend, it can be inferred from hence, that there is either darkneſs or ſleep in heaven. Surely there is no darkneſs in that city of God. Is it not expreſsly ſaid, (Rom. xxii. 5,) *There ſhall be no night there?* Indeed they have no light from the ſun; but *the Lord giveth them light.* So it is all day in heaven, as it is all night in hell. On earth we have a mixture of both. Day and night ſucceed each other, till earth ſhall be turned to heaven. Neither can we at all credit the account given by the antient Poet, concerning Sleep in heaven; although he allows *cloud-compelling Jove* to remain awake, while the inferior gods were ſleeping. 'Tis pity therefore that our great Poet ſhould copy ſo ſervilely after the old heathen, as to tell us,

" Sleep had ſealed
All but the unſleeping eyes of God himſelf."

Not ſo: they that *are before the throne of God* ſerve *him day and night*, (ſpeaking after the maner of men,) *in his temple*, Rev. vii. 15. That is, without any interval. As wicked ſpirits are tormented day and night, without any intermiſſion of their miſery; ſo holy Spirits enjoy God day and night, without any intermiſſion of their happineſs.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

Some Account of Mr. WILLIAM FERGUSON: *aged* 47.

[*Concluded from page* 297.]

16. IN that moment my hell was turned into heaven: joyful day, that aſcertained the kingdom mine; juſt two years after the Lord had awakened me out of the ſleep of death.

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death. I ſeemed now to be in another world: every thing was new. Every thing about me was comfortable; for the Lord ſmiled upon my ſoul. For two days and two nights, every breath I drew was Praiſe and Prayer, having a ſweet intercourſe opened between God and my ſoul. When Satan tempted, I ſaid, "Go to my Lord!" And the temptation died away. Whatever I wanted, I could make my requeſt known to my reconciled Father for it, in the name of his well-beloved Son. And he granted my petition. I aſked of him two temporal bleſſings, the one that he would give me a lawful Calling, wherein I might not be ſo continually teazed to work on the Sabbath-day: the other, that he would give me a Help-mate. He anſwered me in both. He inclined the heart of a Watchmaker to teach me his trade; who afterwards gave me his Grand-daughter to Wife. And from that time we have ſweetly gone on hand in hand, towards our Father's kingdom.

17. Some time after, having a great deſire to ſee my Parents once more, I went with my Wife to *Holy Iſland*. But now I was expoſed to a danger I had not foreſeen. I was employed in my trade by ſome of the firſt people in the country, and frequently invited to their houſes; whereby Pride and other unholy tempers began to revive in my ſoul. However, by the grace of God, I continued fighting againſt them, tho' ſometimes conquering, ſometimes yielding. Indeed I ſeemed like a door upon the hinges, turning backwards and forwards. This filled me with unſpeakable grief: and though I ſtill knew, God was reconciled, yet I went mourning all the day long, becauſe of inbred ſin.

18. But about fourteen years ago, as I was one night ſitting in my houſe at *Alnwick*, in *Northumberland*, my family being all in bed, I began reading one of Mr. *Walſh's* Sermons. When I came to thoſe words, "Salvation is two-fold, Emptying us of Evil, and filling us with Good!" My heart was melted down, and I cried out, "Lord, give me at leaſt the

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former part of thy ſalvation. Empty me of evil!" In a moment I felt ſuch a change as no tongue can expreſs. I felt every kind and degree of Anger and Reſentment quite taken out of my heart. My Pride alſo was gone, and I was thoroughly content to be deſpiſed of all men. I was crucified to the world; to all its Honours and Profits; all its Comforts and Pleaſures. The Fear of man was clear gone: and ſo was all Conformity to the world. I regarded neither the ſmiles nor the frowns of great men; being quite ſet at liberty, and finding nothing in my heart but pure Love. Love free from diſſimulation, abhorring that which is evil, and cleaving to that which is good.

19. I cried out, "What ſhall I render unto the Lord, for all the benefits he hath done unto me?" The Lord ſaid, "Go work in my vineyard. As thou haſt been a faithful advocate for the devil, be now a faithful labourer for me." I ſhivered at the thought, knowing the littleneſs of my talents, and fearing I ſhould diſhonour his cauſe: yet believing it was his will, I promiſed to go, though with my life in my hand.

20. When I declared what a bleſſing I had received, there was no body that would believe me. And when I ſaid, I believed God had called me to preach, many were ready to ſwallow me up. I deſired they would give me a fair trial. But it could not be. So I went to a little country-town, where no Methodiſt had ever preached. I ſpoke to a ſerious, attentive Congregation; in conſequence of which, I was invited to four country-towns near *Alnwick*. But the more I laboured, the more angry ſome of my Brethren were, till the Providence of God called me to *London*.

21. I came to *London* on Friday, nine years ago. The next day the men were hung in chains on *Bow*-Common. On Sunday thouſands of people came to gaze at them: to whom I preached on, *What is a man profited, if he ſhall gain the whole world, and loſe his own ſoul!* Quickly after I was ſeized with a violent fever. But the conſolations of God were

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were not small with me; and made me large amends for all the pain I suffered. After the Lord had raised me up from my sick-bed, it pleased him to try me with poverty. We were brought so low, as to have neither food to eat, nor raiment to put on. This was our case, while I served a severe Master, for very small wages; who, nevertheless, was continually blaming me, and threatening to turn me off.

22. At length, the Lord put it into the heart of my dear Wife, to advise me to try what I could do in *Holland*. I left *England* in the latter end of August. After a passage of ten days, I landed at *Amsterdam*; from whence I went to the *Hague*. It was at first, very distressing to me, that I did not understand the language. But the Lord moved the minds of the people wherever I was, to help me all they could. He raised me up real friends, who sent me from town to town, and recommended me from one to another: even to the first persons of the land. And after having disposed of my goods, I was brought home again in safety, after an absence of six months and three days.

23. I now thought my work abroad was done, and that I might spend the rest of my life in my own country. But to my surprise, I received abundance of letters, earnestly pressing me to come back. Believing it was the call of God, on the eleventh of April, 1778, I embarked at *Helvoetsluys*, and crossed over to the *Hague*, where my friends, with the utmost kindness, introduced me to the chief of the country, the Prince of Orange in particular. He asked me many questions concerning both my Country and Religion. I answered him with all simplicity, and he appeared well satisfied. Soon after, I was made Burgher of the town. From thence I went to *Leyden*, *Delf*, *Rotterdam*, *Dort*, *Haerlem*, *Amsterdam*, *Utrecht*, and most of the other chief Cities in the United Provinces. In my journies I met with many persons, whom I believed to be the true children of God. But it was a grievous cross,

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croſs, that we could ſpeak only a very few words to each other. Having done my buſineſs, I returned by *Helvoetſluys* to *Harwich*, and ſo to *London*.

24. On April 15, 1779, I embarked again for *Holland*, and went through the ſame places I did the laſt year. And now I could converſe a little in the Dutch language. The firſt Children of God that I found, were in the city of *Haerlem*. They came to my ſhop, and told me, The goods were pretty: but I muſt take care, not to ſet my heart upon them. I told them, My heart was in heaven, and that theſe pretty things were under my feet. One of them then invited me to his houſe, where I found a company aſſembled together. They received me with the utmoſt courteſy, and aſked, What Religion I was of? I anſwered, "Of that deſcribed in the 13th of the firſt of Corinthians, from the fourth to the ſeventh verſe." Having read the words, they ſaid, "This is our Religion too: we receive you as a Brother." They recommended me as ſuch to all their acquaintance, ſo that I was kindly received wherever I came. And I found juſt the ſame liberty of ſpirit with theſe, as with my brethren in *England*. From this time, I found all over the country, perſons that knew and lived the Goſpel: and after ſpending ſix months comfortably among them, I cheerfully returned to my family.

25. I went again the next Spring, and was received with the ſame kindneſs as before. And having more of the language, I found out more and more of the children of God. I rejoiced to find among theſe ſome of the rich and great, who appeared to be as humble as the leaſt of them. They were glad to hear, that there was a people in *England* that loved and ſerved God. And ſome of them had a great deſire to ſettle a correſpondence with their Engliſh brethren; which was ſoon after effected, and has continued ever ſince, to the no ſmall comfort of both.

26. When

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26. When I entered upon this trade, I had many diſcouragements. Moſt of my acquaintance either mocked or pitied me, ſaying, I was the moſt improper perſon in the world, to be concerned in ſuch a buſineſs. And beſides I had no money. I had indeed very little. But I believed God would bleſs that little. And he ſent me help in time of need, ſo that money came juſt when it was wanted. One time I was ſhipping off a cheſt of goods, but had not money to pay the duty. I told my Wife, "God will provide." Preſently a Gentleman I never ſaw before, knocked at the door, and when he came in, told me, he wanted a parcel of goods, and would pay part of the money then. He did ſo, and it was as much as I wanted, to pay the duty on my cheſt.

27. It is now about fourteen years ſince I began, according to my ability, to call ſinners to repentance. And I bleſs God, though I have had many diſcouragements, I am not yet weary. I have not laboured in vain. God has given me to ſee a little fruit of my labours. Bleſſed be his Name, he hath waſhed me from my ſins; and I know he is able to keep me from falling, and to enable me to grow in grace, till he receives me into his glory.

An Extract from the JOURNAL *of Mr.* G—— C——.

[*Continued from page* 301.]

9. THE little knowledge I had of my own heart, made me think too highly of myſelf, till a few days after I felt anger in my heart, which I expected to feel no more. This gave me great pain, and alſo deprived me of my loving communion with Chriſt. I was all confuſion, not knowing where to go, or what to do. But I was ſoon drawn to prayer, and the Lord gave me again a lively ſenſe of his forgiving love. Yet

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Yet from this time I found every day the evil of my nature, and began to feel what ſin was! The Lord now began to uncover my heart, and to make me feel the ſinfulneſs of ſin. But I was unwilling to bear it. I could think of nothing but love, and joy, and peace. Theſe I ſought in all the means of grace; yet I found but little of them. And once I brought myſelf under condemnation for three weeks, by drinking more than I needed. After this, I was doubly watchful. But the more I watched and prayed, the more I felt of my evil nature. And hence I was often under great perplexities, and much heavineſs of ſpirit. And now it became a fight indeed: but I often think God would not have bruiſed me ſo, had it not been for the enormous wickedneſs of my preceding life. For ſix and thirty years I had borne no reſtraint; I gratified every deſire, and let looſe every paſſion. I was now to be created anew in Chriſt Jeſus. I was to fight againſt every inordinate affection, and every unholy deſire. Now the pain of reſiſting theſe, ſo as always to keep ourſelves, is only known to them that feel it. But my merciful Lord never left me one hour to the power of Sin and Satan. Yet I ſuffered much from the world and the devil; but far more from my evil nature; from pride, paſſion, ſelf-will, bitterneſs, uncleanneſs, and every ſin the ſoul is capable of.

10. For the two firſt years after I found peace with God, there was not a day (except in the firſt tranſport of joy) where I did not find doubt, and a fear of periſhing at the laſt. I had but two with me, my mother, and my daughter; but theſe were enough to try ſuch a ſpirit as mine. There was no natural affection between me and my mother: however we had no contention. I had much affection for my child, but ſhe had a ſpirit as uncontrolable as my own. My trials from her were great; but when anger boiled in me, Jeſus was my Saviour. But here was no communion of ſpirit. My girl lived in all manner of pleaſure, not regarding her reputation. My mother fancied herſelf juſtified, though ſhe was never convinced

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convinced of ſin, and could not underſtand a word I ſaid, of the work of God in the heart. Having none to ſpeak to at home, I was glad to be acquainted with a pious friend, Mrs. *Yarner*, to whom I ſpoke freely of my trials, and through whom I often received comfort.

11. After I had ſtruggled two years with doubts and fears, it pleaſed God to deliver me from them, enabling me to live a day at a time, and to take no thought for the morrow. From that time I found no anxious care, but could ſteadily rely on God my Saviour. I now began to write down ſome account of God's dealing with my ſoul; the review of which has often ſince been a means of ſtirring me up to prayer and thankſgiving.

I now look back and ſee the merciful hand of God, taking me out of my father's family, preſerving me from being made a public example, and bearing with me, when I lived in all manner of abominations. And after a variety of ſufferings, which he brought me through, giving me to hear and receive the truth in the power thereof.

Wedneſday, Feb. 1, 1749. I felt anger, but by prayer it was removed. Thurſ. 2, My mind was diſcompoſed through unbelief, and my heart inclined to depart from God. Sunday 5, My heart humbly waited upon God, and found more power to give glory to him, in all my words and works, than I have done any day ſince I was juſtified.

Thurſday 9. I felt unbelief, anxious care and peeviſhneſs. O how does my ſoul groan for liberty! Sometimes I ſigh, as though my heart would break; yet ſoon after, any vain thing will make me laugh. Monday 13, I felt heavineſs of ſpirit from hearing men ſwear. And yet I did not reprove them! O when ſhall I be obedient to the Spirit? Tueſday 14, I ſuffered much from my fellow-porters. I pray much for them; but ſtill find a root of bitterneſs. Saturday 18, I again felt anger and peeviſhneſs, and my heart departing from God. Sunday 19, I found the preſence of the Lord, and a ſtrong deſire to love him with all my heart.

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Wedneſday 22, My ſpirit was ſo trifling, I could have laughed at any thing; and yet my heart trembled for fear of ſin. Thurſday 23, This root of bitterneſs preſſed me ſo, that I was not able to lift up my heart unto the Lord. Friday 24, I was troubled for the loſs of worldly goods, and could not wholly reſign myſelf to God. Saturday 25, I felt ſome temptation, with an unloving heart; and I never ſaw myſelf more helpleſs. Sunday 26, I cannot find that ſenſe of God my ſoul longs for: yet I thank him my ſoul does not cleave to the earth.

Wedneſday, March 1. Praiſed be the Lord, who has refreſhed me with a ſtrong ſenſe of his pardoning love, and has given me to love and bear with my child. Thurſday 2, Being obliged by my buſineſs, to go to ſeveral taverns, and ſeeing the luxury and profaneneſs that there abounded, I bleſſed God who gave me more happineſs in eating a few potatoes, than the epicures have in all their dainties. And when in prayer, I knew not how to riſe from my knees, the love of God was ſo ſtrong in me. Likewiſe on Sunday 5, I felt much love, and great confidence, that he would create in me a clean heart. Monday 6, My ſpirits were much depreſſed by fear; but in the evening it was removed. Sunday 12, I praiſed God for delivering me from ſinful deſires in the night, and bleſſing me this day with peace and love. The following week I was much exerciſed with the fear of falling, lightneſs of ſpirit, lifeleſsneſs in prayer: alſo with much pain of heart, on account of my child, fearing ſhe would be ruined. I alſo felt my corrupt nature in ſuch a manner, that I could hardly ſpeak civilly to any one: and it was my unbelief and reaſonings againſt God, which gave it ſuch power over me. Wedneſday 22, I was much oppreſt with blaſphemous thoughts; alſo with pride and love of the world. Thurſday 23. O my wretched heart! I had fallen this day into outward ſin, had not the Lord reſtrained me. Saturday 25, I found a little ſpiritual life; and the cry of my heart was to

die

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die to the world, and live to Chriſt. Yet in the evening I felt a great degree of pride. Monday 27, I could atteſt *the Lord is riſen*, having greatly manifeſted himſelf to my ſoul. Tueſday 28, Was a day of calm repoſe; but Thurſday 30, was a day of ſore trial with my child. Friday 31, The Lord gave me both patience and wiſdom. And on Saturday, though my body was much fatigued, my ſpirit greatly rejoiced in God my Saviour.

Sunday, April 2, I found much of the love of God. Monday 3, Unbelief preſt hard upon me. Tueſday 4, My ſpirit was faint; the ſoul of a brother that had ſinned lying heavy upon me. Friday 7, God greatly refreſhed me with his love, and ſtill more on Sunday 9th. The next morning my head was much diſordered. I think it was from the enemy, to hinder my waiting upon God in prayer. But it did not hinder me. Wedneſday 12, I had a great trial with my child; but the Lord ſaved me from anger. Friday 14, The old man fought ſtrongly againſt me; but the Lord was my helper. Saturday 15, I found ſo much light, love, peace and power, as made me tremble, leſt I ſhould not be found obedient, and the next day, I could boldly ſay,

"Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the object of my love."

[*To be continued.*]

An Account of a very remarkable DELIVERANCE.

ON the 15th of December, 1781, I ſailed from *New York*, in the ſhip *Stephens*, with near two hundred ſail of merchant-men, under convoy of the *Robuſt* man of war. On the 18th a moſt violent gale of wind came on from the North-

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weſt.

weſt. In a very ſhort time it ſeparated the whole fleet, ſo that ſcarce two of them were left together. Continuing eight and forty hours, it damaged our ſhip ſo much, that ſhe took in much water by a general leak. However by keeping all our pumps conſtantly going, we made ſhift to clear the ſhip: and the weather abating, we comforted ourſelves with the hopes of making our voyage. But on Chriſtmas-day a gale of wind came on, more terrible than the former. Indeed it was ſuch a one, as few of our ſailors had ever ſeen before. All our ſails were in a ſhort time torn to tatters, ſo that the ſhip being left to the mercy of the ſea, and rolling every way, the ſheathing was ſoon beaten off by the waves, the oakam waſhed out of the ſeams, and the bottom planks working fore and aft, we knew not what to do. When the gale abated, our danger was conſpicuous. Death ſtared us in the face: and an old Captain, a paſſenger, ſaid to me, "It is all over with us: let us make what preparation we can. But ſay nothing to diſcourage the ſailors from pumping, and doing what they can."

In this deplorable ſituation we remained, from Chriſtmas to Newyear's-day. On that day, the ſhip beginning to ſink, we were obliged to have recourſe to our boats. But the yawl was quickly daſhed to pieces, by the violence of the ſea. The long-boat only remained, which with great difficulty we got out of the ſhip: and three and twenty of us, men and boys, with much ado, jumped into it. But the difficulty now was to free ourſelves from the ſinking ſhip: with the ropes of which we were now entangled, that we expected to go down with it every moment. Before we could get clear, the bow of the boat was ſtoved in, and the boat half filled with water.

We were now left to the mercy of the ſeas, which ſtill ran mountain-high. No ſhip was in ſight. We had nothing in the boat, neither bread to eat, nor water to drink. Nothing but death was before us; without any viſible hope or expectation

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expectation of relief. I found myself afraid to die, and thought of *Peter* beginning to sink. However I tried to trust in God, and had a faint hope, he would deliver us.

In about four hours we saw a brig standing towards us. But the difficulty was, how to get along her side? And how to do it, without striking against her, in which case we must inevitably go down? At length a great sea hove us along side of her. Just then I got hold of the main chains; and a man catching fast hold of my hair, drew me up into the vessel. Presently the boat struck against the brig, stove, and went down. Nevertheless every one catched hold of something, and was taken in.

But still our danger was not over. It was a very small brig; and where were the water and provisions for three and twenty additional persons? As we were still five hundred leagues from *England*, had we had contrary winds, we must all have perished together. But we ran it in thirteen days; and when we came into *Plymouth*, had one piece of pork, two of beef, and a few biscuits left! O that men would therefore praise the Lord for his goodness, and for the wonders he doth for the children of men!

RICHARD SWANWICK.

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An Extract from A SURVEY *of the* WISDOM *of* GOD *in the* CREATION.

Of the Generation of BIRDS.

THE generation of Birds is now well known. In the ovary, placed between the liver and the back-bone, a great number of yolks are contained; one of which when impregnated, passes through the oviduct into the womb, where it receives the white and the shell, and remains till it comes

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comes to its full ſize. The parent then broods over it, till the young being gradually formed, perfected, and quickened, burſts the ſhell.

Under the ſhell of an egg lies the Common Membrane, adhering cloſely to it, except at the bigger end, where a little ſpace is left between them. This membrane contains two whites, each encloſed in his own membrane. In the middle of the inner white is the yolk, encloſed likewiſe in a ſeparate cover. The outer white is oval, the inner round, (as is the yolk,) and of a more viſcid ſubſtance.

At each end is a Chalaza, a white denſe body conſiſting of three little globules, like grains of hail, (ſo the word ſignifies) all joined together. Theſe ſerve both to knit the ſeveral membranes together, and to keep the liquors in their proper places and poſition.

About the middle of the ſmall end of the yolk, is a little yellowiſh bladder, like a vetch, called the Cicatricula or Eye of the egg. This contains a humour, in and out of which the young bird is generated. The white ſerves it for food, till it becomes big; then the yolk, and likewiſe after it is hatched. For even then a good part of the yolk is lodged in its belly, as in a ſtorehouſe, and being conveyed thence by the Inteſtinal Duct into the bowels, ſerves it inſtead of milk.

An egg, improperly ſo called, is that, of the whole whereof the animal is formed. Such are the eggs of flies. Proper eggs, when excluded, need no external nutriment. Of proper eggs, ſome are perfect, that is, have all the parts above deſcribed, while in the ovary or womb: ſome imperfect, which have them not, till after they are excluded; as thoſe of fiſhes, which aſſume a white in the water.

An egg not impregnated by the male, will never breed young, but always putrify. One impregnated contains the rudiments of the bird, even before incubation. By the microſcope we ſee the plain carina or ſpine of it ſwimming in the middle of the cicatricula, conſiſting of fine, white threads, which incubation gradually perfects.

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The Air-Bag is very ſmall in a new-laid egg, but becomes larger, when the egg is kept. The yolk is ſpecifically heavier than the white. Hence its ſmaller end is always uppermoſt, in all poſitions of the egg.

After incubation the Air-Bag gradually extends, till near the hatching, it takes up a third of the egg. By incubation the white becomes thinner and more turbid, eſpecially near the air-bag, where it is firſt conſumed. Then it leſſens towards the ſharp end of the egg, till nothing is left, but a white, chalky ſubſtance. The white of an impregnated egg is as ſweet all the time of incubation as that of a new-laid egg. They are only unimpregnated eggs, vulgarly called wind-eggs, which putrify and ſtink.

The yolk alſo remains freſh and uncorrupted all the time of the incubation. It is depreſt in the middle, as the chick grows, and is ſoon brought into a form, not much unlike that of a horſe-ſhoe, in the middle of which the chick lies.

Not long before the chick is hatched, the whole yolk is taken into the abdomen.

The eye or tread, in which the chick lies, is ſoon enlarged by incubation, and riſes to the upper part of the egg. The heart and umbilical veſſels, are ſome of the firſt parts, which we are able to diſtinguiſh.

The embryo is ſeen at firſt like a ſmall worm. Then its carina or ſpine appears, with the large prominencies that afterward ſhew themſelves to be the brain and eyes. The other bowels ſeeming hanging from the ſpine. Then the chaſm of the mouth is diſcovered. The extremities ſprout out. The bowels are gradually covered with the teguments. At laſt the beak, nails, and feathers are ſeen. When all its parts are formed, the chick is always found lying on its ſide, with its neck bent forward, the head covered with the upper wing, and the back placed between the thighs.

The birds which nouriſh their young, have commonly very few. On the contrary, thoſe whoſe young feed themſelves when they

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they firſt ſee the day, have ſometimes eighteen or twenty at a brood. This prudence could only ſpring from Him, who regulates all things to the beſt advantage. Were thoſe who provide for their young to have ſo numerous a brood, both the parents would be ſlaves, and yet the young but ill accommodated. Whereas the mother, who only marches at their head, without nouriſhing them, can conduct twenty as well as four.

But when they firſt make their appearance, what care do the parents take, till their young can ſubſiſt without them? Of thoſe that feed their young, the linnet and the nightingale then labour like the reſt. Sometimes one parent goes in queſt of proviſions, ſometimes the other, and ſometimes both. They are up before the ſun. And the food they have procured, they diſtribute with great equality, giving each a portion in its turn, before ever they feed one bird twice.

And this tenderneſs for their offspring is ſo ſtrong, as even to change their natural diſpoſition. Follow the hen when ſhe is the parent of a family, and ſhe is no longer the ſame creature. She is no longer ravenous and inſatiable. If ſhe finds but a grain of corn or crumb of bread, ſhe never touches it herſelf, but calls her troop, by a note they well underſtand, and divides it among them. She is no longer timorous, but at the head of her young, will ſpring even at the ſtouteſt dog.

When the Turkey-hen appears at the head of her young, ſhe ſometimes utters a mournful cry, and they immediately run under buſhes, furz, or whatever preſents itſelf. She looks upwards, and repeats her cry: which is occaſioned by her ſeeing a bird of prey, though ſo diſtant, that he appears unto us, only as a dark point under the clouds. But he no ſooner diſappears, than ſhe utters another cry, which revives all her brood. They run to her, flutter their wings, and ſhew all the tokens of joy. Now, who apprizes her of an enemy, that never yet committed any act of hoſtility in the country? And how is ſhe able to diſcover him, when at ſo great a diſtance

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tance? How are her family inſtructed, to underſtand her different cries, and regulate their behaviour accordingly? What wonders are theſe which are daily obvious to our view, tho' we treat them with inattention?

[*To be continued.*]

EXTRACTS *from* LOCKE *on* HUMAN UNDERSTANDING: *with ſhort* REMARKS.

CHAP. XV. *Of Duration and Expanſion, conſidered together.*

"Sect. 10. EXPANSION and Duration, have this farther agreement, that though they are both conſidered by us as having parts; yet *their parts* are *not ſeparable* one from another, no not even in thought: though the parts of bodies, from whence we take our meaſure of the one; and the parts of motion, or rather the ſucceſſion of Ideas in our minds, from whence we take the meaſure of the other, may be interrupted and ſeparated; as the one is often by Reſt, and the other is by Sleep, which we call Reſt too.

"Sect. 11. But yet there is this manifeſt difference between them, That the Ideas of length, which we have of *Expanſion*, *are turned every way*, and ſo make figure, and breadth, and thickneſs; but *Duration is but as it were the length of one ſtreight line*, extended *in infinitum*, not capable of multiplicity, variation, or figure; but is one common meaſure of all Exiſtence whatſoever, wherein all things, whilſt they exiſt, equally partake. For this preſent moment is common to all things, that are now in being, and equally comprehends that part of their exiſtence, as much as if they were all but one ſingle being; and we may truly ſay, they all exiſt in the ſame moment of time. Whether angels and ſpirits have any analogy to this, in reſpect of Expanſion, is beyond my com-

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prehenſion: and, perhaps, for us, who have underſtandings and comprehenſions, ſuited to our own preſervation, and the ends of our own being, but not to the reality and extent of all other beings, it is near as hard to conceive any exiſtence, or to have an Idea of any real being, with a perfect negation of all manner of Expanſion; as it is, to have the Idea of any real exiſtence, with a perfect negation of all manner of Duration: and therefore what Spirits have to do with Space, or how they communicate in it, we know not. All that we know is, that Bodies do each ſingly poſſeſs its proper portion of it, according to the extent of its ſolid parts; and thereby exclude all other Bodies from having any ſhare in that particular portion of Space, whilſt it remains there.

"Sect. 12. *Duration*, and Time which is a part of it, *is the Idea* we have *of periſhing Diſtance, of which no two parts exiſt together*, but follow each other in ſucceſſion; as *Expanſion is the* Idea *of laſting Diſtance, all whoſe parts exiſt together*, and are not capable of ſucceſſion. And therefore though we cannot conceive any Duration without ſucceſſion, nor can put it together in our thoughts, that any Being does now exiſt to-morrow, or poſſeſs at once more than the preſent moment of Duration; yet we can conceive the eternal Duration of the Almighty far different from that of man, or any other finite being. Becauſe man comprehends not in his knowledge, or power, all paſt and future things: his thoughts are but of yeſterday, and he knows not what to-morrow will bring forth. What is once paſſed, he can never recal; and what is yet to come, he cannot make preſent. What I ſay of man, I ſay of all finite beings, who, though they may far exceed man in knowledge and power, yet are no more than the meaneſt creature, in compariſon with God himſelf. Finite of any magnitude, holds not any proportion to infinite. God's infinite duration being accompanied with infinite knowledge, and infinite power, he ſees all things paſt and to come; and they are no more diſtant from his know-

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ledge, no farther removed from his ſight, than the preſent: they all lie under the ſame view: and there is nothing which he cannot make exiſt each moment he pleaſes. For the exiſtence of all things, depending upon his good pleaſure; all things exiſt every moment, that he thinks fit to have them exiſt"

[*To be continued.*]

An Account of the PASSIONS, *or* NATURAL AFFECTIONS: *extracted from Dr. Watts.*

Of BENEVOLENCE *and* MALEVOLENCE.

11. THE ſecond ſort of Love is called Benevolence or Good-will, diſtinct from the love of Complacence or Delight. The object of Benevolence is a thing or perſon fit to receive good from me: the object of Complacence is a thing or perſon fit to do me good, or to give me pleaſure. Benevolence is an inclination to ſeek the happineſs of any being: Complacence is the derivation of ſome happineſs to one's ſelf from any being. Complacence terminates finally in one's ſelf, to make one's ſelf eaſy and pleaſed, though another thing or perſon may be the object of it: Benevolence terminates in that which is the object of it, in order to make that object eaſy and happy. Benevolence or Good-will therefore has ſome ſenſible being for the object of it, as man or ſome other animal: but we take Complacence or Delight in garments, flowers, houſes, meats, drinks, books, converſation, or any thing that pleaſes us.

Complacence always ſuppoſes ſome preſent good in the object: Benevolence ſometimes is laid out upon an object that has no ſuch preſent good in it as we can deſire or delight in, but only ſome capacity to be made good or agreeable. A pious man can never love wicked men with the love of

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Complacency or Delight; but he may with the love of Benevolence. So our Saviour could not love the bloody city with Complacency; but he loved it with Benevolence, and wept over it.

There are a thouſand objects of Benevolence or Good-will, in which we have no Complacene. God, and angels and good men exerciſe Benevolence towards ſinners, in whom they have no Complacency: but there can hardly be any perſon, or any ſenſible being, in which we take delight, but we have a good-will to it, and wiſh its welfare.

12. Having premiſed theſe things, let us proceed to the *Love of Benevolence* and its contrary, and diſtinguiſh them into their ſeveral kinds.

Benevolence conſiſts in a hearty concern for the welfare of any ſenſible being. If the being which is beloved be inferior to the lover, it is ſimple Benevolence; ſo a maſter may love his ſervant. If the beloved object be equal to the lover, there is generally ſome mutual Complacency mingled with it, and it gains the name of Friendſhip. If the object be ſuperior, then Good-will is joined with Eſteem, and it is termed Honour and Reſpect; ſo a ſervant loves his maſter. But if God himſelf be the object of it, there ought to be the higheſt Eſteem, as well as the greateſt degree of Complacency joined with it; and thus Love grows up into Devotion.

Friendſhip does, as it were, unite itſelf to the object; it produces a communion of benefits, and cauſes a mutual communication of good offices between the lover and the perſon beloved.

The love to ſuperiors, which is called Honour or Reſpect, generally carries with it ſubjection to the object beloved, and makes us uſe our utmoſt endeavours to obſerve, and pleaſe him, by ſubmiſſion and obedience.

Devotion to God obliges us to perform all proper acts of adoration or worſhip towards himſelf, as well as to obey him in all other things which relate to ourſelves, or to our fellow-creatures.

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13. If the object of Benevolence be in miſerable circumſtances, it is then uſually ſtiled Pity and Compaſſion: and this is one of the tendereſt affections which belong to human nature. If the object be inferior, our inclination to relieve it, is called Mercy and Charity; if poor, it is called Bounty and Liberality.

If the object of Friendſhip be in Miſery, it gains the name of Sympathy, whereby the lover expreſſes an inward ſenſe of the pains and ſorrows which his friends ſuſtain: though perhaps this might as well be brought in under the paſſion of Sorrow, unleſs we extend the word Sympathy to ſignify our communion in all the joys and ſorrows, and all the concerns of our friends.

Malevolence or Ill-will implies a deſire of ſome evil to fall upon the hated object. Whether the hated object be ſuperior, inferior, or equal, it may be called Ill-will: if it extend to parents, maſters, and good magiſtrates, it becomes a ſpirit of Rebellion: if it ariſe againſt God, it grows up to Impiety. If our Ill-will expreſs itſelf towards an object in miſerable circumſtances, it is called Cruelty and Inhumanity, or Hard-heartedneſs. If our Hatred ariſes to a high degree, it is called Malignity and Malice; a moſt hateful temper in the ſight of God and men, and one of the chief parts of the image of the devil.

[*To be continued.*]

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[With my lateſt breath will I bear my teſtimony againſt giving up to Infidels, one great proof of the inviſible world. I mean, that of Witchcraft and Apparitions, confirmed by the teſtimony of all ages. I do not think any unprejudiced men can doubt of the truth of the following Narrative. The truth of it was in the laſt Century acknowledged by all Europe: againſt which the unaccountableneſs of it, is no objection, to thoſe who are convinced of the littleneſs of their own knowledge.]

A true Relation of the chief things which an evil Spirit did and ſaid at Maſcon, *in* Burgundy.

To the Rev. and learned Friend Dr. Peter du Moulin.

Sir,

THOUGH I ſuppoſe you will look upon my ſending you Monſieur Perreaud's French book, as a minding you of the promiſe you were the other day pleaſed to make me of putting it into an Engliſh dreſs, yet I hope you will do me the right to believe that if the ſubject were not extraordinary, I ſhould think it injurious to the public, and to you, to be acceſſary to your turning tranſlator of another's books, that hath already manifeſted, in ſeveral languages, how able you are to write excellent ones of your own.

I muſt freely confeſs to you, that the powerful inclinations which my courſe of life and ſtudies hath given me to backwardneſs of aſſent, and the many fictions which are wont to blemiſh the relation where ſpirits and witches are concerned, would make me very backward to contribute any thing to your publiſhing, or any man's believing a ſtory leſs ſtrange than this of Monſieur Perreaud.

But

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But the converſation I had with that pious Author, during my ſtay at Geneva, and the preſent he was pleaſed to make me of this Treatiſe before it was printed, in a place where I had opportunities to enquire both after the writer, and ſome paſſages of the book, did at length overcome in me (as to this narrative) all my ſettled indiſpoſedneſs to believe ſtrange things. And ſince I find that you have received an account both of Monſieur Perreaud himſelf, and ſeveral things relating to this book from that excellent perſon your father: I have no reaſon to doubt, but that as your ſkill in the tongues will bring it the greateſt advantages that it can receive from a tranſlator's pen: ſo the reputation which your and your learned father's name will give it, will prove as effectual as any thing of that nature can be, to make wary readers believe even the amazing paſſages of it.

I am, Sir, your affectionate Friend and humble Servant,

ROBERT BOYLE.

To the honourable and moſt eminent in Goodneſs and Learning, Mr. Robert Boyle.

Sir,

IN obedience to the charge which you have been pleaſed to lay upon me, I have tranſlated this admirable ſtory, worthy to be known of all men, and of ſingular uſe to convince the Atheiſts of theſe times; moſt of which perſuade themſelves that there is no ſuch thing in the world as any ſpiritual, immaterial ſubſtance. And ſome of them will ſay, what moſt of them think, that if they could have any certainty that there are Devils, they would believe alſo that there is a God. Satan, to confirm theſe in their unbelief, will ſcarce once in an age diſcover himſelf in any viſible or audible manner, but either to the rudeſt poor people, and the moſt beſtial natures in ſome remote barren heath, or if in the converſe with

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with ſome whoſe wit is of a form ſomewhat higher, it is only in ſecret conference; that the confeſſions of the firſt may be aſcribed to the fumes of melancholy; and the profeſſion of the other ſort may be imputed to impoſture. And the truth is, that the Devil doth moſt harm where he is leaſt ſeen, heard, and ſuſpected. Wherefore I verily believe that he hath not in many ages done more wrong to his kingdom, than in diſcloſing himſelf ſo plainly as he did in the paſſages here related. For thereby he hath left no ſhift for the unbelief of reaſoning Atheiſts. Many relations are extent of manifeſtations of Dæmons: the moſt certain are the hiſtory of the Goſpel, how the devils ſpake aloud out of poſſeſſed bodies in the preſence of great multitudes, conſtrained by the preſence of their Sovereign and their Judge. But no hiſtory, either ſacred or profane, related ſuch a public, continued, and undeniable manifeſtation of the wicked Spirit, as this doth. For this familiar converſation of the Devil was not with magicians, but with godly men: and it was not in a corner, or in a deſert, but in the midſt of a great city, in a houſe where there was daily a great reſort to hear him ſpeak, and where men of contrary religions met together: whoſe pronenes to caſt a diſgrace upon the diſſenting parties did occaſion the examining, and the full confirming of the truth thereof, both by the Magiſtrates, and by the Dioceſian of the place. All theſe particulars, and many more have been related to my father, when he was Preſident of a National Synod in thoſe parts, by the man that was moſt concerned in them, the author of this book, a religious well poiſed and venerable Divine, who (if he be alive ſtill) is above eighty years of age. He writ this relation when it was freſh in his memory; yet did not publiſh it till forty-one years after, in the year 1653; being compelled to it by the various and falſe relations of that ſtory which were ſcattered abroad. His behaviour in all theſe paſſages was prudent, courageous and godly; he always reſiſted the Devil in his ſeveral poſtures, whether of an angel of light,

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or an open enemy of God. He was tempted by the evil Spirit ſometimes to curioſity, ſometimes to covetouſneſs, ſometimes to fear, and ſometimes to jeſting and merriment: but the good man was always alike, grave, conſtant, and ſerious in rebuking Satan, and uſing the weapons of righteouſneſs againſt him, on the right hand and on the left. And he was not diſappointed of his truſt in God; for in all the time God permitted not that ſtirring devil to do him any harm, or to any belonging to him, either in their perſons or goods, and at the end of a hundred days, God diſpoſſeſſed the Devil of his uſurped hold. My labour in tranſlating theſe few ſheets is ſo inconſiderable, that I would not have put my name to it, but that you thought, Sir, my knowledge of the Truth of this hiſtory, by the relation of my father, would be ſome confirmation of it. I have it at the ſecond-hand, yet from a ſure hand. But yourſelf, Sir, had from the Author a more immediate information, which being prefixt before this narrative, gives it a free and uncontrolable paſs, to be admitted into the belief of the moſt ſevere and judicious readers. Neither will they have a leſs opinion of the utility than truth of this relation, when they ſee that a perſon ſo high in learning, ſo deep in judgment, ſo real in godlineſs, ſo exemplary in good works; hath judged it to be of principal uſe for the convincing of unbelievers, and the confirming of thoſe that are in the faith: thereby alſo I ſhall reap this benefit to myſelf, that the world ſhall know I am honoured with your commands, and that I delight to approve myſelf, Sir, your moſt humble and obedient Servant and true honourer,

PETER DU MOULIN.

A Relation of the chief things which an evil Spirit did and ſaid, &c.

THE fourteenth day of September, in the year 1612, I went with one of the Elders of the Church of *Maſcon*, to a meeting held at *Couches*; five days after, we returned.

Being come home, I found my wife and her maid in a very great conſternation, apparent in their countenance. And when I enquired the cauſe of it, my wife told me, That the night after I went out of town, ſhe being in bed, her firſt ſleep was broken by ſomething, ſhe knew not what, that drew her curtains with great noiſe and violence: that her maid who lay in another bed in the ſame room, hearing the noiſe, aroſe in haſte, and ran to her miſtreſs, to ſee what it was, but ſaw nothing: that on ſearching, ſhe found the doors and windows as cloſe as ſhe had ſhut them before ſhe went to bed. My wife alſo told me, that the night following ſhe made the maid lie in the ſame bed with her: that as ſoon as they were in bed they felt ſomething draw off the blankets: that then the maid getting out of bed endeavoured to go out of that room, but found the door bolted both within and without: that finding herſelf thus ſhut up, called a youth that lay in another room; who roſe to open the door: that lighting the candle, ſhe found the pewter and braſs, in the kitchen, thrown about; with which, that and the following nights, the evil Spirit made ſuch a noiſe, as they uſed to make when they hived bees. Upon this relation, I was ſeized with ſome amazement; yet I took a reſolution not to be too credulous, nor too incredulous. Wherefore before I went to bed, I carefully ſearched all the corners of the houſe, and ſet bolts and barricadoes to all the doors and windows, ſtopping even the very cat-holes, leaving nothing that might occaſion ſuſpicion of impoſture: and after I had prayed with my family, I went to bed, while my wife and maid ſat ſpinning by the fire, with a lamp burning on the table.

I had ſcarcely got into bed, before I heard a great noiſe in the kitchen, as the rolling of a billet thrown with great ſtrength. I heard alſo a knocking againſt a partition of wainſcot in the ſame kitchen; ſometimes as with the point of the fingers; ſometimes as with the nails; ſometimes as with the fiſt, and then the blows did redouble. Many things were alſo

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alſo thrown againſt that wainſcot, ſuch as plates, trenchers and ladles, and muſic was made with a braſs colander, gingling with ſome buckles that were at it, and with ſome other inſtruments of the kitchen. After I had given attentive ear to that noiſe, I roſe from my bed, and taking my ſword, I went into the room where all that ſtirred was kept, (the maid holding the candle before me,) and ſearched narrowly whether I could find ſomebody hidden, but finding nothing, I returned to my bed. The noiſe beginning again, I roſe and ſearched again, but all in vain. Then did I know that all this could not proceed but from a wicked Spirit.

[*To be continued.*]

A SERMON

[*By Dr. CUDWORTH.*]

On 1 John ii. 3, 4.

[*Continued from page* 321.]

KNOWLEDGE indeed is a thing far more excellent than riches, outward pleaſures, worldly dignities, or any thing elſe in the world beſides holineſs and the conformity of our wills to the will of God: but yet our happineſs conſiſteth not in it, but in a certain divine temper and conſtitution of ſoul.

But it is a piece of that corruption that runneth through human nature, that we prize Truth more than Goodneſs, and Knowledge more than Holineſs. We think it a gallant thing to be fluttering up to heaven with our wings of Knowledge: whereas the higheſt myſtery of a divine life here, and of perfect happineſs hereafter, conſiſteth in nothing but mere Obedience to the divine Will. Happineſs is nothing but that inward ſweet delight that ariſes from the harmonious agreement between our wills and God's will.

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There is nothing in the whole world able to do us good or hurt, but God and our own Will: neither riches nor poverty, nor diſgrace, nor honour, nor life, nor death, nor angels, nor devils: but willing and not willing as we ought. Should hell itſelf caſt all its fiery darts againſt us, if our will be right, if it be informed by the divine will, they can do us no hurt; we have then (if I may ſo ſpeak) an enchanted ſhield, that is impenetrable and will bear off all. God will not hurt us, and hell cannot hurt us, if we will nothing but what God wills. Nay, then we are acted by God himſelf, and the whole Divinity floweth in upon us: and when we have caſhiered this ſelf-will of ours, which did but ſhackle and confine our ſouls, our wills ſhall then become truly free, being widened and enlarged to the extent of God's own will. *Hereby we know that we know Chriſt indeed*, not by our ſpeculative Opinions concerning him, but *by our keeping of his commandments*.

Thirdly, If hereby we are to judge whether we truly *know Chriſt* by our *keeping his commandments*; ſo that *he that ſaith he knoweth him and keepeth not his commandments, is a liar*; then, *this was not the deſign of the goſpel, to give the world an indulgence to ſin, upon what pretence ſoever*.

But we are too prone to make ſuch miſconſtructions of it; as if God had intended nothing elſe in it, but to dandle our corrupt nature, and contrive a ſmooth and eaſy way for us to come to happineſs, without the toilſome labour of ſubduing our ſinful affections: as if the goſpel were nothing elſe but a declaration to the world, of God's engaging his affections from all eternity on ſome particular perſons in ſuch a manner, as that he would reſolve to love them and dearly embrace them, though he never made them partakers of his image, in righteouſneſs and true holineſs: and though they ſhould remain under the power of all their ſins, yet they ſhould ſtill continue his *beloved ones*, and he would notwithſtanding at laſt bring them to heaven.

And indeed nothing is more ordinary than for us to ſhape out ſuch monſtrous notions of God unto ourſelves, by looking upon

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upon him through the *coloured medium* of our own corrupt hearts. And therefore becauſe we can fondly love and hate, and ſometimes hug the very vices of thoſe to whom our affections are engaged, we are ready to ſhape out a diety like ourſelves, and to faſhion out ſuch a god, as will, in Chriſt at leaſt, hug the very wickedneſs of the world, and in thoſe that be once his own, by I know not what fond affection, connive at their very ſins, ſo that they ſhall not make the leaſt breach betwixt himſelf and them. But there is no ſuch god as this any where in the world, but only in ſome mens falſe imaginations, who know not all this while, that they look upon themſelves inſtead of God, and make an idol of themſelves which they worſhip, for him; being ſo full of themſelves that whatſoever they ſee round about them, even God himſelf, they colour with their own tincture.

But God will ever dwell in ſpotleſs light, howſoever we paint him and disfigure him here below; he will ſtill be circled about with his own rays of unſtained and immaculate glory. And though the goſpel be not God as he is in his own brightneſs, but God veiled and maſked to us, God in a ſtate of humiliation and condeſcent, as the ſun in a rainbow: yet it is nothing elſe but a clear and unſpotted mirror of divine holineſs, goodneſs, purity; in which attributes lies the very life and eſſence of God himſelf. The goſpel is nothing elſe but God deſcending into the world in our form, and converſing with us in our likeneſs: that he might allure and draw us up to God, and make us partakers of his divine form (as *Athanaſius* ſpeaks,) *God was therefore incarnated and made man, that he might deifie us*, that is, (as St. *Peter* expreſſeth it) make us *partakers of the divine nature*. Now, I ſay, the very proper character and eſſential tincture of God himſelf is nothing elſe but goodneſs. Nay, I may be bold to add, that God is therefore God, becauſe he is the higheſt and moſt perfect good, and good is not therefore good, becauſe God out of an arbitrary will of his would have it ſo. Whatſoever God doth in the world,

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world, he doth it as ſuitable to the higheſt goodneſs; the idea and faireſt copy of which is his own eſſence.

That I may come nearer to the thing in hand: God, who is abſolute goodneſs, cannot love any of his creatures and take pleaſure in them, without beſtowing a communication of his goodneſs and likeneſs upon them. God cannot make a goſpel, to promiſe men life and happineſs hereafter without being regenerated and made partakers of his holineſs. As ſoon may heaven and hell be reconciled together, as God can be fondly indulgent to any ſin, in whomſoever it be. As ſoon may light and darkneſs be eſpouſed together, and midnight be married to the noon-day as God be joined in a league of friendſhip to any wicked ſoul.

[*To be continued.*]

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Of ATTENDING *the* CHURCH,

In a Letter to the EDITOR of the *Arminian Magazine.*

" Rev. Sir,

"I AM, as you are, an Arminian. I am well acquainted with your religious Tenets, and have read moſt, if not all of your works; and though I do not entirely fall in with you, in *every* Article of your Creed, yet I have much reſpect to your Character, great reverence for your Principles in general, and an entire affection for your Perſon. Depending upon the acknowledged candour of your diſpoſition, and your uniform zeal for the Truth, I expect your attention and Anſwers to the following Queſtions.

" Is it your wiſh that the people called Methodiſts ſhould be, or become, a Body entirely ſeparate from the Church?"

Anſwer. No.

" If

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"If not, where, that is, how often, and where, I mean, upon what deſcription of Teachers, of the Eſtabliſhment, are they to attend?"

Anſwer. I adviſe them to go to Church.

"More particularly, if the Fall, the Corruption, and natural Impotence of man, his free and full Redemption in Chriſt Jeſus, through Faith working by Love, ſhould be taught and inculcated, and offered to the attention of *all*, at the Church of the Pariſh where they reſide, are they *then* in your opinion, bound in conſcience *to hear*, or may they, at their own option, *forbear*?"

Anſwer. I do not think they are bound in conſcience to attend any particular Church.

"Or if they are at liberty to abſent themſelves, are they at liberty, that is, have they a *chriſtian privilege* to cenſure this Doctrine in the groſs, to condemn ſuch Teachers, and boldly to pronounce them, *Blind Leaders of the blind*?"

Anſwer. No: by no means.

"Laſtly, Whenever this happens, is it through Prejudice or rational Piety? Is it through Bigotry or a Catholic Spirit? Is it conſiſtent with Chriſtian Charity? Is it compatible with a ſtate of Juſtification? Or is it even allowable in the high habit of evangelical Perfection?"

Anſwer. I think it is a ſin.

"Your unequivocal Anſwers to theſe intereſting Queries, in the Arminian Magazine, will oblige, Rev. Sir,

Feb. 13, 1782. A RESPECTFUL READER."

I have anſwered ſimply to your Queſtions, whether they be propoſed out of good or ill-will.

Feb. 23, 1782. J. W.

A RE-

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A REMARKABLE STORY.

DR. *Horneck*, in his great Law of Conſideration, tells us the following remarkable ſtory, in proof of that ſcriptural declaration, *He that watereth ſhall be watered again.*

"In *Niſibis*, a city of *Meſopotamia*, there lived a religious woman, who had a man, that was a heathen, for her huſband. They were poor, yet by hard labour had got fifty pounds together; whereupon the huſband thought good to put it out to intereſt, that they might not live upon the main ſtock. His wife, being a chriſtian, readily told him, that none paid greater intereſt for money lent him, than the God of the Chriſtians. The man, pleaſed with the news, aſked where this God was to be met with? The woman told him at ſuch a Church, he had deputies that would receive the ſum. They took the money, and to the Church they went, where they ſaw ſome poor widows ſitting. The woman ſaid, Theſe are the deputies of the God of the Chriſtians, who will receive your money, and pay you intereſt. The man, not much pleaſed with his ſecurity, yet over-perſuaded by his wife, lets the poor widows have it; who, not knowing the man's intent, thankfully received it.

"A quarter of a year after, the man finding himſelf pincht for want of neceſſaries, bade his wife to go and demand a quarter's intereſt; to which ſhe replied, That if he would go to thoſe poor widows and demand the uſe, ſhe did not doubt but he might have it.

"Accordingly he went to the poor women, with whom he expoſtulated; but what he had given them was conſumed, and they were ſo far from paying him any intereſt, that they were ready to beg more money of him: with that, he went out of the church ſad and ſorrowful; but in going, he ſpied one of

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the pieces of gold which he had given to the poor; which, it ſeems, he had accidentally dropped on the floor, at the time it was diſtributed. He took it up, went home, and complained to his wife of the cheat thoſe poor widows had put upon him. She bade him truſt that God whom he had lent the money to, and take the piece he had found and buy neceſſaries for the family. He went to the market-place, and among other things, bought ſome fiſh, which were to be dreſſed for dinner.

"His wife, on opening one of the fiſhes, found in its belly a precious ſtone, which betrayed its worth by its unuſual glittering. The man carried it to a Jeweller, who preſently gave him three hundred pounds for it: at which the man was ſo tranſported, that he began praiſing the God of the Chriſtians, and became one himſelf, being aſtoniſhed at the Providence that had ſo miraculouſly diſpoſed of ſecond cauſes for his ſignal profit and emolument."

[The following Fragments, wrote by one of our Preacher's now with God, I doubt not will be acceptable to every pious Reader.]

FIRST FRAGMENT.

Sept. 20, 1759.

I AM loſt in wonder, to think of the kindneſs of the Lord to me. My whole ſoul is in extaſy of joy: all within me adores his Majeſty. But how far out of the way are they, who think that when a man is perfect in love, he has no need of the Mediatorial office of our Lord? This is my glory, that I live through him. O how happy are they who obey him, with a pure heart! They ſerve him without any inward interruption.

CORNELIUS BASTABLE.

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SECOND FRAGMENT.

March 17, 1761.

THE neceſſary cares of a large family confine me much. However, I uſe my little time as well as I can. In the Lord's time I ſhall be enlarged. I devote my time, my thoughts, words, works, gifts, buſineſs, wife and children, conſtantly to the Lord; and I every moment feel my ſacrifice is accepted. I have uninterrupted converſe with God. My heart is entirely free to worſhip the Lord. He is the life of my ſoul, and my portion for ever. His preſence does not forſake me for a moment: he holds a helpleſs worm in his hand, and bleſſes me with the beams of his glory. I cannot conceive how weak and feeble I am; and yet how ſtrong the Lord makes me!

C. B.

THIRD FRAGMENT.

Auguſt 3, 1764.

I Think the oftener I ſpeak, the more bodily ſtrength I have. I preach ſix days in the week, and moſtly twice a day, and yet I have ſtrength enough: ſo I find we want nothing but GOD, and having him we have all things. I adore his Majeſty, who does not leave me, no not for a moment. I can ſay, I have Him all my own. It is impoſſible to tell how my ſoul delighteth in him. I do not find any wearineſs in any thing I ſuffer: and as to his commandments, they are the delight of my ſoul.

C. B.

PRAISE DUE FROM ALL.

[By Capt. Williams.]

LET every breathing being, praiſe the Lord. This is the will of God concerning man (eſpecially), *and every living thing on earth*; or this wide precept never had been penned.

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penned. The breathing world of beasts, fish, fowl, *obey* their Maker's "broad command," by answering the end for which created. Their *lawless* lords, declare themselves *degenerate born*, by infant *anger*, *pride*, and *disobedience!* (Psa. lxviii. 3. John iii. 6. 7.) deny the adoration due from *all-dependant* beings! and drown themselves in sin's destruction sad! Rather than imitate their *grateful* servants, or adoring sons of bliss, in praising heaven's Supreme! earth's sun and Saviour! O how fatally fallen from harmlessness, holiness, happiness, are "the children of pride!" *O that they were wise, to consider their ways*, and *know*, and acknowledge their fall! which *must* precede their rise from sloth and sin. O that a world of prodigals would reasonably *use* the graces given; *come to themselves* immediately; and *now* resolve, "I will arise and go unto my Father!" Luke xv. This resolve put in practice, and lo! Infinite compassion *comes running towards them*! and fondly receives them through his Son.

This is the will and promise of Jehovah, willing and ready to perform his world-redeeming oath, As truly as I live, all the earth shall be filled with the glory of God: all flesh shall come and worship before me, saith the Lord; while moons and sabbaths measure time's duration. Isa. xi. 9. lxvi. 23. These "great and precious promises" are given the church, to plead them with the righteous Promiser—till their *performance* Edens earth again! This is the godlike wish of saints and seraphs: and how much more the wish of him, who *made* the world, and by his wounds *redeemed* it! "Who willeth that *all men* should be saved, and come to the knowledge of the truth." Why then, stupendous Sovereign of the skies! should Satan reign thus far and wide on earth, over the Almighty's *double* property? Why should *the prince of darkness always rule*, "the ransomed of the Lord?" Why should *the god of this world blind their faithless minds* from age to age, while terror's king consigns *deceived* souls to *outer darkness?* Wherefore should God's creation thus be lost, when

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God's own precious blood was ſhed to ſave them? Rom. xiv 15. Wherefore ſhould fallen angels govern God's redeemed from year to year, when Revelation *verified*, would raiſe the blood-bought kingdoms to the realms of bliſs?

[*To be continued.*]

LETTERS.

LETTER CCXLIII.

[From Mrs. S. R. to the Rev. Mr. Weſley.]

Briſtol, Feb. 8, 1758.

Rev. and very dear Sir,

I Did not think of writing ſo ſoon; but I cannot help letting you know the goodneſs of God to all our ſouls. Where ſhall I find words to expreſs his mercy to ſuch poor, helpleſs worms as we are? How does my heart burn with love to him who is my God and my All? I find him faithful to his promiſes: it is but "Aſk, and have!" O for Faith! All his promiſes are yea and amen to the believing ſoul.

On Saturday night, brother Carthy, ſiſter Clark, and I were met together as uſual, when the Lord poured out his Spirit upon us in ſuch a manner, that we were all ſpeechleſs. On Sunday he met us again at his table, and made us drink of the wine of the kingdom. At night I was deſired to meet a Claſs: and God was there alſo. On Monday my body was very weak with the power of God; but my ſoul was all on fire. I find the name of Jeſus written on my heart with the finger of God. It is as ointment poured forth: I ſeem to taſte it on my lips. He doubled the bleſſing in the evening,

as

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as ſoon as I began to meet my dear Claſs. Dear I call them, becauſe they are dear to my ſoul, and I never meet them without a peculiar bleſſing. I ſpake to about half of them; but I could ſpeak no more. We then began to ſing,

"Come let us join our cheerful ſongs," &c.

but we could ſing only two verſes. We went to prayer, and O the power of God we felt! I did not know what to ſay or what to do. Such a night I have not ſeen, ſince I have been in Briſtol.

O Sir, what ſhall I ſay of ſuch a God? And to whom is this grace given? What ſhall I do, that I may work the works of God? O my dear Sir, help me by your prayers. God will hear *you* for me. Labour with the Lord, that I may ſtand perfect in all the will of God, and grow in every heavenly and holy temper. I am as much athirſt, as if I had not one grain of grace.

As to my body, it ſeems medicines are loſt upon me; for I am as bad again, when I walk, pray, ſing, or write. I might be better, if I laid them aſide. But can I do this? No: God being my helper, while I am in the body, and he gives me power, I will uſe it. I cannot ſpend my life for a better Maſter. Prayer only will help me.

Pray, Sir, adviſe, or reprove, or inſtruct me as the Lord ſhall enable you. The Lord give you your heart's deſire upon me and all your children!

I am your affectionate Child and Servant,

S. R.

LETTER CCXLIV.

[From the Rev. Mr. Weſley, to Mrs. S. R.]

Feb. 10, 1756.

My dear Siſter,

YOUR laſt Letter was ſeaſonable indeed. I was growing faint in my mind. The being continually watched over for evil, the hearing every word I ſpoke, every action I did, ſmall

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ſmall and great, watched over with no friendly eye; the hearing a thouſand little, tart, unkind reflections, in return for kindeſt words I could deviſe,

" Like drops of eating water on the marble,
At length have worn my ſinking ſpirits down."

Yet I could not ſay, "Take thy plague away from me;" but only, "Let me be purified, not conſumed."—

What kind of humility do you feel? Is it a ſenſe of ſinfulneſs. Is it not a ſenſe of helpleſſneſs? Of dependence, of emptineſs, and as it were, nothingneſs? How do you look back on your paſt ſins, either of heart or life? What tempers or paſſions do you feel, while you are employed in theſe reflections? Do you feel nothing like pride, while you are comparing your preſent withyour paſt ſtate! Or while perſons are ſhewing their approbation of, or eſteem for you? How is it that you are ſo frequently charged with pride? Are you careful to abſtain from the appearance of it? O how important are all your ſteps! The Lord God guide and ſupport you every moment!

I am, yours, &c.

J. W.

LETTER CCXLV.

[From Miſs M. to the Rev. Mr. Weſley.]

May, 14, 1763.

Dear Sir,

I Have wrote nothing more concerning *Jenny Cooper*. Nor has ſhe wrote any thing of her laſt ſix months experience, except what may be found in her Letters. I have often wiſhed ſhe had: for during that time ſhe ripened apace. She was

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was favoured with much of the divine presence; and obeyed that command, "Hear ye him." She attended to the voice of her Shepherd, and her conversation was in heaven. She lived as one redeemed from the earth, and of all the christians I ever conversed with, I never observed such fervent love to all, as I saw in her: and in the acquaintance I had with her, particularly the last six months, I never saw any thing that had the appearance of evil.

It is a mercy that we are enjoined to be followers of those who through faith and patience inherit the promises. They overcame through the strength of him who loved them, and washed them from their sins in his own blood. And the same Lord who is rich in mercy unto all that call upon him, has also undertaken our cause, and he who has delivered, and doth deliver, will continue to deliver to the end.

I praise the Lord I feel peace, and understand more fully the love of the Father, in giving his only-begotten Son, that whoever believeth on him may not perish. Jesus has truly opened a new and living way into the holiest. An open door is set before us; we may enter in and find pasture. I rejoice in that word, It hath pleased the Father that *in him* should all fulness dwell, and from his fulness we receive grace for grace. O how sweet a life is the life of faith, which teaches us to depend on Christ alone for all we want: which saves the soul from all confidence in the flesh, while it enriches and fills it with love, peace, joy, long-suffering. It debases, empties, and sinks it into nothing, so that all boasting is excluded. There is hardly any thing so blest to me as reading the word of God, and sometimes I think I never believed the Bible till within these last nine months; every word seems so spoken to my heart; I so feel, *All is yours.*

May the Lord abundantly bless you, and fill you with all his life and love. I often think that I do not enough love and honour you, or see the use God makes of you in his vineyard.

I am, dear Sir, yours, &c.

J. C. M.

LETTER.

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LETTER CCXLVI.

[From Mr. Francis Gilbert, to the Rev. Mr. Wesley.]

Antigua, June 18, 1763.

Rev. Sir,

WHEN I arrived here, I found but little life in the family, and this seemed to be owing to some servants whom I had sent out the year before: but thanks be to the Lord he is now giving us more life. The Negroes have no religion, except the two which were in England with my brother, who have not only retained their faith, but have received an abundant increase of it. There are two or three more whom I trust have a work on their souls. I have been puzzled to know what method to take to instruct the Negroes, not being able to speak in such a manner as to make them understand me. But yesterday the Lord pointed out a way. Going to seek a Negro woman, I took my brother's waiting-man to shew me her house, and whilst I was speaking to her, my sister told me, unless I spoke in their dialect she could not understand me: upon this the Negro man spoke to her, and in such a manner as astonished me. As he does not neglect private prayer, and has light sufficient to instruct the Blacks for the present, I propose to take some pains to instruct him and another: and I trust, through the grace of God, they will be useful.

I was soon informed of several who were dissatisfied with their present condition, and enquired if I did not intend to preach, for they would gladly hear me; so I perceived the Lord had prepared the ground to receive the seed. Accordingly I have taken a house. But it is not half large enough, though it will contain 200 persons. It has been crouded every night, while a number of attentive hearers stood without. And what is remarkable, a great part of the congregation

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gregation every night conſiſts of Gentlemen and Ladies of the greateſt note in the iſland. For a few of the firſt nights we had much noiſe. But now we are quiet. I preach in St. John's every Sunday afternoon, and every Tueſday and Thurſday at ſun-ſet. At Parham, the ſecond town in the iſland, I preach one Sunday in the morning, the other in the afternoon, before I preach at St. John's. Here I alſo preach on a Wedneſday evening. I preach at my brother's houſe every Monday, Friday and Saturday nights, and the congregation is increaſing here alſo. I was conſtrained to publiſh the goſpel at Parham ſooner than I intended, for ſome in the iſland had fixt a day, and given notice that I was to preach there at that time. Preaching was almoſt always a burden to me. But now it is my pleaſure to preach Jeſus, and the more ſo, becauſe the land is peſtered with deiſts, as well as overſpread with infidelity. It has been a greater croſs to me to ſtand up before a few ſimple people in London, than I find it to ſpeak before a St. John's congregation. I find ſuch boldneſs in publiſhing the goſpel, that I care not who is preſent. But after all I muſt acknowledge, I have ſuch a ſenſe of my unfitneſs, that I often believe, little good will be done by my preaching: and I am aſtoniſhed that the politer and more learned ſort of hearers, will bear me a ſecond time. However I bleſs Jeſus Chriſt that a ſenſe of my inſufficiency does not diſcourage me, and that I find ſomething more than a willingneſs to do my beſt, as long as it ſhall pleaſe my Maſter to employ me. I think, I may ſay, I am growing in grace, which aſtoniſhes me more than all; but God is love. I feel conſtant peace, and by looking to Jeſus, I am always happy; yet I have a heart which puts me in mind that I am the chief of ſinners. At preſent we have had no perſecution, but a few lies told.

My moments are much taken up in private meetings. My brother and I meet every day, we are together, in order to ſpeak freely to each other. He is very zealous, and encou-

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rages the work much, and without him, I cannot see how I could have made a beginning: for the preaching of the gospel here is attended with great expence. My youngest sister, (an account of whose conversion you saw last year,) is growing in grace, and is the only one in the family, except *Bodily* and the two blacks, that has faith. I find her very useful to me. We have agreed to watch over each other in love, and we meet together every day, in order to help each other forward. Once a week I meet all the family, as also the white servants; and once a week I meet my brother's children, also the House-Negroes, and a Class of other Negroes beside. I perceive there will be visiting work enough for me, when I am in town. Next week, if not this, perhaps I may preach at the Barracks. I thank Jesus Christ I have my health better, and am stronger in body, than I have been, I think, for some years back. May the Lord strengthen you in body, and fill you with all joy in believing! O do not forget in private and public to pray for

Your unworthy Son in Christ,

FRANCIS GILBERT.

LETTER CCXLVII.

[From the Rev. Mr. B. Colley, to the Rev. Mr. Wesley.]

Newcastle, July 18, 1763.

My dear Sir,

'TIS with comfort I now write to you. The bar, which Satan thrust in, God has burst asunder. You are near unto me; I can sympathize with you in your various afflictions. To reflect upon my former conduct, that added to the weight you endured, now pains me. Though you have forgiven me, I cannot forgive myself. I cannot bring into words,

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words, how I loath and abhor myſelf. O that you and I may ever be in this ſpirit. I think if ever I had ſcriptural experience, it is *now*. Indeed, the Lord gave me ſuch bitter phyſic, that I thought it would have coſt me my life; but it has wrought effectually. To his name be the glory.

I have continued to preach morning and evening, though often tempted to give over, through the cloudineſs of my underſtanding, and my various, horrible conflicts within. I have for ſome days found little elſe but temptations to blaſphemy, and have thought, *now* the Lord will ſtrike me dead upon the ſpot, and ſend me to hell; but though I did not ſee it, he was with me in the fire. Though it was as much as I could endure, yet there was a way for me to eſcape. His hand ſuſtained me, and I am now (O for gratitude!) brought into the wealthy place.

I hope the love, which I have expreſſed towards you, will neither hurt you, nor be idolatry in me. Indeed there is need of watching and prayer; ſo various and ſubtle are the devices of Satan.

I meet with ſome precious ſouls in the North: yea in every place that I come to. But I think in general they are a happier people in Yorkſhire. Opinions ſeem to take place with many, more than love. Satan has not yet loſt his cunning. When he has ſtolen away life, then he infuſes predeſtination. Durham ſeems to be renowned for that dangerous principle. I keep off from contention, as much as poſſible, both in preaching and converſation, and enforce Repentance, Faith, and Holineſs both of heart and practice. This is the only way that I can find, to pull down the ſtrong-holds of Satan. The Lord fill you with wiſdom, and ſpiritual underſtanding! This is the ſervant prayer, of

Your Brother in the Goſpel,

B. COLLEY.

POETRY.

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POETRY.

THOUGHTS ON IMPUTED RIGHTEOUSNESS,

Occaſioned by reading the Rev. Mr. Hervey's *Dialogues between* Theron *and* Aſpaſio. *By Dr.* Byrom.

PART IV.

WHAT numerous texts from *Paul*, from every ſaint,
Might furniſh out citations, did we want?
And could not ſee, that Righteouſneſs, or Sin,
Ariſe not from *without*, but from *within*?
That *imputation* where they are not found,
Can reach no farther than an empty ſound:
No farther than imputed health can reach
The cure of ſickneſs, though a man ſhould preach
With all the eloquence of zeal and tell,
How health imputed makes a ſick man well.
Indeed if ſickneſs be imputed too,
Imputed remedy, no doubt may do;
Words may pour forth their entertaining ſtore,
But things are juſt—as things were juſt before.

In ſo important a concern as that,
Which good *Aſpaſio's* care is pointed at;
A ſmall miſtake, which at the bottom lies,
May ſap the building that ſhall thence ariſe:
Who would not wiſh that Architect, ſo ſkilled,
On great miſtakes might not perſiſt to build;
But ſtrictly ſearch, and for ſufficient while,
If the foundation could ſupport the pile?

This

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This *Imputation*, which he builds upon,
Has been the ſource of more miſtakes than one:
Hence roſe, to paſs the intermediate train
Of growing errors, and obſerve the main,
That worſe than *pagan* principle of fate,
Predeſtination's partial love and hate;
By which, not tied like fancied *Jove* to look,
In ſtronger Deſtiny's decreeing book;
The *God* of *Chriſtians* is ſuppoſed to will
That *ſome* ſhould come to *good* and *ſome to ill*:
And for no reaſon, but to ſhew in fine,
The extent of *goodneſs*, and of *wrath divine*.

Whoſe doctrine this? I quote no leſs a man,
Than the renowned *Calvin* for the plan;
Who having laboured, with diſtinction's vain,
Mere Imputation only to maintain;
Maintains, when ſpeaking on another head,
This horrid thought, to which the former led;
"Predeſtination here I call," (ſays he
Defining) "God's eternal, fixed decree;
"Which having ſettled in his Will, he paſt,
What every man ſhould come to at the laſt;"
And leſt the terms ſhould be conceived to bear
A meaning leſs, than he propoſed, ſevere;
"For all mankind (he adds to definition,)
Are not created on the ſame condition;"
Pari conditione——is the phraſe,
If you can turn it any other ways;
"But life to ſome, eternal, is reſtrained,
To ſome, damnation endleſs pre-ordained."

ELEGY

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ELEGY *on the Death of a Sister, who died in the fixteenth year of her age.*

WHILE nature lies in ſilence, while the moon
A glimmering light doth through my window ſhed,
Awake my muſe, and ſeize this awful gloom,
And trace ſome moral leſſons from the dead.

For ſure no orator ſo well can preach,
Or to my wounded breaſt this truth convey,
In words ſo ſtrong as Maria's aſhes teach,
That all muſt ſhortly mingle with the clay.

Dear hapleſs Virgin! cropt in life's warm bloom,
Whilſt ſanguine proſpects fire the throbbing breaſt,
No fairer victim ever graced the tomb,
By death conſigned to everlaſting reſt.

Ah me! how cold and ſilent now ſhe lies!
That gentle form that once looked freſh and gay,
The animating ſparks fled to the ſkies,
Which rendered active that endearing clay!

For laviſh Nature early did adorn
With every grace:—few could with her compare;
The mildeſt luſture of the opening morn,
Bloomed on her angel-form and made it fair.

But as ſweet roſes cropt ſoon feel decay,
Slow lingering ſickneſs nipt her youthful prime;
Quick from her cheek the roſes fled away,
Which warned her ſoul to ſeek a purer clime.

How

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How ſhall I paint her in the arms of death!
Or how do juſtice to that awful hour!
What heroiſm markéd her lateſt breath!
When faith diſarméd the tyrant of his powér!

Though warm in blooming youth, yet quite reſigned:
The Herald wore no terrors on his face;
Heaven's gentle meſſenger he ſeeméd deſigned,
To waft her ſoul to everlaſting peace.

Still do I ſee death's languor ſhade her eye;
Alas! my heart was torturéd at the ſight;
And ſtill I hear that laſt emphatic ſigh;
By which the immortal ſpirit took its flight.

But thou, dear ſpirit, now got paſt his powér,
On wings of lucid air ſtand fair confeſſéd;
Before me, as I weep, in ſome lone hour,
Beneath ſome gloomy ſhade with woe oppreſſéd.

Declare what region far above the ſky,
What bowérs of fragrant bliſs your ſoul contains;
What radiant ſeraph lent the wings to fly,
With ſpeed of angels, through the ætherial plains.

Hail, bleſſéd religion! Souls inſpiréd by thee,
By faith confide in this eternal truth,
That when the laſt dread trump ſets priſoners free,
Each mortal form aſſumes immortal youth.

This gilds the horror of the gloomy tomb,
And animates with cheerful hope the juſt,
Who know the powér that points the general doom,
To glory ſhall receive their ſilent duſt.

SOLON'S

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SOLON'S CURE FOR GRIEF.

HIS lot bewailing with unmanly tears,
A friend, by this advise, wise *Solon* cheers:
He leads him up to *Athens'* utmost height,
And, "From this tower," says he, "direct your sight:
On all the numerous buildings there below;
And now reflect, what various scenes of woe:
Beneath those roofs each mortal, more or less,
Have long, do now, and ever will oppress.
Then learn, my friend, with decency to bear
Those common ills, which all mankind must share."

SHORT HYMNS.

Jam. ii. 23. *And the scripture was fulfilled which saith, Abraham believed God, and it was imputed to him for righteousness: and he was called the friend of God.*

RETURNING from his sacrifice,
The man whom God vouchsafed to' approve;
More highly favoured by the skies,
And perfected in faith and love;
Again fulfilled, he found the word,
An image of his righteous Lord.

Perfect in love which casts out fear,
The hoary patriarch received
The crown of his obedience here,
And intimate with heaven he lived;
With glorious dignity endowed,
For ever styled, The friend of God.

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THE Arminian Magazine, For AUGUST 1782.

Of FREE-WILL: tranſlated from SEBASTIAN CASTELLIO's *Dialogues, between* Lewis *and* Frederic.

DIALOGUE III.

[*Continued from page* 341.]

Fred. I Will now ſhew you what things God wills without any condition, and what conditionally. Thoſe general Promiſes are without any condition; *The ſeed of the woman ſhall bruiſe the ſerpent's head*: *All fleſh ſhall no more be cut off by the waters of a flood*: *In thy ſeed ſhall the nations of the earth be bleſſed.* Theſe things are unconditionally promiſed, and depend upon God alone. But when God promiſes, either to individuals or to a people, things which cannot be unleſs they do their part, he promiſes with a condition, which if man does not perform, God transfers his promiſe to another: ſo that the promiſe of God is always true: but it is

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not always received by man. He had promiſed the Iſraelites that he would bring them into Canaan: but becauſe of their diſobedience, he transferred the promiſe to their children. And afterwards, although *their's were the covenants and the promiſes*, yet he rejected them, and received the Gentiles in their ſtead: the promiſe of God remaining firm on his part, though changed on the part of man. And know this, that eternal ſalvation is promiſed to no man without a condition. For thus ſaith the Lord, (Ezek. xxxiii. 13,) *When I ſay unto the righteous, that he ſhall ſurely live, if he truſt to his own righteouſneſs, and commit iniquity, all his righteouſneſs ſhall not be remembered, but for his iniquity that he hath committed he ſhall die.* This befel Saul, to whom God had promiſed *a kingdom for ever*: but he loſt it through his diſobedience. The ſame might have befallen David, who therefore ſo earneſtly beſought God, *not* to *take his Holy Spirit from him.* For he well knew, (what St. Paul afterwards taught) *They were cut off through unbelief.* And *unleſs thou abideſt in faith, thou alſo ſhalt be cut off.* Again, thus ſaith God, *If the wicked will turn from all his ſins, and do that which is lawful and right*; (and this he may do, ſeeing God *willeth not the death of a ſinner*, but rather that he ſhould turn and live,) *he ſhall not die.*

You have in Ezekiel, the general ſentence. And you have inſtances on both ſides. When God ſays to a man, *Thou ſhalt live.* He deſigns he ſhould, he writes his name in the book of life, and the man has reaſon to rejoice therein. But if he turns back to ſin, God ſays, *I will blot his name out of my book.* Again. If God ſays to a man, *Thou ſhalt die*, he deſigns he ſhould, and writes his name in the book of death. And the man has reaſon to lament, as *Hezekiah* did. But yet, if he repents in time, he ſhall live.

To ſum up the whole. God created man both with a will, and with liberty. Man by ſinning loſt his liberty, or power of doing good: but his will he did not loſe. But as being depraved, he either willed evil, or willed the good which he could

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could not perform. God who is rich in mercy towards all, determined to reſtore him by his Spirit: and that, in the ſame manner wherein he was deſtroyed, that as he was ruined by chuſing evil, ſo he might by chuſing good be reſtored to his former ſtate. And this reſtoration, which began preſently after Adam's ſin, is perfected by Chriſt, who will heal all his ſickneſs. And as through Adam we were born in ſin, without any fault of our own, (for we could not ſin, before we had a being) which ſin we afterwards willingly obeyed: ſo we are through Chriſt, the ſecond Adam, born again, without any merit of our own. And through the new nature then given us we may willingly obey, God giving us both the will and the power freely. Thoſe who will not obey, periſh by their own fault. Indeed a man can no more give himſelf ſalvation, than he that is not, can beget himſelf. But we may deſtroy ourſelves, as he may kill himſelf that is now alive.

Lewis. But pray explain this. How does God give us both the will and the power *freely?* Does not this contradict what you ſaid before? He therefore gives us the power, becauſe otherwiſe we have no power. But if he gives us the will, does it not follow, that till then we have no will? Whereas you ſaid juſt now, that we had a will. How does he then ſupply what we have already? *Fred.* God does not give a man all things together, nor in one manner; but he leads them to the end by degrees, and by various means. And in doing this, he does not take away what he has once given, but he adds them to what is wanting.

Take an inſtance. Chriſt, when he healed the man that was born blind, did not give him new feet, to go to the pool of Siloam. Neither new ears to hear, as he had theſe already from God. Likewiſe he did not give him other eyes; but opened the blind eyes which he had. In like manner, when he healed the dumb, he did not give them a new tongue, but looſed that which they had. The ſame thing he did with the deaf, not giving them new ears, but enabling thoſe they had

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to hear. So when he cured him that had a withered hand, he did not give him another hand, but reſtored that which was withered. The ſame method he takes in healing the ſoul. He does not create another ſoul: but reſtores it to his Spirit which had been ſeparated from it by ſin, that this Spirit may ſo animate the ſoul, as the ſoul animates the body. Mean time he does not alter thoſe things which are left entire to the ſoul: but what is imperfect, he perfects; what is corrupted, he corrects; what is wanting, he ſupplies; and thus reſtores man to the image of God: accordingly the power of hearing, ſeeing, ſmelling, taſting, feeling, he does not create new, but uſes that which is already, and commands man ſo to do. Neither does he create another Reaſon in man, or ſcruple to appeal to the judgment of Reaſon.

Yet this ſhould be obſerved, that juſt as Reaſon relieves the weakneſs of the ſenſes, (being as it were, the ſenſe of the ſenſes) ſo the Spirit relieves the weakneſs of Reaſon, being as it were the Reaſon of Reaſon. The eye judges the horſe which is afar off, to be as ſmall as a crow. But reaſon, being taught by experience, judges him to be larger than a man. The eyes looking in a glaſs, judge there are men, houſes, trees: but reaſon judges, there is nothing but ſhadows. It is the ſame in divine things. They are either too remote or too fine to be diſcerned by human reaſon. The ſpirit relieves this infirmity, and judges far otherwiſe of them than reaſon would: though it ſtill allows reaſon to be the judge of thoſe ſhadowy repreſentation: as Reaſon itſelf allows the eyes to judge, not of the things themſelves, but of the repreſentations that are ſeen in the glaſs.

We may ſay the ſame of the Memory. God does not create a new memory in the ſoul: but it is the ſame faculty in him that is born again, as it was before. The ſame I ſay of the Will. If Chriſt found no ſuch faculty in a man, which it was his pleaſure he ſhould have, he muſt neceſſarily create a will in him. But as man has a will already, Chriſt uſes it. If it is evil,

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evil, he makes it good: if he finds any thing good in it already, (as he certainly did in St. *Paul*, who was zealous for God, though not according to knowledge) he shews the man, that what he pursues as good, is not so. And when he has shewn him what is truly good, he likewise gives him power to attain it.

Certainly therefore, *it is God that worketh in men, both to will and to do.* For before they knew Christ, being evil, they did not will good. Or if they willed good in general, yet they did not will Christ, the true good: as St. *Paul* before he knew Christ, though he willed good in general, yet did not will Christ. Therefore God both wrought in them, to will the true good, and gave them the power to do it. Now whatever good is in man, from nature or from the Father and the Son, it is all the gift of God, who *worketh all in all, and is the giver of every good gift.*

[*To be continued.*]

SERMON X.

On GENESIS i. 31.

[*Concluded from page* 346.]

8. ON the second day God encompassed the terraqueous globe with that noble appendage, the Atmosphere, consisting chiefly of Air, but replete with earthly particles of various kinds, and with huge volumes of water, sometimes invisible, sometimes visible, buoyed up with that ethereal fire, a particle of which cleaves to every particle of air. By this the water was divided into innumerable drops, which descending,

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ſcending, watered the earth and made it very plenteous, without incommoding any of its inhabitants. For there were then no impetuous currents of Air, no tempeſtuous winds; no furious hail, no torrents of rain, no rolling thunders or forky lightnings. One perennial ſpring was perpetually ſmiling over the whole ſurface of the earth.

9. On the third day God commanded all kind of vegetables to ſpring out of the earth. It pleaſed him firſt to clothe

"The univerſal face with pleaſant green."

And then to add thereto innumerable herbs, intermixed with flowers of all hues. To theſe were added Shrubs of every kind, together with tall and ſtately Trees, whether for ſhade, for timber or for fruit, in endleſs variety. Some of theſe were adapted to particular Climates or particular expoſures: while vegetables of more general uſe, (as Wheat in particular,) were not confined to one country, but would flouriſh almoſt in every climate. But among all theſe there were no Weeds, no uſeleſs plants, none that incumbered the ground. Much leſs were there any poiſonous ones, tending to hurt any one creature: but every thing was ſalutary in its kind, ſuitable to the gracious deſign of its great Creator.

10. The Lord now created *the Sun to rule the day, and the Moon to govern the night.* The Sun was,

"Of this great world both Eye and Soul."

The Eye, making all things viſible: imparting light to every part of the ſyſtem, and thereby rejoicing both Earth and Sky: and the ſoul, the principle of all life, whether to vegetables or animals. Some of the uſes of the Moon we are acquainted with: her cauſing the ebbing and flowing of the Sea, and influencing, in a greater and ſmaller degree, all the fluids in the terraqueous globe. And many other uſes ſhe may

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may have, unknown to us, but known to the wise Creator. But it is certain, she had no hurtful, no unwholesome influence on any living creature: *he made the stars also*: both those that move round the Sun, whether of the primary or secondary order: or those that being at a far greater distance, appear to us as fixt in the firmament of heaven. Whether *Comets* are to be numbered among the Stars, and whether they were parts of the original Creation, is perhaps not so easy to determine, at least with certainty: as we have nothing but probable conjecture, either concerning their nature or their use. We know not, whether (as some ingenious men have imagined) they are ruined worlds; worlds that have undergone a general Conflagration: or whether (as others not improbably suppose) they are immense reservoirs of fluids, appointed to revolve at certain seasons, and to supply the still decreasing moisture of the earth. But certain we are, that they did not either produce or pretend any evil. They did not (as many have fancied since,)

"From their horrid hair
Shake Pestilence and War."

11. The Lord God afterward peopled the Earth with animals of every kind. He first commanded the waters to bring forth abundantly; to bring forth creatures which as they inhabited a grosser element, so they were in general of a more stupid nature, endowed with fewer senses and less understanding than other animals. The bivalved Shell-fish in particular, seem to have no sense but that of feeling, unless perhaps a low measure of taste; so that they are but one degree above vegetables. And even the King of the waters (a title which some give the Whale, because of his enormous magnitude) though he has Sight added to Taste and Feeling, does not appear to have an understanding proportioned to his bulk. Rather, he is inferior therein not only to most birds and beasts,

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beaſts, but to the generality of even Reptiles and Inſects. However, none of theſe then attempted to devour, or in any wiſe hurt one another. All were peaceful and quiet, as were the watery fields wherein they ranged at pleaſure.

12. It ſeems the Inſect-kinds were at leaſt one degree above the Inhabitants of the waters. Almoſt all theſe too devour one another, and every other creature which they can conquer. Indeed ſuch is the miſerably diſordered ſtate of the world at preſent, that innumerable Creatures can no otherwiſe preſerve their own lives, than by deſtroying others. But in the beginning it was not ſo. The paradiſiacal Earth afforded a ſufficiency of food for all its inhabitants. So that none of them had any need or temptation to prey upon the other. The Spider was as harmleſs as the fly, and did not then lie in wait for blood. The weakeſt of them crept ſecurely over the earth, or ſpread their gilded wings in the air, that waved in the breeze and glittered in the ſun, without any to make them afraid. Mean time the Reptiles of every kind were equally harmleſs, and more intelligent than they. Yea, one ſpecies of them *was more ſubtle*, or knowing *than any of the* brute creation *which God had made.*

13. But in general, the *Birds*, created to fly in the open firmament of heaven, appear to have been of an order far ſuperior to either inſects or reptiles: although ſtill conſiderably inferior to *Beaſts*: (as we now reſtrain that word to Quadrupeds, four-footed animals, which too hundred years ago included every kind of living creatures.) Many ſpecies of theſe are not only endowed with a large meaſure of Natural Underſtanding, but are likewiſe capable of much improvement by Art, ſuch as one would not readily conceive. But among all theſe there were no birds or beaſts of prey; none that deſtroyed or moleſted another: but all the creatures breathed in their ſeveral kinds the benevolence of their Great Creator.

14. Such was the ſtate of the Creation, according to the ſcanty ideas which we can now form concerning it, when its great

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great Author ſurveying the whole ſyſtem at one view, pronounced it *very good!* It was good in the higheſt degree whereof it was capable, and without any mixture of evil. Every part was exactly ſuited to the others, and conducive to the good of the whole. There was "*a golden chain* (to uſe the expreſſion of Plato) let down from the throne of God," an exactly connected ſeries of beings, from the higheſt to the loweſt; from dead earth, through foſſils, vegetables, animals, to Man, created in the image of God, and deſigned to know, to love and enjoy his Creator to all eternity.

1. Here is a firm foundation laid on which we may ſtand, and anſwer all the cavils of Minute Philoſophers; all the objections which *vain men* who *would be wiſe*, make to the Goodneſs or Wiſdom of God in the Creation. All theſe are grounded upon an entire miſtake, namely, That the world is now in the ſame ſtate it was at the beginning. And upon this ſuppoſition they plauſibly build abundance of objections. But all theſe objections fall to the ground, when we obſerve this ſuppoſition cannot be admitted. The world at the beginning was in a totally different ſtate, from that wherein we find it now. Object therefore whatever you pleaſe to the preſent ſtate, either of the animate or inanimate Creation, whether in general, or with regard to any particular inſtances; and the anſwer is ready, Theſe are not now as they were in the beginning. Had you therefore heard that vain King of Caſtile, crying out with exquiſite ſelf-ſufficiency, "If I had made the world, I would have made it better than God Almighty has made it; you might have replied, "No: God Almighty, whether you know it or not, did not make it as it is now. He himſelf made it better, unſpeakably better than it is at preſent. He made it without any blemiſh, yea without any defect. He made no corruption, no deſtruction in the inanimate Creation. He made not Death in the Animal Creation, neither its harbingers, Sin

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and Pain. If you will not believe his own account, believe your brother Heathen. It was only

Poſt ignem æthereâ domo
Subductum ——

that is, in plain Engliſh, After man, in utter defiance of his Maker, had eaten of the tree of Knowledge, that

Macies & nova febrium
Terris incubuit colors:

that a whole army of evils, totally new, totally unknown till then, broke in upon rebel man, and all other creatures, and overſpread the face of the earth.

2. "Nay (ſays a bold man, who has ſince perſonated a Chriſtian, and ſo well that many think him one!) God is not to blame for either the natural or moral evils that are in the world. For he made it as well as he could: ſeeing evil muſt exiſt, in the very nature of things." It muſt, *in the preſent nature* of things, ſuppoſing man to have rebelled againſt God. But evil did not exiſt at all in the original nature of things. It was no more the neceſſary reſult of Matter, than it was the neceſſary reſult of Spirit. All things then, without exception, were very good. And how ſhould they be otherwiſe? There was no defect at all in the power of God, any more than in his Goodneſs or Wiſdom. His Goodneſs inclined him to make all things good; and this was executed by his Power and Wiſdom. Let every ſenſible infidel then be aſhamed of making ſuch miſerable *excuſes* for his Creator! He needs none of us to make *Apologies*, either for Him or for his Creation! *As for God, his* way is perfect: and ſuch originally were all his works. And ſuch they will be again, when *the Son of God* ſhall have *deſtroyed all the works of the devil.*

3. Upon this ground then, that *God made man upright*, and every creature perfect in its kind, but that man *found out to himſelf*

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himself many inventions, of happiness independent on God: and that by his apostasy from God, he threw not only himself, but likewise the whole creation, which was intimately connected with him, into disorder, misery, death: upon this ground I say, we do not find it difficult, To

"Justify the ways of God with man."

For although he left man in the hand of his own counsel, to chuse good or evil, life or death: although he did not take away the liberty he had given him, but suffered him to chuse death, in consequence of which the whole creation now groaneth together: yet when we consider that all the evils introduced into the creation, may work together for our good: yea, may work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory: we may well praise God, for permitting these temporary evils, in order to our eternal good: yea, we may well cry out, *O the depth both of* the Wisdom and of the Goodness of God! He hath done all things well. Glory be unto God, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever!

ADVERTISEMENT.

THOUGH the Manuscript of a PREACHER'S LIFE was forwarded about two months ago, it is not yet come to hand. And as the Number *must* be published on the first of August, at farthest, we are obliged to omit this useful Article. If, therefore, the Reader will excuse this omission, we hope to make it up to him next month, by giving him a larger quantity of this Subject.

An

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An Extract from the JOURNAL *of Mr.* G—— C——.

[*Continued from page* 355.]

TUESDAY 18, I felt unbelief and hardneſs of heart, but the Lord ſoon diſpelled it by his love. Thurſday 20, I ſpoke to a backſlider, who was thankful, and deſired me to pray with her. But I refuſed, whereby I grieved the Spirit, and afterwards her ſoul lay heavy upon me. Saturday 22, I fell into anger againſt my child, which diſordered my whole ſoul, and preſt hard on my faith. But I cried unto the Lord; and he heard my cry. Tueſday 25. I am unworthy the leaſt of his mercy. In the night paſt I ſinned againſt him. Yet he has this day forgiven my ſin, and given me to rejoice in his love. The following day, I felt much of his preſence. Sunday 30, I was greatly tempted to pride and anger: but caſting myſelf wholly on Chriſt, my ſoul revived, and I found a great meaſure of his love all the day after.

Monday, May 1, I found much pride, anger, fear and ſhame; yet was not inſenſible of the preſence and love of God. Thurſday 4, the Lord ſhewed me the neceſſity of perſevering in prayer, ſeeing the eyes of many are upon me, eſpecially in my public employment. Saturday 6, I had much ſorrow on account of my child, as ſhe had ſtayed out all night. My only hope was in the Lord; and prayer was my only refuge. Sunday 7, I joined at four in the morning (it being Whitſunday) with the children of God. And he made it a day of Pentecoſt to my ſoul, enlarging my heart with love. Monday 8. I do not in prayer ſimply wait for the Spirit of God, but ſtrive to bring ſomething of my own to him. Tueſday 16, I parlied with a temptation to evil deſire, and was near falling into it. Saturday 20, I found an unquiet ſpirit,

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ſpirit, becauſe my buſineſs did not pleaſe me. And when one came to me who was convinced of his loſt eſtate, I was ill prepared to ſpeak to him. But crying to God, he gave me words to ſpeak, and he went away fully purpoſed to love God. O that I could ſo live, as to be ready for every good word and work. Tueſday 23, I was much tried, when at my employment, by one of Satan's faithful ſervants, who came up to me with his mouth filled with oaths and ribaldry, but I found power to ſpeak to and pray for him. Thurſday and Friday were days of great affliction, cauſed by the wickedneſs of my child. Saturday 27, anger and creature-love ſeemed to ſeparate between God and my ſoul. And I could truly ſay,

" 'Tis worſe than death, my God to love,
And not my God alone."

Tueſday 30. The Lord enabled me to rejoice in hope of loving him with all my heart. Wedneſday and Thurſday I was ſo peeviſh, I could not bear the leaſt contradiction. Yet the Lord kept me in a ſenſe of his love.

Friday, June 2, the Lord filled my heart with love, and my mouth with praiſe. I knew not how to expreſs myſelf, when I thought of his bringing me to glory! Sunday 4, The law of the Lord was my delight. Indeed his day is ever ſweet to my ſoul; and he does accept my ſacrifice of praiſe and prayer. Tueſday 6, I felt much pride, but with a ſtrong hope, that I ſhould be wholly delivered from it. Thurſday 8, I was filled with the ſpirit of offence; but by prayer it was removed. The latter part of the week, my corruptions warred againſt me; but the Lord preſerved me from ſin. The following week, I felt, as uſual, much of pride, anger, ſelf-will, and unbelief: and I was quite unable to reſiſt them. But the Lord heard my groaning, and gave me a degree of faith and patience. Wedneſday 21, My ſoul was filled with love

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love and power, my affection conſtantly flowing to the Lord. Friday 23, I awoke at two in the morning, and could ſleep no more, having ſo lively a ſenſe of the love of God as overpowered me, and made me all attention to the work of his Spirit. Sunday 25, My mind was fixt on God. I could reſign myſelf to him, without a wiſh or deſire for created good. He is my God for ever and ever. Monday 26. What a falling off from what I enjoyed laſt week! Yet I know not that I have grieved the Holy Spirit. But how has the old man fought! What bitterneſs of ſpirit did I find; and what a contention with pride, anger, and ſelf-will! Sometimes my ſoul ſeems benumbed, ſo that I cannot pray.

Sunday, July 2. I am peeviſh; yet ready to laugh, even when at prayer. I alſo feel much deſire of the creature. I have a hope that Jeſus will deliver me from all I feel or fear.

This and the following week I had much of the conſolations of the Spirit, and a lively hope of obtaining the victory over all my corruptions. Friday 14, I found my ſoul very weak, and feared much, leſt I ſhould fall into ſin. I could ſcarce look any one in the face: I could reprove none. My thoughts wandered from God, and when I did think of him, it was with pain; becauſe he is holy; I unholy. Yet from Sunday 16th, my ſoul greatly rejoiced in God, having much of his preſence, and a firm belief of the promiſe of ſanctification. Tueſday 25, I felt much bitterneſs againſt my child. But the Lord ſoon calmed my ſpirit, and aſſured me, he would not leave me, till all the evil I felt was done away. Friday 28, I awoke at two, and cried to God for humility. I fell aſleep again, and dreamed that the day of Judgment was come. I ſaw the darkneſs, and the people in terrible fear. But my ſoul calmly waited for the trumpet to ſound!

Monday, Aug. 7, I found much of the preſence of God, and freedom to reprove without fear. Wedneſday 9, My heart rejoiced in the Lord: but not attending to the reproof

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of his Spirit, in what ſeemed a little thing, I brought my ſoul into heavineſs; nor had I reſt, till I confeſt my ſin and found pardon.

Sunday 13. All this week I found much of my evil nature, hardly bearing either reproof or contradiction. Sometimes my ſpirit ſunk within me; ſometimes the Lord comforted me with his promiſes. Thus I went on, hoping and fearing: but the merciful God ſaved me from ſin. Thurſday 24, I was greatly diſtreſt for the ſoul of my mother, hearing her deny, what I knew ſhe had ſpoken. I was obliged to tell her freely my thoughts of her ſtate: but ſhe perſiſted in her own opinion. Tueſday 29, I wreſtled with God on her behalf, with ſtrong cries and tears. I could willingly have wept my life away for her. But ſhe is very ſullen with me.

Tueſday, Sept. 5. The former part of the day my ſoul wandered from God; but finding no object worthy of its love, it was brought back to him. I am ſtill pained for my Mother, ſhe perſiſting that ſhe has living faith. I earneſtly pray, that the Lord would ſhew me, if I miſtake her caſe, and teach me how to act concerning her.

Thurſday 22. By diſobedience I have loſt the power to reprove. O how am I ſhorn of my ſtrength! Endeavouring to ſpeak to one I had been long acquainted with, I was filled with ſhame and confuſion. My head is diſordered and my heart faint.

October 4. When I went to-bed laſt night, the Lord was ſo with me that I could not ſleep. And when I did, I ſoon awoke, and found my heart filled with his love: but O! the contraſt! In the morning it ſeemed full of pride, anger, ſelf-will, and almoſt every evil. I prayed earneſtly, fearing I muſt ſin. But the Lord was my helper.

October 9. Yeſterday I found myſelf impatient of all contradiction, and bent upon doing my own will in all things. But this morning I felt the mighty power and love of God in

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in ſuch ſtrength, as made my heart melt within me. And I had a confidence that he would make me holy, and keep me to the end.

October 18. Theſe two days, anxious care has ſo beſet me, as to rob me of my ſtrength. I could not reprove, though I had many calls to it. I trembled leſt Satan ſhould get an advantage over me. But this morning the Lord took away all my care, and ſtrengthened me ſo that I feared neither men nor devils.

Sunday, Nov. 12. This has been a day of ſolid joy. My ſoul kept a ſabbath to the Lord. And my rejoicing was greatly heightened by ſeeing the triumphant death of one I was acquainted with. Bleſſed be God, that has given me to know the Religion of Jeſus Chriſt, and to feel the power thereof.

Monday 20. This inbred ſin makes me tremble: but the Lord gives me hopes of deliverance from it. While I was ſpeaking to a ſick man to-day, a ſervant of Satan withſtood me greatly. But the Lord ſo ſtrengthened me, that I believe the word was bleſt, at leaſt to the ſick man.

[*To be continued.*]

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

MY Prayer has been, for theſe fourteen years paſt, that I may be nothing. And I praiſe God, I have reaſon to hope, that I come a little nearer to that bleſſed Mark. I well know, there is no happineſs like that, which flows from a conſtant ſenſe that I am nothing, and Jeſus is All.

I have, at preſent, a deep ſenſe of my Meanneſs, Poverty, and Folly, ſo that my ſoul lies in the duſt. I am contemptible in my own eyes; yet I feel I am precious in his ſight, who has paid ſo dear a price for me. My ſoul is broken before my

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my Lord, and desires to follow him as the shadow follows the substance. He has my heart, and reigns the Lord of all my wishes and desires. I need no change of place, person or thing to raise or increase my happiness. The presence of Jesus is sufficient: his will is my resting-place, and his love my delight. But my joy is not every moment full, though in general I can say,

"My *full* soul doth still require
Thy whole eternity of Love."

I see the justice of God in all my trials, and I love him the more, because he is just. But I know mercy guides the stroke. I speak feelingly, I know no finite punishment is adequate to my infinite offences. But his merits and mercy exceed them all.

I *rejoice evermore* in a constant union and oneness of spirit with the Lord Jesus: and *pray without ceasing*, as the desire of my soul is going out after him at all times and in all places. And I, *in every thing give thanks*, as I see the hand of God in all I meet with, great and small: though at sometimes, in things indifferent, I feel dislike, perhaps for a minute, before I advert to it; but when I discover this, I immediately embrace the thing I dislike, unless I have a good reason to the contrary. And I am ashamed before the Lord, that I can for a moment *chuse* any thing, after all that he has done for me.

I desire never to feel any thing amiss. Yet I desire to spend my whole life in holy shame before him, remembering what I *was*. I would weep much, and love much, having had much forgiven.

JANE COOPER.

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An Extract from A SURVEY *of the* WISDOM *of* GOD *in the* CREATION.

Of BIRDS.

AN amazing degree of natural inſtinct, or underſtanding, God has imparted to *birds of paſſage*. They fly in troops, often in the form of a wedge, with the point foremoſt. They ſteer their courſe through unknown regions, without either guide or compaſs. And they are peculiarly accommodated for their flight, by the ſtructure of their parts.

In the act of migration, it is highly remarkable, 1. That they know (as the ſcripture ſpeaks) their appointed times, when to come, when to go. Appointed by whom? Surely by the great Creator, who has imprinted on their nature an inclination, at ſuch a time to fly from a place that would obſtruct their generation, or not afford food for them and their young, and betake themſelves to another place, which will afford all that is wanting.

It is highly remarkable, 2. That they know whither to go, and which way to ſteer their courſe! That they ſhould be directed yearly to the ſame place, perhaps to a little iſland, as the Baſſe in Edinburgh-Frith. How come land-birds to venture over a vaſt ocean, of which they can ſee no end? And how do they ſteer their courſe aright to their ſeveral quarters, which before the compaſs was invented, man himſelf was not able to do? They could not poſſibly ſee them at that diſtance. Or if they could, what ſhould teach or perſuade them that that land is more proper for their purpoſe than this? That Britain for inſtance, ſhould afford them better accommodations, than Egypt, than the Canaries, than Spain, or any other of the intermediate places?

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But it has been commonly ſuppoſed, that ſeveral birds are of this number, becauſe they diſappear in winter, which really are not: Cuckoos, for inſtance, and Swallows: for neither of theſe ever croſs the ſeas. Cuckoos lodge all the winter in hollow trees, or other warm and convenient cavities. And Swallows have been found in vaſt quantities, clung together in a lump, like ſwarms of bees, but utterly cold and ſenſeleſs, even in ponds that have been cleaned out, hanging under the water.

I know not how we can doubt of this fact, that Swallows have been found in winter, under water, clung together, atteſted by men of unqueſtionable veracity. And yet others affirm, that they have ſeen flights of Swallows croſſing the ſea in autumn. The truth ſeems to be this. There are ſome ſpecies of Swallows, which ſeek a warmer climate at the approach of winter, while others remain here in a temporary death, like the flies on which they feed.

They have in Virginia, a Martin like ours, only larger, which builds in the ſame manner. Col. Bacon obſerved for ſeveral years, that they conſtantly came thither upon the tenth of March. Two of them always appeared a day or two before, hovering in the air. Then they went away, and ſpeedily returned, with the whole flock.

The following ſeems to be a very rational account of moſt of thoſe that are really Birds of Paſſage.

When by the approach of our winter their food fails, Birds of Paſſage are taught by inſtinct to ſeek it elſewhere. Want of food ſeems to be the chief reaſon of their migration. The length of their wings enables them to catch the flying inſects, with which the air is ſtored during the warm months. And moſt Summer Birds of Paſſage, feed on the wing upon ſuch inſects as are ſeen no more when winter comes. If it be conſidered, how much of the globe ſtill remains

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mains unknown, it is no wonder we are not yet acquainted with the places to which they retire. Probably they lie in the ſame latitude in the ſouthern hemiſphere, as thoſe from whence they depart.

As Swallows cannot bear ſo much cold, as ſome other Birds of Paſſage, they are conſtrained to viſit us ſomewhat later, and to depart ſomewhat ſooner. Some ſtay a month after them. Probably many of them perform their long journeys chiefly in the night. Lying on the deck of a ſloop on the north-ſide of Cuba, I and the company with me heard three nights ſucceſſively, flights of Rice-Birds (their notes being plainly diſtinguiſhable) paſſing over our heads northerly, which is their direct way from the ſouthern continent of America, from whence they go yearly when the rice begins to ripen, and after growing fat, return back.

There are alſo winter Birds of Paſſage, which arrive here in autumn and go away in ſpring, namely, the Fieldfare, Redwing, Woodcock, and Snipe. But the two latter ſometimes ſpend the whole year here. Whereas the two former conſtantly at the approach of ſummer, retire to more northern climates, where they breed, and remain till at the return of winter, they return to us again.

The winter food of theſe birds being berries and haws, which are far more plentiful here than in more northern regions, this is one reaſon of their coming over: but the principal is, the ſeverity of the weather in thoſe climates, which nature teaches them to exchange, for ſuch as are more temperate. But why do they depart from us in the ſpring? This ſtill remains among the ſecrets of nature.

[*To be continued.*]

EXTRACTS

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EXTRACTS *from* LOCKE *on* HUMAN UNDERSTANDING; *with short* REMARKS.

CHAP. XXI. *Of Power.*

" Sect. 5. WE find in ourselves a *power* to begin or forbear, continue or end several actions of our minds, and motions of our bodies, barely by a thought or preference of the mind ordering, or, as it were, commanding the doing or not doing such or such a particular action. This *power* which the mind has, thus to order the consideration of any *idea*, or the forbearing to consider it; or to prefer the motion of any part of the body to its rest, and *vice versa* in any particular instance, is that which we call the *Will*. The actual exercise of that power, by directing any particular action, or its forbearance, is that which we call *Volition* or *Willing*. The forbearance of that action, consequent to such order or command of the Mind, is called *Voluntary*. And whatsoever action is performed without such a thought of the Mind, is called *Involuntary*. The power of Perception is that which we call the *Understanding*. Perception, which we make the act of the Understanding, is of three sorts: 1. The perception of *Ideas* in our Minds. 2. The perception of the signification of Signs. 3. The perception of the Connexion or Repugnancy, Agreement or Disagreement, that there is between any of our *Ideas*. All these are attributed to the *Understanding*, or perceptive Power, though it be the two latter only that use allows us to say we understand.

" Sect. 6. These powers of the Mind, viz. of *Perceiving*, and of *Preferring*, are usually called by another name: and the ordinary way of speaking is, That the *Understanding* and *Will* are two *Faculties* of the Mind; a word proper enough, if

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if it be uſed as all words ſhould be, ſo as not to breed any confuſion in men's thoughts, by being ſuppoſed (as I ſuſpect it has been) to ſtand for ſome real beings in the ſoul, that performed thoſe actions of Underſtanding and Volition. For when we ſay, the *Will* is the commanding and ſuperior faculty of the ſoul; that it is, or is not free; that it determines the inferior faculties; that it follows the dictates of the *Underſtanding*, &c. though theſe, and the like expreſſions, by thoſe that carefully attend to their own *Ideas*, and conduct their thoughts more by the evidence of things, than the ſound of words, may be underſtood in a clear and diſtinct ſenſe: yet I ſuſpect, I ſay, that this way of ſpeaking of *Faculties*, has miſled many into a confuſed notion of ſo many diſtinct agents in us, which had their ſeveral provinces and authorities, and did command, obey, and perform ſeveral actions, as ſo many diſtinct beings; which has been no ſmall occaſion of wrangling, obſcurity, and uncertainty in queſtions relating to them.

"Sect. 7. Every one, I think, finds in himſelf a *power* to begin or forbear, continue or put an end to ſeveral actions in himſelf. From the conſideration of the extent of this power of the mind over the actions of the man, which every one finds in himſelf, ariſe the *Ideas* of *Liberty* and *Neceſſity*.

"Sect. 8. All the Actions, that we have any *Idea* of, reducing themſelves, as has been ſaid, to theſe two, viz. Thinking and Motion, ſo far as a man has a power to think, or not to think; to move or not to move, according to the preference or direction of his own mind, ſo far is a man *free*. Wherever any performance or forbearance is not equally in a man's power; wherever doing or not doing, will not equally follow upon the preference of his mind directing it, there he is not *free*, though perhaps the action may be voluntary. So that the *Idea* of *Liberty*, is the *Idea* of a Power in any Agent to do or forbear any particular action, according to the determination or thought of the mind, whereby either

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either of them is preferred to the other; where either of them is not in the power of the agent, to be produced by him according to his *Volition*, there he is not at *Liberty*; that Agent is under *Neceſſity*. So that *Liberty* cannot be, where there is no Thought, no Volition, no Will; but there may be Thought, there may be Will, there may be Volition, where there is no *Liberty*. A little conſideration of an obvious inſtance or two, may make this clear.

"Sect. 9. A Tennis-ball, whether in motion, by the ſtroke of a racket, or lying ſtill at reſt, is not by any one taken to be a *free Agent*. If we enquire into the reaſon, we ſhall find it is, becauſe we conceive not a Tennis-ball to think, and conſequently not to have any volition, or preference of motion to reſt, or *vice verſa*; and therefore has not *liberty*, is not a free Agent; but all its Motion and Reſt, come under our *Idea* of *Neceſſary*, and are ſo called. Likewiſe a man falling into the water, (a bridge breaking under him,) has not herein liberty, is not a free Agent. For though he has volition, though he prefers his not falling to falling; yet the forbearance of that motion not being in his power, the ſtop or ceſſation of that motion follows not upon his volition; and therefore therein he is not *free*. So a man ſtriking himſelf, or his friend, by a convulſive motion of his arm, which it is not in his power, by volition or the direction of his mind to ſtop, or forbear; no body thinks he has in this *Liberty*; every one pities him, as acting by Neceſſity and Conſtraint.

"Sect. 10. Again, ſuppoſe a man be carried, whilſt faſt aſleep, into a room, where is a perſon he longs to ſee and ſpeak with; and be there locked faſt in, beyond his power to get out; he awakes, and is glad to find himſelf in ſo deſirable company, which he ſtays willingly in, i. e. prefers his ſtay to going away. I aſk, Is not this ſtay voluntary? I think, no body will doubt it; and yet being locked faſt in, it is evident he is not at liberty not to ſtay, he has not freedom to be gone. So that *Liberty is not an* Idea *belonging to Volition*, or preferring;

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preferring; but to the perſon having the power of doing, or forbearing to do, according as the mind ſhall chuſe or direct. Our *Idea* of liberty reaches as far as the power and no farther. For wherever Reſtraint comes to check that Power, or Compulſion takes away that indifferency of ability on either ſide to act, or to forbear acting, there *Liberty*, and our notion of it, preſently ceaſes.

"Sect. 11. We have inſtances enough, and often more than enough in our own bodies. A man's heart beats, and the blood circulates, which it is not in his power by any thought or volition to ſtop; and therefore in reſpect of theſe motions, where reſt depends not on his choice, nor would follow the determination of his mind, if it ſhould prefer it, he is not a *free Agent*. Convulſive motions agitate his legs, ſo that though he *wills* it never ſo much, he cannot by any power of his mind ſtop their motion, (as in that odd diſeaſe called *Chorea Sancti Viti*,) but he is perpetually dancing: he is not at liberty in this action, but under as much neceſſity of moving, as a ſtone that falls, or a Tennis-ball ſtruck with a racket. On the other ſide, a palſy or the ſtocks hinder his legs from obeying the determination of his mind, if it would thereby transfer his body to another place. In all theſe there is want of *Freedom*, though the ſitting ſtill even of a paralytic, whilſt he prefers it to a removal, is truly voluntary. *Voluntary* then *is not oppoſed to Neceſſary; but to Involuntary*. For a man may prefer what he can do, to what he cannot do; the ſtate he is in, to its abſence or change, though Neceſſity has made it in itſelf unalterable.

"Sect. 12. As it is in the motions of the Body, ſo it is in the thoughts of our minds; where any one is ſuch, that we have power to take it up, or lay it by, according to the preference of the Mind, there we are at *Liberty*. A waking man being under the neceſſity of having ſome *Ideas* conſtantly in his Mind, is not at *liberty* to think, or not to think; no more than he is at *liberty*, whether his Body ſhall touch any

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any other, or no: but whether he will remove his contemplation from one *Idea* to another, is many times in his choice; and then he is in reſpect of his *Ideas*, as much at *Liberty*, as he is in reſpect of bodies he reſts on: he can at pleaſure remove himſelf from one to another. But yet ſome *Ideas* to the Mind, like ſome Motions to the Body, are ſuch, as in certain circumſtances it cannot avoid, nor obtain their abſence by the utmoſt effort it can uſe. A man on the rack, is not at *liberty* to lay by the *Idea* of Pain, and divert himſelf with other Contemplations: and ſometimes a boiſterous Paſſion hurries our Thoughts, as a Hurricane does our Bodies, without leaving us the liberty of thinking on other things, which we would rather chuſe. But as ſoon as the Mind regains the power to ſtop or continue, begin or forbear any of theſe motions of the Body without, or Thoughts within, according as it thinks fit to prefer either to the other, we then conſider the man as a *free Agent* again.

" Sect. 13. Wherever Thought is wholly wanting, or the power to act or forbear according to the direction of Thought, there *Neceſſity* takes place. This in an Agent capable of Volition, when the beginning or continuation of any action is contrary to that preference of his mind, is called *Compulſion*; when the hindering or ſtopping any Action is contrary to his Volition, it is called *Reſtraint*. Agents that have no Thought, no Volition at all, are in every thing *neceſſary* Agents."

[*To be continued.*]

An Account of the PASSIONS, *or* NATURAL AFFECTIONS: *extracted from Dr. Watts.*

Of COMPLACENCE *and* DISPLICENCE.

14. THE third ſort of Love and Hatred are *Complacence* and *Diſpliceence*. If the object be ſuited to give pleaſure, the love I feel to it is called *Complacence* or *Delight*. If this *Complacency* riſe high, it is called *Fondneſs*.

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There is a *Fondneſs* which is very innocent between kindred or the neareſt relations, and which, in general, is called *Natural Affection.*

As an agreeable Object gives *Complacency* or *Delight*; ſo a diſagreeable one raiſes *Diſplicence*, *Diſlike*, or *Diſguſt*. If *Diſplicency* riſe to a high degree, we call it *Abhorrence*; and ſometimes by a metaphor, *Loathing*. Where the diſagreeableneſs between the perſon and the object is wrought into the very conſtitution, it obtains the name of *Antipathy*.

Of DESIRE *and* AVERSION.

15. We proceed now to the Paſſions, which ſpring chiefly from *Benevolence* and *Complacence*, and their contraries. Here the firſt pair that occur are *Deſire* and *Averſion*. When we look upon an Object as *good*, and poſſible to be attained, our *Deſire* goes out toward it. When we look upon an Object as *evil*, which may poſſibly come upon us, it awakens *Averſion*.

But in our animal natures there are ſome *Propenſities* or *Deſires* that ariſe without any expreſs ideas of the goodneſs of their Object, ſuch as *Hunger* and *Thirſt*. Theſe we generally call *natural Appetites*. In the ſame manner there may be *Averſions* which ariſe before our mind expreſsly conceives the Object to be evil or diſagreeable. But thoſe *Averſions* only are proper *Paſſions* which ariſe firſt from the Mind, conſidering the Object as *evil*.

If our Deſire be not violent, it is called a *ſimple Inclination*: when it riſes high, it is termed *Longing*. When any Object raiſes our Averſion to a great degree, it is uſually named *Loathing* or *Abhorrence*. If we are conſtrained to do or ſuffer evil contrary to our *Inclinations*, this awakens a ſort of *Averſion*, we call *Reluctance* or *Regret*.

There are ſeveral objects of *Deſire* (eſpecially if the Deſire be immoderate,) which give a diſtinct name to the Paſſion itſelf. Deſire of the pleaſures of ſenſe is called *Senſuality*: Deſire of honour, power and authority among men, is called *Ambition*: deſire of riches is called *Covetouſneſs*.

[*To be continued.*]

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A SERMON

A SERMON

[*By Dr. CUDWORTH.*]

On 1 John ii. 3, 4.

[*Continued from page* 374.]

THE great design of God in the gospel is, to clear up this mist of sin and corruption which we are surrounded with, and to bring up his creatures out of the *Shadow of Death*, to the *Region of Light* above, the land of Truth and Holiness. The great mystery of the gospel is to establish a God-like frame and disposition of spirit, which consists in Righteousness and true Holiness, in the hearts of men. And Christ who is the great and mighty Saviour, came on purpose into the world, not only to save from *fire and brimstone*, but also to save us from our *sins*. Christ hath therefore made an expiation of our sins by his death upon the cross, that we being thus *delivered out of the hands of* these our greatest *enemies, might serve God without fear, in holiness and righteousness before him all the days of our life*. The end of the whole gospel is, not only to cover sin, by spreading the purple robe of Christ's death and sufferings over it, but to convey a powerful and mighty spirit of holiness, to cleanse us and free us from it. And this is a greater grace than the former, which still go both together in the gospel; the free pardon of sin in the blood of Christ; and the delivering us from sin, by the Spirit of Christ dwelling in our hearts.

Our Saviour Christ came (as John the Baptist tells us) *with a fan in his hand, that he might throughly purge his floor, and gather his wheat into his garner*: and to *burn up the chaff*

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with unquenchable fire. He came (as the prophet Malachi ſays) *like a Refiner's fire, and like Fuller's ſoap; to ſit as a refiner and purifier of ſilver, and to purify all the ſons of Levi, and purge them as gold and ſilver, that they may offer unto the Lord an offering in righteouſneſs.*

The *firſt Adam*, as the Scripture tells us, brought in a real defilement, which like a loathſome leproſy, hath overſpread all mankind: and therefore *the ſecond Adam* muſt not only fill the world with a conceit of holineſs, and mere imaginary righteouſneſs: but he muſt really convey ſuch an immortal ſeed of grace, into the hearts of true believers as may prevail ſtill more and more in them, till it have at laſt quite wrought out that poiſon of the Serpent.

And cannot God ſave us from our ſins? Have the Fiends of darkneſs then, thoſe poor forlorn ſpirits, that are fettered and chained up in the chains of their own wickedneſs, any ſtrength to withſtand the force of infinite *Goodneſs*, which is infinite *Power?* Or do they not rather ſkulk in holes of darkneſs, and fly like batts and owls, before the approaching beams of this Sun of Righteouſneſs? Is God powerful to kill and to deſtroy, to damn and to torment? And is he not powerful to ſave? Nay, it is the ſweeteſt flower in all the garden of his Attributes, it is the diadem of his crown of glory, that he is *Mighty to ſave*: and this is far more magnificent for him, than to be ſtiled *Mighty to deſtroy.* For that, except it be in a way of juſtice, ſpeaks no power at all, but mere impotency; for the root of all power is Goodneſs.

Or muſt we ſay, laſtly, that God indeed is able to reſcue us out of the power of ſin and Satan, when we ſigh and groan towards him; but yet ſometimes, to exerciſe his abſolute authority, his uncontrolable dominion, he delights rather in plunging wretched ſouls down into infernal night and everlaſting darkneſs? What ſhall we then make the God of the whole world? Nothing but a cruel and dreadful *Erinnys*, with *curled fiery ſnakes* about his head, and *firebrands* in his hands,

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hands, thus governing the world? Surely this will make us either ſecretly to think that there is no God at all in the world, if he muſt needs be ſuch, or elſe to wiſh heartily there were none. But doubtleſs God will at laſt confute all theſe our miſapprehenſions of him; he will unmaſk our hypocritical pretences, and clearly caſt the ſhame of all our ſinful deficiencies upon ourſelves, and vindicate his own glory from receiving the leaſt ſtain or blemiſh by them. In the mean time, let us know that the goſpel now requireth far more of us than the law did; for it requireth a *new creature*; *a divine nature*; *Chriſt formed in us:* but yet withal it beſloweth *a quickening ſpirit, an enlivening power* to enable us to expreſs that which is required. Whoſoever therefore truly knows Chriſt, the ſame alſo *keepeth his commandments*. But *he that ſaith I know him, and keepeth not his commandments is a liar and the truth is not in him.*

[*To be continued.*]

A true Relation of the chief things which an evil Spirit did and ſaid at Maſcon, *in* Burgundy.

[*Continued from page* 371.]

THE next day I gave notice to the Elders of the Church. Yea, I thought fit to make it known to Mr. *Francis Tornus*, a Royal Notary, of *Maſcon*, although he was a Roman Catholic, and very jealous of his religion. Since that time, both he and all the others to whom I had imparted it, did not fail to viſit me every evening, either together or by turns, as long as it continued, ſitting up with me till midnight, and ſometimes longer.

The firſt and ſome following nights, the wicked ſpirit kept himſelf from making a noiſe in their preſence, as not willing to

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to be known to them. But upon the 20th of September, about nine o'clock, in preſence of us all, he began to whiſtle three or four times with a very loud and ſhrill tone, and preſently to frame an articulate voice, though ſomewhat hoarſe, which ſeemed to be about three or four ſteps from us. He pronounced theſe words, ſinging *vingt & deux deniers*, that is, *two and twenty-pence*, a little tune of five notes which whiſtling birds are taught to ſing. After that, he repeated many times this word, *Miniſter*, *Miniſter*. Becauſe that voice was very terrible to us, at the firſt, I was long before I would anſwer any thing to that word, but only, *Get thee from me Satan: the Lord rebuke thee.* But as he was repeating very often the word *Miniſter*, I was provoked to tell him, *Yes indeed I am a Miniſter, a ſervant of the living God, before whoſe Majeſty thou trembleſt.* To which he anſwered, *I ſay nothing to the contrary.* And, I replied, *I have no need of thy teſtimony.* Yet he continued to ſay the ſame, as if he would win us to a favourable opinion of him. Then he would offer to transform himſelf into an angel of light, ſaying of his own accord, and very loud, the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, the morning and evening Prayers, and the ten Commandments. It is true that he did always clip and leave out ſome part of it. He ſung alſo with a loud voice, part of the 81ſt Pſalm. Then ſaid many things which might be true, as ſome particular paſſages belonging to my family: and among other things, that my father had been poiſoned; naming the man that did it, and why, and ſpecifying the place, and the manner of the poiſon.

That very night, he ſaid he came from *Pais de Vaux*; that he had paſſed through the village of *Allagmone*; which is in *Ballioge de Goz*, at the door of my eldeſt brother's houſe, where he had ſeen him, with *M. Du Pan*, Miniſter of *Thoiry*. That they were ready to go to ſupper together at my brother's houſe. That they were neighbours and dear friends. That he had ſaluted them, and aſked whether they had any thing to command him to deliver to me, becauſe he was going

to

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to *Maſcon*. That they had ſhewed themſelves very kind to him and deſired him to remember their love to me; yea, and had invited him to drink with them. Thou wicked fiend (ſaid I to the ſpirit) had they known thee, they would not have been ſo kind to thee.

Some truth there was in his ſtory, for *M. Du Pan* hath ſince told me and many others, that he remembered very well how at that very time a man of ſuch a ſhape, riding on a very lean horſe, who hung down his head, had ſpoken with them, and that ſuch diſcourſes paſt between them.

The Demon told us alſo of another brother of mine living in the vale of the *Lake de Joux*, in the country of *Vaux*, ſaying, that one day when ſome of our near kindred were come to viſit him, he, to give them ſome recreation, made them go upon the lake without a boat, upon floating wood tied together: and that they being far on the lake a ſtormy wind aroſe, which conſtrained them to return in haſte to the ſhore. Not far from which all that floating wood was overturned, and they all well-nigh drowned. Which ſtorm he affirmed to be of his raiſing. The relation of that paſſage being very true, it may be true alſo that he had raiſed that wind, as we read in the book of Job, that Satan raiſed a great wind that made the houſe fall. Another night the Demon ſpeaking to *Claude Repay*, a bleacher of linen cloth, one of them that uſed to come to me at night, aſked him whether he remembered not that upon ſuch a day, after he had ſet in order ſome pieces of cloth and ſkeins of yarn, he found them awhile after removed out of that place and out of order, and then ſaid, that it was his doing. He aſked another bleacher called *Philbert Guillermin*, who was alſo in the company, whether he remembered not that one day as he was ſtooping to turn ſome pieces of cloth and ſkeins of yarn, lying upon the graſs, ſomething pulled him by the ſkirts of his doublet, and made him go back two or three ſteps, and that next evening as he lay in his bleaching houſe, his hat which he had hanged

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hanged on a nail by his bed-ſide was flung at his face, and made him ſtart out of his ſleep. That (ſaid he) was of my doing. Both *Repay* and *Guillermin* acknowledged that theſe things happened to them.

Philbert Guillermin's brother, a merchant of *Lavan*, coming from *Lyons*, lodged in his brother's houſe, and had a mind to viſit me the firſt night: but his brother would not let him. The Demon failed not to tell us of it, ſaying, I know why *M. Philbert* came not laſt night. His brother had a good mind to have beſtowed a viſit upon-us, but *Philbert* diſſuaded him, becauſe he would not that his brother ſhould hear what noiſe we keep in this houſe.

He ſpake alſo of a late quarrel betwixt one *James Berard*, a cutler of *Maſcon*, and one *Samuel du Mont*, who had ſo beaten the ſaid *Berard* that he had brought him to death's door, which was true, and told many particulars of that quarrel, which were not known. He told us how at the late fair of St. *Laurence*, upon which the citizens of *Maſcon* march in arms under their ſeveral colours, one *Francis Chickyard* had been hurt in the leg, which afterwards being gangrened was cut off. And he named the man that had ſhot him, and he had done it to be revenged of *Chickyard*, to whom he bore a malice.

Another night the Demon ſpeaking to one of our company, told him ſuch ſecret things that the man who affirmed never to have told them to any perſon, came to believe that the Devil knew his thoughts.

Then he began to mock God and all Religion, and ſaying *Gloria Patri* he ſkipt over the ſecond perſon, and upon the third perſon he made a foul and deteſtible equivocation. Whereupon I being incenſed, told the wicked Spirit, he ſhould have ſaid, Glory be to the Father, Creator of heaven and earth, and to his Son Jeſus Chriſt, who hath deſtroyed the works of the devil. He then deſired us with great earneſtneſs, that we ſhould ſend for *M. Du Chaffin*, the Popiſh Parſon

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Parſon of St. *Stephen's* Pariſh to whom he would confeſs himſelf, and that he would not fail to bring holy water with him: for that (ſaid he) would ſend me packing preſently.

We wondered that the dog of the houſe who uſed to bark at the leaſt noiſe, yet never barked at the loud ſpeaking and hideous noiſe of the Demon. He ſaid of his own accord, *You wonder that the dog barketh not, it is becauſe I made the ſign of the croſs upon his head.*

Then he fell a ſcoffing, and among other things ſaid that he was one of thoſe that ſcaled the walls of *Geneva*, and that the ladder being broken he fell from the wall into the ditch, where he had been near to be eaten of the frogs, whoſe croaking he perfectly imitated.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

Mr. BEDFORD's *Account of* THOMAS PERKS: *in a Letter to the Biſhop of* GLOUCESTER.

My Lord, Briſtol, Aug. 2, 1703.

BEING informed by Mr. Shute of your Lordſhip's deſire, that I ſhould communicate to you what I had known concerning a certain perſon, who lately lived near this city, I have made bold to give you the trouble of this Letter, hoping my deſire to gratify your Lordſhip in every particular, may be an apology for the length hereof.

About thirteen years ago, whilſt I was Curate to Dr. Read, Rector of St. Nicholas, in this city, I began to be acquainted with one Thomas Perks, a man about twenty years of age; who lived with his father at Mangotsfield, by trade a Gunſmith, and contracted an intimate acquaintance with him, he being not only a very good tempered man, but extremely well ſkilled in Mathematical Studies. His conſtant delight was in Arithmetic, Geometry, Gauging, Surveying, Aſtro-

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nomy and Algebra: he had a notion of the Perpetual Motion; and which, as he held, was demonſtrable from Mathematical Principles. He gave himſelf ſo much to Aſtronomy, that he could calculate the motions of the Planets, and demonſtrate every Problem in Spherical Trigonometry from Mathematical Principles.

After this, he applied himſelf to Aſtrology; calculated Nativities, and reſolved horary Queſtions. When I was ſettled in Temple Pariſh, after I had ſeen him for ſome time, he came to me, and aſked my opinion concerning the lawfulneſs of converſing with ſpirits. After I had given him my thoughts in the negative, I confirmed them with the beſt reaſons I could. He told me, he had conſidered all thoſe arguments, but that nevertheleſs there was an innocent ſociety with them, which a man might uſe, if he did no harm by their means, and was not curious in prying into hidden things: and that he himſelf had diſcourſed with them to his great ſatisfaction. And he gave an offer to me at one time, and to Mr. Bayley, of Briſtol, at another, that if we would go with him at night to Kingswood, we ſhould hear them both talk and ſing, and talk with them, and return very ſafe: but neither of us had the courage to venture. I told him the ſubtilty of the Devil to transform himſelf into an Angel of Light; but he could not believe it was the Devil. I had ſeveral conferences with him upon this ſubject, but could never convince him.

I propoſed (to try him) a queſtion in Aſtronomy, relating to the Projection of the Sphere; which he projected and reſolved, and afterward did ſo demonſtrate from the Mathematics, as to demonſtrate at the ſame time, that his brain was free from the leaſt tincture of madneſs. I aſked him ſeveral particulars concerning the methods he uſed. He told me he had a book whoſe directions he followed; that at midnight, he went to a croſs-way with a lanthorn and candle, which was conſecrated for this purpoſe with ſeveral incantations. He had

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had alſo conſecrated chalk, conſiſting of ſeveral mixtures with which he uſed to make a circle, at what diſtance he thought fit; within which no ſpirit had power to enter.

After this, he invoked the ſpirits by ſeveral forms of words, ſome of which he told me were taken out of the holy Scriptures, and therefore muſt be lawful. The ſpirits appeared to him which he called for, in the ſhape of little maidens, about a foot and half high, and played about the circle.

At firſt he was ſomewhat affrighted, but after ſome acquaintance with them, this wore off, and he began to be well pleaſed with their company. He told me they ſpoke with a very ſhrill voice. He aſked them if there was a God; they told him there was. He aſked if there was a heaven, or a hell; they ſaid there was. He aſked them what ſort of a place heaven was, which they demonſtrated as a place of great glory and happineſs. He alſo aſked what ſort of a place hell was, but they deſired him to aſk no queſtions of that nature, for it was a dreadful thing to relate it. He further aſked them what method and order they had amongſt themſelves; they told him that they were divided into three Orders; that they had a Chief, whoſe reſidence was in the air; that he had ſeveral Counſellors, which were placed by him in the form of a globe, and he himſelf in the centre, which was the chief Order; another Order was employed in going to and fro from thence to the Earth, to carry intelligence from thoſe lower ſpirits; and a third Order was on the Earth to do according to the directions they ſhould receive from thoſe in the Air. This deſcription being contrary to the account we have in Scripture of the bleſſed Angels, made me conclude they were devils; but I could not convince him of it. He told me he had bid them ſing, and they went to ſome diſtance behind a buſh, from whence he could hear ſuch a concert of muſic, as he never heard before. That in the

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upper part he could hear ſomething very harſh and ſhrill, like a reed; but as it was managed it gave a particular grace to the reſt.

About a quarter of a year after he came to me again, and told me he wiſhed he had taken my advice, for he thought he had done that which would coſt him his life. Indeed his eyes and his countenance ſhewed a great alteration. I aſked him what he had done; he told me that being reſolved to proceed in his Art, and to have ſome familiar ſpirit at his command, according to the directions of his book, he procured a book made of virgin's parchment, and conſecrated with ſeveral incantations; as alſo a particular inkhorn, ink, pen, &c. for his purpoſe. With thoſe he went out (as uſual) to a croſs-way, called up a ſpirit and aſked him his name; which he put in the firſt page of his book. This was to be his Familiar: thus he was to do by as many as he pleaſed, writing their names in diſtinct pages, only one on a leaf; and then whenever he took the book and opened it, the ſpirit whoſe name appeared, appeared alſo. The familiar ſpirit he had was called *Malchi*. After this, they appeared oftener than he deſired, and in moſt diſmal ſhapes, like ſerpents, lions, bears, &c. hiſſing at him, and attempting to throw ſpears and balls of fire, which did very much affright him. And the more, when he found it not in his power to lay them; inſomuch that his hair, as he told me, ſtood upright, and he expected every moment to be torn in pieces. This was in December, about midnight. He continued there in a great ſweat till break of day: then they left him; but from that time he was never well as long as he lived. In his ſickneſs he came frequently to conſult with Mr. Jacob, an Apothecary, in Broad-Street; but in vain. He alſo came to me, and owned every matter of fact; inſiſting that he long thought it lawful, but was ſince convinced to the contrary; he ſtill owned, he made no compact with any of thoſe ſpirits, and never did any harm by their means, nor never pryed into the future fortune of himſelf. He expreſt a hearty repentance

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tance and deteſtation of his ſins; ſo that though thoſe methods coſt him his life, yet I have great reaſon to believe him happy now.

Perhaps your Lordſhip may be further informed from his Relations and Neighbours in Mangotsfield, which lies in Glouceſterſhire, not above a mile out of the road to Bath. I have frequently told the ſtory, but never mentioned his name before; and therefore if your Lordſhip hath any deſign of printing ſuch Accounts as theſe, I deſire it may be with ſuch a tenderneſs to his memory, as may not be the leaſt prejudice to his Relations.'

I am,

Your Lordſhip's moſt dutiful Son and Servant,

ARTHUR BEDFORD.

Mr. *Bedford* was ſome time Chaplain of the Haberdaſher's Hoſpital, in Hoxton.

An ANSWER *to Mr.* DODD.

1. YOU and I may the more eaſily bear with each other, becauſe we are both of us *rapid* Writers, and therefore the more liable to miſtake. I will thank you for ſhewing me any miſtake I am in: being not ſo tenacious of my Opinions now, as I was twenty or thirty years ago. Indeed I am not fond of any Opinion as ſuch. I read the Bible with what attention I can, and regulate all my Opinions thereby, to the beſt of my Underſtanding. But I am always willing to receive more light; particularly with regard to any leſs common Opinions, becauſe the explaining and defending of them takes up much time, which I can ill ſpare from other Employments. Whoever therefore will give me more light, with regard to Chriſtian Perfection, will do me a ſingular Favour. The Opinion I have concerning it at preſent, I eſpouſe

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eſpouſe merely becauſe I think it is Scriptural. If therefore I am convinced, it is not Scriptural, I ſhall willingly relinquiſh it.

2. I have no particular fondneſs for the Term. It ſeldom occurs either in my preaching or writings. It is my opponents who thruſt it upon me continually, and aſk me, What I mean by it? So did bishop Gibſon, till by his advice, I publicly declared, What I *did not* mean by it, and what I *did*. This I ſuppoſed might be beſt done in the form of a Sermon, having a text prefixt, wherein that term occured. But that text is there uſed only as an occaſion or introduction to the ſubject. I do not build any doctrine thereupon, nor undertake critically to explain it.

3. What is the meaning of the term *Perfection*, is another queſtion; but that it is a *Scriptural Term* is undeniable. Therefore none ought to object to the uſe of the *Term*, whatever they may do to this or that *Explication* of it. I am very willing to conſider whatever you have to object, to what is advanced under the firſt head of that Sermon. But I ſtill think that *Perfection* is only another term for *Holineſs*, or the image of God in man. *God made man perfect*, I think is juſt the ſame, as he made him *holy*, or *in his own image*. And you are the very firſt perſon I ever read of or ſpoke with, who made any doubt of it. Now *this Perfection* does certainly admit of degrees. Therefore I readily allow the Propriety of that Diſtinction, Perfection of Kinds, and Perfection of Degrees. Nor do I remember one Writer, Antient or Modern, who excepts againſt it.

4. In the Sermon of Salvation by Faith I ſay, "He that is born of God ſinneth not," (a propoſition explained at large in another Sermon) and every where either explicitly or virtually connected with, *while he keepeth himſelf*) "by any ſinful Deſire, any unholy Deſire he ſtifleth in the Birth." (Aſſuredly he does, *while he keepeth himſelf*) "Nor doth he ſin by infirmities. For his infirmities have no concurrence of his will,

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will, and without this they are not properly sins." Taking the words as they lie in connexion thus, (and taken otherwise they are not *my* words but *yours*,) I must still aver, they speak both my own experience, and that of many hundred children of God whom I personally know. And all this, with abundantly more than this, is contained in that single expression, "The loving God with all our heart, and serving him with all our strength." Nor did I ever say or mean any *more* by Perfection, than *thus* loving and serving God. But I dare not say *less* than this. For it might be attended with worse consequences than you seem to be aware of. If there be a mistake, it is far more dangerous on the one side than on the other. If I set the mark too high, I drive men into needless fears; if you set it too low, you drive them into hell-fire.

5. We agree, that true "Christianity implies, a destruction of the Kingdom of Sin, and a renewal of the soul in Righteousness; which even babes in Christ do in a measure, experience; though not in so large a measure as young men and fathers?" But here we divide. I believe even babes in Christ *(while they keep themselves) do not commit sin.* By *sin* I mean outward sin; and the word *commit* I take, in its plain, literal meaning. And this I think is fully proved by all the texts cited Sermon 3, from the sixth chapter to the *Romans.* Nor do I conceive there is any material difference between *committing sin*, and *continuing therein.* I tell my neighbour here, "*William*, you are a child of the devil; for you *commit sin*; you was drunk yesterday." No, Sir, says the man; I do not *live* or *continue in sin*, (which Mr. *Dodd* says is the true meaning of the text) I am not drunk *continually*, but only now and then, once in a fortnight, or once in a month." Now, Sir, how shall I deal with this man? Shall I tell him, he is in the way to heaven or hell? I think, he is in the high road to destruction, and that if I tell him otherwise, his blood will be upon my head. And all that you say, of *living, continuing in, serving sin*, as different from *committing* it,

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it, and of its *not reigning*, not having *dominion* over him, who ſtill frequently *commits* it, is making ſo many *Loop-holes* whereby any impenitent ſinner may eſcape from all the terrors of the Lord. I dare not therefore give up the plain, literal meaning either of St. *Paul's* or St. *Peter's* words.

6. As to thoſe of St. *John*, (cited S. 5.) I do not think you have proved they are not to be taken literally. In every ſingle act of obedience, as well as in a continued courſe of it, ποιει δικαιοσυνην. And in either an act or a courſe of ſin, ποιει ἁμαρτιαν. Therefore, that I may give no countenance to any kind or degree of ſin, I ſhall interpret theſe words by thoſe in the fifth chapter, and believe, *He that is born of God* (while he keepeth himſelf) *ſinneth not*; doth not commit outward ſin.

7. But "It is abſolutely neceſſary, as you obſerve, to add ſometimes explanatory words to thoſe of the ſacred Penmen." It is ſo: to add words *explanatory* of their ſenſe; but not *ſubverſive* of it. The words added to this Text, *Ye know all things*, are ſuch. And you yourſelf allow them ſo to be. But I do not allow the words *wilfully and habitually* to be ſuch. Theſe do not explain, but overthrow the Text. That the firſt Fathers thus explained it, I deny: as alſo, that I ever ſpoke lightly of them,

8. You proceed. "You allow in another Sermon, in evident contradiction to yourſelf, that the true children of God *could* and *did* commit ſin." This is no contradiction to any thing I ever advanced. I every where allow, that a Child of God *can* and *will* commit ſin, *if he does not keep himſelf*. "But this, you ſay, is nothing to the preſent Argument." Yes, it is the whole thing. If they *keep themſelves*, they do not; otherwiſe they *can* and *do* commit ſin. I ſay nothing contrary to this in either Sermon. But "hence, you ſay, we conclude, *That he who is* born of God, *may poſſibly commit ſin*." An idle concluſion as ever was formed. For whoever denied it? I flatly affirm it in both the Sermons

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mons, and in the very paragraph now before us. The only concluſion which I deny, is, That "all Chriſtians *do and will commit ſin, as long as they live.*" Now this you yourſelf (though you ſeem to ſtart at it) maintain from the beginning of your Letter to the end: viz. That all Chriſtians *do ſin* and *cannot but ſin*, more or leſs, to their lives end. Therefore I do not "*artfully put* this concluſion;" but it is your own concluſion, from your own premiſes. Indeed were I *artfully* to *put* in any thing, in expounding the word of God, I muſt be an errant knave. But I do not: my conſcience bears me witneſs, that I ſpeak the very truth, ſo far as I know it, in ſimplicity and godly ſincerity.

9. I think that all this time you are directly pleading for *looſeneſs of Manners*, and that every thing you advance naturally tends thereto. This is my grand Objection to that Doctrine of the *neceſſity of ſinning*. Not only that it is falſe, but that it is directly ſubverſive of all Holineſs. The Doctrine of the *Gnoſticks*, was not that a child of God *does not commit ſin*, i. e. Act the things which are forbidden in Scripture: but that they are *not ſin* in him; that he is a child of God ſtill: ſo they contend, not for *ſinleſs*, but *ſinful Perfection*: juſt as different from what I contend for, as Heaven is from Hell. What the *Donatiſts* were, I do not know. But I ſuſpect, they were the real Chriſtians of that age; and were therefore ſerved by St. *Auguſtine* and his warm Adherents, as the Methodiſts are now by their zealous Adverſaries. It is extremely eaſy to blacken: and could I give myſelf leave, I could paint the conſequences of your Doctrine, in at leaſt as dark and odious colours, as you could paint mine.

10. The paſſage of St. *Peter* (mentioned S. 12,) I ſtill think proves all which I brought it to prove.

"But you allow, (S. 14,) that *Paul* and *Barnabas* did commit ſin. And theſe were without all controverſy Fathers in Chriſt." That is not without controverſy: that either *Barnabas* when he left *Paul*, or *Peter* when he diſſembled at

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Antioch, was at that time a father in Chriſt in St. *John's* ſenſe: though *by office* undoubtedly they were. Their example therefore only proves what no one denies, viz. That if a Believer keeps not himſelf, he may commit ſin. Would the concluſions here drawn, "be made only by a very weak Opponent?" Then you are a weak Opponent; for you make them all, either from theſe or other premiſes. For you believe and maintain, 1. That *all the other Apoſtles committed ſin ſometimes:* 2. That *all the other Chriſtians* of the Apoſtolic Age, ſometimes committed ſin: 3. That *all other Chriſtians in all Ages*, do and will commit ſin as long as they live: and 4. That every man *muſt* commit ſin, *cannot help* it, as long as he is in the body. You cannot deny one of theſe Propoſitions, if you underſtand your own Premiſes.

I am, Rev. Sir,

Your affectionate Brother,

J. WESLEY.

****

An ANSWER *to ſeveral important* QUESTIONS.

May 22, 1764.

QUESTIONS.

DO you never find any tendency to *Pride?* Do you find nothing like *Anger?* Is your mind never *ruffled*, put *out of tune?* Do you never feel any uſeleſs *Deſire?* Any Deſire of Pleaſure? Of Eaſe? Of Approbation? Of Increaſe of Fortune? Do you find no *Stubbornneſs*, *Sloth*, or *Self-will?* No *Unbelief?*

May 28, 1764.

ANSWER.

I think, to be able to anſwer all your Queſtions in the affirmative, I muſt be perfect indeed. I cannot but think, I am far from That. With regard to your firſt Queſtion, if I feel any pain, when I am ſlighted or diſregarded, is not this "a ten-

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"a tendency to *Pride?*" Indeed I only feel Pain from Perſons I love. And this I have ſometimes felt, though not lately: but I do not deſire any ſhould think highly of me: nor am I conſcious, that I have high thoughts of myſelf.

A temptation to *Anger* I ſometimes find, but very ſeldom. It is as though ſomething came with violence, and *would* enter into my heart; but by looking up, I immediately find, it has not entered. Yet I generally feel a Pain remain for ſome minutes: and thus far my mind is *ruffled*, or *out of tune*.

I think, I do not feel any uſeleſs *Deſire*. And yet I always deſire Pleaſure. But I do not find any thing pleaſes, that does not bring me nearer to God. I do not know that I deſire any *Pleaſure* of *Senſe*: unleſs ſo far as I am perſuaded, it will help me to enjoy him more, who is my Life, and my All. Neither do I know that I deſire *Eaſe*: yet I often deſire Freedom from Labour, that I may converſe alone with my Beloved. And in this, above all things, I have the greateſt need to watch, that I may not go farther than my own judgment allows.

Perhaps the not finding a freedom to converſe about myſelf, with thoſe I think are prejudiced againſt me, may be thought to imply the deſiring *Approbation*. And it is certain, I do not feel the ſame freedom of Converſation with thoſe, as I do with them that can receive what I ſay.

"Increaſe of Fortune," I may truly ſay, I do not deſire. I have now Food and Raiment, without having any thing to do with the world. This I eſteem a mercy indeed. For my mind is wholly drawn heaven-ward. I remember daily, that I am living for Eternity. And I thank my God daily, that I need have but little commerce with thoſe that know not God: I enjoy my preſent mercies, as coming from his hand, and truſt Him for the future: being well ſatisfied, that he who has thus ſaved my ſoul, will provide for my body, till his Arms receive me home. All my care is, how I may be holy both in body and ſoul.

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I cannot ſay, that I find any *Stubbornneſs*, *Sloth*, or *Self-will*: yet I fear to ſay abſolutely, there is *none* in me. O Lord, let my ſentence come forth from thy preſence! Certainly I do not know myſelf as God knows me: and perhaps in ſome reſpects, I do not know myſelf ſo well as you know me. Therefore if you diſcern any thing of theſe in me, I ſhall receive it as a favour if you tell me.

I do not feel any *Unbelief*, with regard to my own ſoul. I believe my Saviour hath ſaved, doth ſave, and will ſave it everlaſtingly. Nevertheleſs I need to increaſe in Faith daily, as well as in every grace. All I live for is, to know myſelf and God more, and I feel a conſtant thirſt ſo to do.

Laſt Sunday ſe'ennight, Mr. —— preached ſuch a Sermon as I never heard him preach before. A ſolemn, weighty power reſted on the whole Congregation. My ſoul and body were ſo penetrated with God, that if I had felt more, I believe I muſt have died. I could only pray, that you and he may be living Witneſſes of all he ſpake. O that your ſoul did feel always, what my ſoul felt then! Surely I ſhould ſay, "Now, Lord, letteſt thou thy ſervant depart in peace: for I have no requeſt unanſwered."

I believe your danger is from *Perſons* rather than *Things*. And ſo has mine been. Therefore I know the power of God to ſave, even in this reſpect. Jeſus who has ſaved me, only knows what I have ſuffered from Affection to the Creatures. But I feel the fulleſt Confidence in my Deliverer, that all my deaths of this ſort are paſt. And now the burden laid upon my heart is, that *you* may be thus ſaved. O what would I give, that your ſoul might cleave to Him, in all, and above all Creatures. This would be my higheſt happineſs, (next to the enjoyment of my God) in time and in eternity. O that you may breathe your ſoul to Him, who knoweth whereof you are made, and is able to change your heart that it may be always true to Him!

How

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How often have I wished to tell you all my thoughts! And now God has ſtrangely given the opportunity. And I believe, while it anſwers the end he deſigns, neither men nor devils can interrupt it. I find all Reſerve baniſhed from me, and were I now going into Eternity, I ſhould be glad to ſee all the Affection to you I do, and to ſpeak to you in the ſame manner.

LETTERS.

LETTER CCXLVIII.

[From Mrs. S. R. to the Rev. Mr. Weſley.]

Briſtol, Feb. 17, 1756.

Rev. and dear Sir,

YOURS of February 10th, filled me with many thoughts, attended with much prayer. I am thankful you ſpeak your ſtate ſo plainly. Surely God hath a hand in this thing! Doth he permit your words and actions, ſmall and great, to be marked? O how much of God do I ſee in this? Surely, if *you* marked every motion of your heart alſo, with much prayer, you would gain much ground in the race that is ſet before you.

O Sir, what I feel for you, when I conſider there is hardly one, that knows how to help you; in this alſo I ſee the Wiſdom of God, that you may not lean on an arm of fleſh. But dear Sir, do not let your ſpirits droop! Surely you do not eye the Lord Almighty: is not this the very way by which God will purify your heart? Let not Satan keep you from much private prayer. If you let your hands hang down in this.

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this, will you not be backward in every duty? I contrive my buſineſs, ſo that from ten to eleven every morning I retire to pray and read. If you could meet me then at the throne of grace, it would not be in vain for your ſoul and mine. I find more power to pray for you ſince your laſt, than I have done for a great while. By whatever manner, way or means, may God make you holy: and may his preſence ſhine continually on your heart!

The humility I feel does indeed flow from a deep ſenſe of my helpleſſneſs. And when I look back upon my former life, I am amazed, and ſay, What hath God done? Why hath he done this for me? And becauſe I cannot tell, I lie and wonder at his bleſſed feet! While my dear friends are approving of me, or what I ſay, I ſeem to loſe myſelf. As to my being charged with pride, I do not wonder at it. I am conſcious, there is in my manner, that which many may term ſo. I find a conſtant need of watching againſt all appearance of evil. I thirſt to have matter and manner right. O help me by your prayers!

As to my body, it declines every day. I know nothing will help me, but to reſt from labour of every kind. But that I dare not do. So I will make haſte to live!

I am your affectionate Child and Servant,

S. R.

LETTER CCXLIX.

[From the Rev. Mr. Weſley, to Mrs. S. R.]

Maldon, Feb. 20, 1758.

My dear Siſter,

IS your eye altogether ſingle? Is your heart entirely pure? I know you gave up the whole to God once: but do you ſtand to the gift? Once your will was ſwallowed up in God's.

But

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But is it now? And will it be so always? The whole Spirit and Power of God be upon you; stablish, strengthen, settle you! And preserve your spirit, soul, and body, spotless and unblamable, unto the coming of Jesus Christ!

I am yours, &c.

J. W.

LETTER CCL.

[From the Rev. Mr. Whitefield, to the Rev. Mr. Wesley.]

Philadelphia, Sept. 25, 1764.

Rev. and dear Sir,

YOUR kind Letter, dated in January last, through the negligence of those that received the parcel, did not reach me till within these few days. It found me at Philadelphia, just returned from my Northern Circuit; and waiting only for cooler weather to set forwards for Georgia. Perhaps that may be my *Ne plus ultra*. But the Gospel range is of such large extent, that I have, as it were, scarce begun to begin. Surely nothing but a very loud call of Providence could make me so much as think of returning to England as yet. I have been mercifully carried through the summer's heat; and, had strength permitted, I might have preached to thousands and thousands thrice every day. Zealous Ministers are not so rare in this New World as in other parts. Here is room for a hundred Itinerants. Lord Jesus send by whom thou wilt send. Fain would I end my life in rambling after those that have rambled away from Jesus Christ.

For this let men despise my name,
I'd shun no cross, I'd fear no shame:
All hail reproach!———

I am

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I am perſuaded you are like minded. I wiſh you and all your dear Fellow-labourers much proſperity. O to be kept from turning to the right hand or the left! Methinks for many years, we have heard a voice behind us ſaying, "This is the way, walk in it." I do not repent being a poor, deſpiſed, caſt out, and now almoſt worn-out Itinerant. I would do it again if I had my choice. Having loved his own, the altogether lovely Jeſus, loves them to the end; even the laſt glimmerings of an expiring taper, he bleſſed to guide ſome wandering ſouls to himſelf. At New-England, New-York, and Pennſylvania, the word hath run and been glorified. Scarce one dry meeting ſince my arrival. All this is of grace. In various places there hath been a very great ſtirring among the dry bones. If you, and all yours would join in praying over a poor worthleſs, but willing Pilgrim, it would be a very great act of charity, he being, though leſs than the leaſt of all,

Rev. and very dear Sir,

Ever yours, &c. &c. in Jeſus,

G. WHITEFIELD.

LETTER CCLI.

[From the Rev. Mr. Weſley, to the Rev. Mr. Furly.]

Liverpool, July 15, 1764.

Dear Sir,

I Have had many thoughts ſince we parted, on the ſubject of our late converſation. I ſend you them juſt as they occur. "What is it that conſtitutes *a good Stile?*" Perſpicuity, Purity, Propriety, Strength, and Eaſineſs joined together. When any one of theſe is wanting, it is not a good Stile. Dr. *Middleton's* Stile wants Eaſineſs. It is *ſtiff* to a high degree. And ſtiffneſs in Writing is full as great a fault as

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ſtiffneſs in Behaviour. It is a blemiſh hardly to be excuſed, much leſs to be imitated. He is *pedantic*. "It is pedantry, ſays the great Lord *Boyle*, to uſe a hard word, where an eaſier will ſerve." Now this the Doctor continually does, and that of ſet purpoſe. His Stile is abundantly too *artificial: artis eſt celare artem*; but *his* art glares in every ſentence. He continually ſays, "Obſerve how fine I ſpeak." Whereas a good ſpeaker ſeems to forget he ſpeaks at all. His full round curls, naturally put one in mind of Sir *Cloudeſly Shovel's* peruke, that "Eternal buckle takes in Parian Stone." Yet this very fault may appear a beauty to you, becauſe you are apt to halt on the ſame foot. There is a ſtiffneſs both in your carriage and ſpeech, and ſomething of it in your very familiarity. But for this very reaſon, you ſhould be jealous of yourſelf, and guard againſt your natural infirmity. If you imitate any Writers, let it be *South*, *Atterbury*, or *Swift*, in whom *all* the properties of a good Writer meet. I was myſelf, once much fonder of *Prior* than *Pope*: as I did not then know that *ſtiffneſs* was a fault. But what in all *Prior* can equal, for beauty of ſtile, ſome of the firſt lines that *Pope* ever publiſhed,

"Poets themſelves muſt die, like thoſe they ſung,
Deaf the praiſéd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue,
Evén he whoſe heart now melts in tender lays,
Shall ſhortly want the generous tear he pays.
Then from his eyes thy much-lovéd form ſhalt part;
And the laſt pang ſhall tear thee from his heart:
Life's idle buſineſs at one gaſp be o'er,
The Muſe forgot, and thou belovéd no more."

Here is Stile! How clear; how pure, proper, ſtrong, and yet how amazingly *eaſy*! This crowns all: no ſtiffneſs, no hard words: no *apparent* art, no affectation: all is natural, and therefore conſumately beautiful. Go thou and *write* likewiſe. As for *me*,

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I never think of my Stile at all, but juſt ſet down the words that come firſt. Only when I tranſcribe any thing for the Preſs, then I think it my duty to ſee every phraſe be clear, pure, and proper. Conciſeneſs (which is now as it were natural to me,) brings *quantum ſufficit* of ſtrength. If after all, I obſerve any ſtiff Expreſſion, I throw it out, neck and ſhoulders.

Clearneſs in particular is neceſſary for you and me; becauſe we are to inſtruct people of the loweſt underſtanding. Therefore we above all, if we *think* with the wiſe, yet muſt ſpeak with the *vulgar*. We ſhould conſtantly uſe the moſt common, little, eaſy words (ſo they are pure and proper,) which our Language affords. When I had been a Member of the Univerſity about ten years, I wrote and talked much as you do now. But when I talked to plain people in the caſtle, or the town, I obſerved they gaped and ſtared. This quickly obliged me to alter my ſtile, and adopt the language of thoſe I ſpoke to. And yet there is a dignity in this ſimplicity, which is not diſagreeable to thoſe of the higheſt rank.

I adviſe *you* ſacredly to abſtain from reading any ſtiff Writer. A by-ſtander ſees more than thoſe that play the game. Your ſtile is much hurt already. Indeed ſomething might be ſaid, if you were a learned *Infidel*, writing for Money or Reputation. But that is not the caſe: you are a Chriſtian Miniſter, ſpeaking and writing to ſave ſouls. Have this end always in your eye, and you will never deſignedly uſe any hard word. Uſe all the ſenſe, learning, and time you have: forgetting yourſelf, and remembering only thoſe are the ſouls for whom Chriſt died; heirs of a happy, or miſerable eternity!

I am your affectionate Friend and Brother,

J. WESLEY.

LETTER

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LETTER CCLII.

[From Lady Frances Gardiner, to the Rev. Mr. Weſley.]

July 25, 1763.

Rev. and very dear Sir,

I Perſuade myſelf that you will not be diſpleaſed at my taking the liberty to write to you. You have cauſe to bleſs God for his having directed you in ſending Preachers to this place. As to thoſe of them I have heard, I have cauſe to thank God that they came hither. There has been a conſiderable reviving of late: ſome ſinners are newly awakened: ſome formaliſts have got their eyes opened: ſome backſliders are recovered; and, I believe many ſaints have been much edified. Mr. Roberts' preaching has been *remarkably* bleſſed to many in Edinburgh; and ſo was Mr. Hanby's, the ſhort time he ſtayed. O that their Sermons may be bleſſed wherever they preach! I verily believe God ſent them.

I have never, I own, been at the Preaching-houſe in a morning yet, as they preach ſo early; but I ventured to the High School-Yard the morning you left Edinburgh, and it pleaſed God, even after I had got home, to follow part of your Sermon with a bleſſing to me; and I think it my duty to mention, that God has often of late dealt very bountifully with me. Well may I be aſtoniſhed at it, when I conſider my own unworthineſs. But I dare venture to ſay, that Chriſt and all with Chriſt is mine. I beg a ſhare in your Prayers; and am, very dear Sir, with great Affection and Regard, your Siſter in Chriſt Jeſus,

FRANCES GARDINER.

So ſhe thought and wrote, till Dr. *Erſkine* convinced her, I was a *dreadful Heretic!*

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POETRY.

On the NATURE *of* FREE GRACE, *and the* CLAIM *to* MERIT *for the performance of good* WORKS.

[By Dr. Byrom.]

GRACE to be ſure is in the laſt degree,
The *gift* of God, divinely pure and free:
Not bought, or paid for, merited, or claimed,
By any Works of ours that can be named.

What Claim or Merit, or withal to pay,
Could creatures have before creating day:
Gift of exiſtence, is the gracious one,
Which all the reſt muſt needs depend upon.

All boaſting then of Merit, all pretence,
Of Claim from God, in a deſerving ſenſe,
Is in one word excluded by St. *Paul*,
Whate'er thou haſt, thou haſt received it all.

But ſure the *uſe* of any gracious powers,
Freely beſtowed may properly be ours;
Right application being ours to chuſe,
Or if we will be ſo abſurd, refuſe.

In this reſpect what need to controvert,
The ſober ſenſe of *Merit*, or *Deſert*?
Works, it is ſaid, will have, and is it hard
To ſay deſerve, or merit their reward?

Grace

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Grace is the real ſaving gift; but then,
Good Works are profitable unto men:
God wants them not; but if our neighbours do,
Flowing from Grace, they prove it to be true.

When human words aſcribe to human ſpirit,
Worthy, Unworthy, Merit, or Demerit:
Why ſhould diſputes forbid the terms a place,
Which are not meant to derogate from Grace.

All comes from God, who gave us firſt to live,
And all ſucceeding grace, 'tis ours to give
To *God alone*, the *Glory*, and to *Man*,
Impowered by Him, to do what *good* we can.

A TRANSLATION *of a Latin* EPITAPH,

Written by Sir RICHARD BLACKMORE,

On his Lady.

HERE lies a faithful Follower of her Lord,
Who with a Seraph's flame her God adored;
Of Friends, of Daughters, and of Wives the beſt,
In all the Charms of ſocial Graces dreſt:
Candor, Diſcretion, Elegance refined,
Mixt with a dove-like innocence of mind.
Kindneſs upon her heart was deep impreſt,
But Injuries there were never known to reſt,
And kindle to Revenge her generous breaſt.
The Streams that from the ſacred Fountains flowed,
She drank; to theſe her heavenly life ſhe owed;
And ſtill ſhe drinks them in the Realms on high,
Where ampler draughts her endleſs thirſt ſupply.
Hence her whole life ran free from every ſtain,
Hence with divineſt ſkill ſhe could explain

Her

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Her Faith's and Hope's foundations. Thou art gone
My lovely Mate! to the celeſtial Throne,
And Heaven's unbounded Joys: ſoon ſhall this houſe
Of clay diſſolve and then, my pious Spouſe,
Thy Partner on glad wings ſhall take his flight,
And join his dear *Maria* in the world of light.

A TRANSLATION *of a Latin* EPITAPH,

Written by Sir RICHARD BLACKMORE, *on himſelf.*

WHILE the free ſpirit towers into the ſkies,
Here void of life, the mouldering body lies:
But when the Prince of heaven, the Judge of All,
Returning viſits this terreſtrial ball:
I ſhall revive (may not my hopes be vain!)
And with him everlaſting bliſs obtain.
And thou, long Partner of my life, but now
The longer partner of my grave below;
Faſt ſleeping by my ſide, with me ſhall riſe,
When the Archangel's trumpet ſhakes the ſkies:
And in the ardors of ſeraphic love,
We both ſhall ſcale the bliſsful ſeats above:
The while we teach the heavenly towers to ring,
With loud Hoſanna's to our Saviour,—King;
And while new Anthems, and harmonious verſe,
The Father's boundleſs Mercies ſhall rehearſe,
Eternal glories from the God ſhall ſhine,
Attract, aſſimilate, exalt, refine,
And fill our ſouls with extaſies divine.

On

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On GENERAL WOLFE.

IN various climes immortal honours won,
Quebec ſubdued, great *Wolfe!* thy taſk was done.
The Victor fell, with mournful laurels crowned;
His friends, 'midſt ſhouts of triumph, weeping round,
He fell, by every grateful Briton mourned!
With every virtue, every grace adorned:
A genius that improved; a feeling heart,
That humanized even War's deſtructive art;
An Hero, ſparing even of hoſtile blood;
Like *Julius* brave, like gentle *Titus* good.

Undaunted in the field, in counſel ſage,
He gained in youth the dignity of age.
When glory called, each dangerous poſt he fought,
And proved himſelf the diſcipline he taught.
Quick to diſcern, reward, and pleaſed, make known
Each ſpark of latent merit, but his own.
Thus trained to love, his troops with pride obey,
And braved even death, whenever *He* led the way.

Such was great *Wolfe!* his much-loved Country's pride;
For her he lived, for her he bravely died.
A formidable Foe; a cordial Friend;
Great in his life, and glorious in his end.

For the STATUE *of* HEALTH,

Under an Ionic Pavilion in the King's Bath.

AUSPICIOUS Health! fair daughter of the ſkies,
O! guard with eaſe theſe ſprings that teaming riſe;
Whoſe healing virtues, (freed from dire diſtreſs,)
Millions have felt, and millions daily bleſs.

Ye

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Ye languid tribe, with grateful hearts receive,
The bleſſing theſe balſamic Fountains give:
If Bath's ſalubrious ſtreams your health reſtore,
Thank heaven; be temperate; "Go and ſin no more."

SHORT HYMNS.

James ii. 26. *For as the body without the ſoul is dead, ſo faith without works is dead alſo.*

AS when the active ſoul is fled,
A ſenſeleſs lump the body lies,
The faith which did from God proceed,
If ſep'rated from works it dies,
A carcaſe without life or power,
A faith extinct is faith no more.

Faith without works is not the true;
The living principle of grace,
The virtue which can all things do,
Works univerſal righteouſneſs;
And gains, when all its toils are paſt,
The promiſe of pure love at laſt.

Know this, ye infidels in heart,
Who boaſt your barren faith in vain,
Who dare the ſacred word pervert;
The carcaſe dead is not the man:
Or if ye did true life receive,
Ye ceaſed at once to work and live.

Dreamers of your ſalvation ſure,
Awaking unto righteouſneſs,
Your *Antinomian* faith abjure,
Your groundleſs hope, and helliſh peace;
Ariſe, and waſh away your ſins:
And then the works of faith begins!

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THE Arminian Magazine,

For SEPTEMBER 1782.

Of FREE-WILL: tranſlated from SEBASTIAN CASTELLIO's *Dialogues, between* Lewis *and* Frederic.

DIALOGUE III.

[*Continued from page* 397.]

Fred. LET us now conſider, how God worketh in men to will that which is good. This we may the more eaſily underſtand, by conſidering how the devil works in man to will that which is evil. Take a covetous man, who deſires to make his ſon juſt like himſelf. By commending riches as the chief Good, and inveighing againſt poverty as the chief evil, he endeavours to work in his ſon a deſire of riches. And becauſe he ſpeaks out of the abundance of his heart, there is an inward force in his words, the ſpirit of covetouſneſs, which has far more power over his ſon, than the bare words have. On the other hand, God ſhews us what is good,

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by a man ſent of him. And becauſe he ſpeaks out of the abundance of his heart, there is an inward force in his words, the Spirit of holineſs, which has far more power over our minds, than any bare words whatever. This force was in that ſermon of St. *Peter* (Acts xiv.) whereby five thouſand ſouls were converted. Whereas had a man without that Spirit ſpoken the ſame words, they would have had no more effect than the words of a ſtage-player.

Lewis. I have nothing to ſay againſt this. But I have one difficulty remaining. How ſhall I anſwer thoſe who ſay, You aſcribe too much to the will of man, ſo that he ſeems to be ſaved by his own merit, at leaſt in part, and thereby to diminiſh the benefit and glory of Chriſt. *Fred.* They ſeem to me, to do the very thing themſelves, of which they accuſe *us*. *Lewis.* How ſo? *Fred.* I will tell you. If your father had begotten you ſuch, that you muſt always have remained an infant, unable either to will or to do any thing freely, would his merit or his glory have been greater than it is, in begetting you ſuch, that you are able to walk to and fro, to will, and to act at your pleaſure? *Lewis.* Nay, I am much more obliged to him for begetting me ſuch as I am. *Fred.* And is not God much more to be praiſed, for creating man a Free-Agent, than if he had created him like a beaſt? And will it not be more glory to Chriſt, to ſave man as a free-agent, than if he had treated him as a piece of paſſive clay, which is moulded into a veſſel, without any choice of its own?

As to Pride, we know men may be proud of them; but we muſt not therefore deny the gifts of God. And if we credit Experience, the men who deny Free-will are prouder than thoſe that aſſert it. And no wonder; for thinking themſelves elect, and therefore incapable of falling, they cannot fear, but reign as kings. To repreſs this inſolence, the Apoſtle ſpeaks thus: *Be not high minded, but fear; if God ſpared not the natural branches, take heed leſt he ſpare not thee.* How glaring are the inſtances of their pride? They condemn

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condemn all others with ſuch diſdain, as manifeſtly to ſhew in fact, the Free-will which they deny in words! Yet if you exhort them to good works, you would act as impertinently, as if you exhorted the King's ſon, to take pains that he might become the King's ſon. They are elected already. They cannot fall: they are ſaved by faith. The good works of Chriſt are theirs. They have no Free-will. They do not pretend to be ſaved by their works. I know no man upon earth upon whom there is leſs room for exhortations to piety. Beſides, they do not ſcruple bare-faced calumnies. I could mention many. *But the moſt impudent of all is, That "we are ſeeking to be ſaved by our own works." Nothing can be more falſe. We neither think ſo, nor ſpeak ſo. We ſay and teſtify this, That we are ſaved by the mere gratuitous mercy of God, without any merit of our own, ſo that we cannot in anywiſe ſave ourſelves; but we can eaſily deſtroy ourſelves. Even as Adam was placed in Paradiſe for no merit of his own; but was caſt out of it by his own demerit. But we likewiſe ſay with St. Paul, *If ye live after the fleſh, ye ſhall die; but if ye mortify the deeds of the body, ye ſhall live.* But here they exclaim, that we ſeek to be ſaved by our own righteouſneſs. Nay, let them exclaim againſt the Scripture, which abounds with ſuch declarations as theſe, *Not every one that ſaith unto me, Lord, Lord, ſhall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doth the will of my Father which is in heaven*, Matt. vii. 21. *Whoſoever doth the will of my Father which is in heaven, the ſame is my brother, and ſiſter, and mother*, chap. xii. 50. Now I pray, what do theſe words mean? Do they aſcribe to man the merit of his ſalvation? Nothing leſs: *It is not of him that willeth, or of him that runneth, but of God that ſheweth mercy.* And yet we muſt both will and run; or we cannot expect to find mercy.

The Iſraelites who came out of Egypt, would not invade Canaan: and ſo they did not obtain it. Their children did

* Who would imagine, that this was wrote above two hundred years ago?

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invade it (as God commanded,) and obtained it. That their fathers did not obtain it, was their own fault; becauſe they would not fight. That their ſons did obtain it, was the free gift of God: yet they fought: and if they had not fought, they would not have obtained it. But God gave them the ſtrength wherewith they fought: therefore His was all the glory of the victory. So *Joſhua*; *the Lord your God is he that fought for you.* If *Naaman*, the Syrian, had not waſhed ſeven times in Jordan, he would not have been healed. Was he therefore healed by his own merit? Who will affirm this? If the Iſraelites had not deſigned to gather the manna, they would have ſtarved in the midſt of plenty. But tho' they did gather it, it was no merit of theirs that preſerved their lives. Unleſs the huſbandman ſows, he will not reap. Is it therefore by his merit or ſtrength that the corn grows? Are not all good things the gift of God? What room is there then for man to be proud, if he has received from God, not only all good things, but his very being?

I myſelf was formerly of the ſame mind with our Friends. I ſaw, they refuted ſeveral manifeſt errors. And ſeeing this, I was eaſily induced to believe them, in the things I did not underſtand. And I then fell into the ſame pride with them, which I do not ſcruple to acknowledge. But ſince God was pleaſed to teach me thoſe truths, which you have heard yeſterday and to day; this was ſo far from making me prouder than before, that it convinced me of my pride. Convinced therefore as I am by my own experience of the tendency of one and the other doctrine, I am now rooted and grounded in this truth, which I will avow to all the world. All who are ſaved, are ſaved by the free mercy of God, without any merit of their own: all who periſh, periſh for no other reaſon, than becauſe they would not obey the commands of God. I acknowledge this, as the firſt and the laſt cauſe of the deſtruction of man.

[*Concluded.*]

SERMON

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SERMON XI.

On ROMANS v. 15.

Not as the tranſgreſſion, ſo is the free gift.

1. HOW exceeding common, and how bitter is the outcry againſt our firſt Parent, for the miſchief which he not only brought upon himſelf, but entailed upon his lateſt poſterity? It was by his wilful rebellion againſt God, *That ſin entered into the world. By one man's diſobedience,* as the Apoſtle obſerves, *the many* οἱ πολλοὶ, as many as were then in the loins of their forefathers, *were made,* or conſtituted *ſinners*: not only deprived of the favour of God, but alſo of his image; of all virtue, righteouſneſs and true holineſs, and ſunk partly into the image of the devil, in pride, malice, and all other diabolical tempers, partly into the image of the brute, being fallen under the dominion of brutal paſſions and grovelling appetites. Hence alſo Death entered into the world, with all his forerunners and attendants, pain, ſickneſs, and a whole train of uneaſy, as well as unholy paſſions and tempers.

2. "For all this we may thank Adam," has echoed down from generation to generation. The ſelf-ſame charge has been repeated in every age, and in every nation, where the Oracles of God are known, in which alone this grand and important event, has been diſcovered to the children of men. Has not *your* heart, and probably your lips too, joined in the general charge? How few are there of thoſe who believe the ſcriptural relation of the Fall of man, that have not

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not entertained the ſame thought concerning our firſt Parent? Severely condemning him, that through wilful diſobedience to the ſole Command of his Creator,

"Brought death into the world, and all our woe."

3. Nay, it were well if the charge reſted here: but it is certain, it does not. It cannot be denied, that it frequently glances from Adam to his Creator. Have not thouſands, even of thoſe that are called Chriſtians, taken the liberty to call his Mercy, if not his Juſtice alſo into queſtion, on this very account? Some indeed have done this, a little more modeſtly, in an oblique and indirect manner. But others have thrown aſide the maſk and aſked, "Did not God foreſee, that Adam would abuſe his liberty? And did he not know the baneful conſequences which this muſt naturally have, on all his Poſterity? And why then did he permit that diſobedience? Was it not eaſy for the Almighty to have prevented it?" He certainly did foreſee the whole. This cannot be denied. For *known unto God are all his works from the beginning of the world.* (Rather, from all eternity, as the words ἀπ' αἰῶνος properly ſignify.) And it was undoubtedly in his power to prevent it; for he hath all power both in heaven and earth. But it was known to him at the ſame time, that it was beſt upon the whole, not to prevent it. He knew, that *not as the tranſgreſſion, ſo the free gift:* that the evil reſulting from the former, was not as the good reſulting from the latter, not worthy to be compared with it. He ſaw that to permit the fall of the firſt man, was far beſt for mankind in general: that abundantly more good than evil would accrue to the poſterity of Adam by his fall: that if *ſin abounded* thereby over all the earth, yet grace *would much more abound*: yea, and that to every individual of the human race, unleſs it was his own choice.

4. It

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4. It is exceeding ſtrange, that hardly any thing has been written, or at leaſt publiſhed on this ſubject: nay, that it has been ſo little weighed or underſtood, by the generality of Chriſtians: eſpecially conſidering that it is not a matter of mere curioſity, but a truth of the deepeſt importance; it being impoſſible, on any other principle,

> "To aſſert a gracious Providence,
> And juſtify the ways of God with man:"

And conſidering withal, how plain this important truth is, to all ſenſible and candid inquirers. May the Lover of men open the eyes of our underſtanding to perceive clearly, that by the fall of Adam mankind in general have gained a capacity,

Firſt, of being more holy and happy on earth, and

Secondly, of being more happy in heaven, than otherwiſe they could have been.

1. And, firſt, mankind in general have gained by the fall of Adam, a capacity of attaining more holineſs and happineſs on earth, than it would have been poſſible for them to attain, if Adam had not fallen. For, if Adam had not fallen, Chriſt had not died. Nothing can be more clear than this: nothing more undeniable: the more thoroughly we conſider the point, the more deeply ſhall we be convinced of it. Unleſs all the partakers of human nature had received that deadly wound in Adam, it would not have been needful for the Son of God to take our nature upon him. Do you not ſee, that this was the very ground of his coming into the world? *By one man ſin entered into the world, and death by ſin. And thus death paſſed upon all*, through him, *in whom all men ſinned.* Rom. v. 12. Was it not to remedy this very thing, that *the word is made fleſh?* that *as in Adam all died, ſo in Chriſt all might be made alive?* Unleſs then *many* had been made ſinners by the diſobedience of one, by the obedience of one *many* would not have been *made righteous*, ver. 18. So there would

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would have been no room for that amazing display of the Son of God's love to mankind. There would have been no occasion for his *being obedient unto death, even the death upon the cross.* It could not then have been said, to the astonishment of all the hosts of heaven, *God so loved the world,* yea, the ungodly world, which had no thought or desire of returning to him, *that he gave his Son* out of his bosom, his only begotten Son, *to the end that whosoever believeth on him, should not perish but have everlasting life.* Neither could we then have said, *God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself*: or that he *made him to be sin,* (that is, a sin-offering) *for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God through him.* There would have been no such occasion for such *an Advocate with the Father,* as *Jesus Christ the righteous*: neither for his appearing *at the right-hand of God, to make intercession for us.*

2. What is the necessary consequence of this? It is this, there could then have been no such thing as faith in God *thus loving the world,* giving his only Son for us men and for our salvation. There could have been no such thing as faith in the Son of God, *as loving us and giving himself for us.* There could have been no faith in the Spirit of God, as renewing the image of God in our hearts, as raising us from the death of sin, unto the life of righteousness. Indeed the whole privilege of justification by faith could have had no existence; there could have been no redemption in the blood of Christ: neither could Christ have been *made of God unto us, either wisdom, righteousness, sanctification* or *redemption.*

3. And the same grand blank which was in our faith, must likewise have been in our love. We might have loved the Author of our being, the Father of angels and men, as our Creator and Preserver: we might have said, *O Lord, our Governor, how excellent is thy name in all the earth.* But we could not have loved him under the nearest and dearest relation, as *delivering up his Son for us all.* We might have loved

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loved the Son of God, as being *the brightness of his Father's glory, the express image of his person*: (although this ground seems to belong rather to the inhabitants of heaven than of earth.) But we could not have loved him, as *bearing our sins in his own body on the tree*, and "by that one oblation of himself once offered, making a full oblation, sacrifice and satisfaction for the sins of the whole world." We could not have been *made conformable to his death*, nor have *known the power of his Resurrection*. We could not have loved the Holy Ghost, as revealing to us the Father and the Son, as opening the eyes of our understanding, bringing us out of darkness into his marvellous light, renewing the image of God in our soul, and sealing us unto the day of redemption. So that in truth, what is now, *in the sight of God, even the Father*, not of fallible men, *pure Religion and undefiled*, would then have had no being: inasmuch as it wholly depends on those grand principles, *By grace ye are saved through faith: and Jesus Christ is of God made unto us wisdom and righteousness, and sanctification and redemption.*

4. We see then what unspeakable advantage we derive from the fall of our first Parent, with regard to Faith: Faith both in God the Father, who spared not his own Son, his only Son, but *wounded him for our transgressions*, and *bruised him for our iniquities*: and in God, the Son, who poured out his soul for us transgressors, and washed us in his own blood. We see what advantage we derive therefrom, with regard to the Love of God, both of God the Father and God the Son. The chief ground of this Love, as long as we remain in the body, is plainly declared by the Apostle, *We love Him, because he first loved Us*. But the greatest instance of his Love had never been given, if Adam had not fallen.

5. And as our Faith both in God the Father and the Son, receives an unspeakable increase, if not its very being from this grand event, as does also our Love both of the Father and the Son; so does the Love of our Neighbour also, our

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Benevolence to all Mankind: which cannot but increaſe in the ſame proportion with our Faith and Love of God. For who does not apprehend the force of that inference drawn by the loving Apoſtle, *Beloved, if God ſo loved us, we ought alſo to love one another.* If God *ſo* loved us—Obſerve, the ſtreſs of the argument lies on this very point: *So loved us!* as to deliver up his only Son, to die a curſed death for our ſalvation. *Beloved, what manner of love is this,* wherewith God hath loved us? as to give his *only Son!* in glory equal with the Father; in majeſty coeternal! What manner of love is this, wherewith the only begotten Son of God hath loved us! as to *empty himſelf,* as far as poſſible, of his eternal Godhead! as to diveſt himſelf of that glory, which he had with the Father before the world began! as to *take upon him the form of a ſervant, being found in faſhion as a man!* And then to humble himſelf ſtill farther, *being obedient unto death, yea the death of the croſs!* If God *ſo* loved us, how ought we to love one another? But this motive to brotherly love had been totally wanting, if Adam had not fallen. Conſequently we could not then have loved one another in ſo high a degree, as we may now. Nor could there have been that height and depth in the command of our bleſſed Lord, *As I have loved you, ſo love one another.*

6. Such gainers may we be by Adam's fall, with regard both to the Love of God and of our Neighbour. But there is another grand point, which though little adverted to, deſerves our deepeſt conſideration. By that one act of our firſt Parent, not only *Sin entered into the world,* but Pain alſo, and was alike intailed on his whole poſterity. And herein appeared, not only the Juſtice, but the unſpeakable Goodneſs of God! For how much good does he continually bring out of this evil! How much Holineſs and Happineſs out of pain!

7. How innumerable are the benefits which God conveys to the children of men through the channel of Sufferings!

So

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So that it might well be ſaid, "What are termed Afflictions in the language of men, are in the language of God ſtiled Bleſſings." Indeed had there been no Suffering in the world, a conſiderable part of Religion, yea, and in ſome reſpects, the moſt excellent part, could have had no place therein: ſince the very exiſtence of it depends on our Suffering; ſo that had there been no pain, it could have had no being. Upon this foundation, even our Suffering, it is evident all our Paſſive Graces are built: yea, the nobleſt of all Chriſtian Graces, Love *enduring all things*. Here is the ground for Reſignation to God, enabling us to ſay from the heart, in every trying hour, *It is the Lord: let him do what ſeemeth him good. Shall we receive good at the hand of the Lord, and ſhall we not receive evil?* And what a glorious ſpectacle is this? Did it not conſtrain even a heathen to cry out, "*Ecce ſpectaculum Deo dignum!* See a ſight worthy of God. A good man ſtruggling with adverſity and ſuperior to it." Here is the ground for Confidence in God, both with regard to what we feel, and with regard to what we ſhould fear, were it not that our ſoul is calmly ſtayed on Him. What room could there be for truſt in God, if there was no ſuch thing as Pain or Danger? Who might not ſay then, *The cup which my Father hath given me, ſhall I not drink it?* It is by ſufferings that our Faith is tried, and therefore made more acceptable to God. It is in the day of trouble that we have occaſion to ſay, *Though he ſlay me, yet will I truſt in him.* And this is well-pleaſing to God, that we ſhould own him in the face of danger; in defiance of ſorrow, ſickneſs, pain or death.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

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Some Account of Mr. JOHN FURZ, *aged* 65.

1. I Was born in the year 1717, at *Wilton*, near *Sarum*. My Parents were honeſt, but ignorant of true Religion. My Father never went to Church; my Mother and her children did. When I was about ten, I began to be afraid of death and hell, and prayed to God to have mercy upon me. At eleven I durſt not keep company with boys that curſed and ſwore. I gave myſelf to reading, and went conſtantly to Church. Yet I was more and more uneaſy, and had ſometimes no ſleep in the night, through the dread that was upon my ſpirits. At fifteen I became a conſtant Communicant. At ſeventeen, wherever I was, in bed, within the houſe or without, I had ſomething ſpeaking within me, "One thing is wanting." I read more, and prayed more; but ſo much the more did this cry echo within me. In this ſtate I continued two years, having no kind ſhepherd to guide me: I was one day ſtanding in the houſe, when this inward voice was repeated oftner than uſual. I looked up and ſaid, "O God what is this one thing?" It was inſtantly anſwered, "Faith in the Lord Jeſus Chriſt."

2. I was aſtoniſhed; for I thought I had always believed. However I thought, I will read over all the Bible, and try whether I believe or not? I took my Bible and opened it on thoſe words. *The devils believe and tremble.* I thought with myſelf, they tremble, and ſo do I for the ſame cauſe: I too am afraid of the judgment of the great day. I took my Bible again, and read, *We know thee, who thou art, the holy One of God.* I laid it down again and thought, the devils know him and tremble; I tremble, but I do not know him. Now I ſaw, that I was without God in the world; and the ſorrows of my heart were enlarged. I had read, *He that believeth hath the witneſs in himſelf*: but I knew I had not the witneſs.

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witneſs. I reaſoned much concerning this, wiſhing I could find ſome man that could tell me, what it is to believe?

8. One Sunday morning the Miniſter's text was, *He that believeth and is baptized ſhall be ſaved, and he that believeth not, ſhall be damned.* I ſtood up, and looked as earneſtly at his mouth, as ever a hungry man looked for food: expecting every moment, that he would tell me what it was to believe? He did ſay ſomething about Faith, but I did not underſtand it. I now thought, "I do not believe: I ſhall ſurely be damned." When I came to the Church-door, I could not reſtrain myſelf any longer, but burſt into a flood of tears and cried aloud. The people came about me, and aſked me, Why I wept? I ſaid, "I ſhall go to hell; for I do not believe." They anſwered, "Young man, if you go to hell, no one in the town will go to heaven."

4. From this time for near two years, I was in deſpair. My ſleep in great meaſure departed from me. My appetite was gone; my fleſh waſted away, and I grew exceeding weak. My Mother obſerving it came to me and ſaid, "My dear child, can I do any thing for you?" I ſaid, "Yes, carry me to Mr. *Smith*;" (a Diſſenter, to whom many that were in trouble came for advice.) She carried me to him without delay. He aſked, what ailed me? I ſaid, "Let my Mother and the men that brought me go out, and I will tell you." They went out, and I ſaid, "I believe I ſhall die ſoon, and I am afraid of going to hell." He anſwered, "You are melancholy: you muſt ſeek for ſome merry company." I was ſhocked, and called aloud for my Mother, (who ſtood without) to come and carry me home, which ſhe did. As I ſat down in the ſtreet without the door, three young men paſſing by looked at me, and ſaid, They were ſorry to ſee me look ſo bad. They ſtayed ſometime with me, talking merrily and jocoſely. When they parted from me, I thought myſelf ſomething better. They called on me again. I was pleaſed with their converſation, and endeavoured to ſtifle my convictions.

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victions. I recovered my ſtrength daily: and one evening, as I was walking with them, I aſked, "Where did you get all theſe merry jeſts?" They ſaid out of ſuch and ſuch books," which they named. I ſaid, "If it pleaſe God, I will go in the morning to the Stationers, and buy one of the beſt of them."

5. As ſoon as I left my companions I went home. But I had but juſt ſat down in a chair, when a divine conviction ſeized me, and I thought, "Lord what have I been doing?" I dropt to the earth utterly ſenſeleſs. About midnight my ſenſes returned: and I found my Mother weeping at my bedſide, attended by ſome of her kind neighbours. I now found ſuch a ſpirit of prayer, as I never found before. My heart cried, "Lord, ſpare me a little, before I go hence and am no more ſeen." For I clearly ſaw, if I died in my preſent ſtate I muſt periſh for ever.

6. But it was not long, before my new companions viſited me, and expreſſed a ſorrow for my late affliction. I was ſoon perſuaded to walk with them, and in awhile began to be pleaſed again with their company and converſation. But one Sunday morning as I was in bed, it ſeemed to me as if one griped me by the arm. At the ſame moment a voice went through my heart, ſaying, "Go to the Meeting." I was much ſurpriſed, and felt much pain in my arm. However it being very early I compoſed myſelf to ſleep again. But I had not lain long, when I heard the ſame voice as before. I roſe and walked in the garden: but ſtill found ſomething within me ſaying, "Go to the Meeting." I knew not what to do. I had ever been a zealous member of the Eſtabliſhed Church, and thought it not right to go to a Preſbyterian Meeting I ſeemed reſolved not to go: but the impreſſion on my mind was ſuch, I could have no reſt unleſs I went. When I came in, the Miniſter was in his Sermon. I had no ſooner ſat down than he uttered thoſe words, "Remember the promiſes you made to God on a ſick bed." I thought he

ſpoke

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ſpoke to *me*. I remembered how earneſtly I had prayed to God, to ſpare me a little longer. I returned home in deep diſtreſs, thinking, "I am ſtill the ſame unhappy creature, loſt to all ſenſe of good. All my reſolves are come to nought, my promiſes broken, and I am left a poor guilty ſinner."

7. All my former works did now indeed appear to me no better than filthy rags. I ſaid, "I have lied unto thee, O God, when I ſaid, My ſpirit doth rejoice in God my Saviour:" and when I profeſſed, "I believe in God the Father Almighty, and in Jeſus Chriſt," while I knew nothing about it. A few days after, I ſaw an unuſual number of people flocking together, and aſked, Whither they were going? One anſwered, "Mrs. *Hall's* ſon is come from Oxford, and is going to preach in the Preſbyterian Meeting. Will you go and hear him?" After ſome pauſe I went. While I was muſing with myſelf, he pointed out with his finger, as though he pointed at *me*, and ſaid vehemently, "There are two witneſſes that are dead and buried in the duſt, that will riſe in judgment againſt you." He took up his Bible, and ſaid, "Here are the two Witneſſes, that have been dead, and buried in the duſt upon your ſhelf, the Old Teſtament, and the New." I felt what was ſpoken, I remembered, my Bible was covered with duſt, and that I had wrote my name with the point of my finger on the binding. Now I thought, I had ſigned my own damnation, on the back of the witneſſes.

8. I went home, no one ſpeaking to me on the way, or I ſhould have wept aloud. I walked in the garden; but I was afraid the earth would open and ſwallow me up, or that infernal ſpirits would be permitted to drag me to the bottomleſs pit. I went to bed; but the terrors I felt in the night, are beyond all that I can expreſs. About midnight I ſat up in bed, and ſaid, "Lord, how will it be with me in hell?" Juſt then a dog began howling under my window, and I thought, *There ſhall be weeping, and wailing, and gnaſhing of teeth!* Every joint now trembled: the terrors of the Lord ſeized my ſoul;

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ſoul; the arrows of the Almighty ſtuck faſt in me. I roſe early in the moning, but did not attempt to pray, as I thought there was no mercy for me. As I walked in the garden, bewailing my miſery and wiſhing I had never been born, God put a deſire to pray into my heart, and thoſe words into my mouth: "Lord, are there no bowels of mercy for ſuch a ſinner as me?" I went and kneeled down at the feet of my bed. Inſtantly I felt as if cold water ran through every vein. I ſtarted up, and ran into the garden and thought, "God will not ſuffer me to pray. He has driven me from the throne of grace: there is no mercy for me." I went a ſecond time, but had no ſooner kneeled down, than I was ſurpriſed as before: I flew again. As ſoon as I came into the garden, I looked round, and ſaid, "Who will ſhew me any good?" I walked weeping, till I ſaw a dead toad, and ſaid, "O that I had been a toad? Then I ſhould have had no ſoul to loſe." I then felt a freſh deſire to pray. I went again into my chamber and kneeled down. But I was more ſurpriſed than ever. I thought the earth moved under me. I leaped down ſtairs, and fell to the ground; but ſtrong deſire conſtrained me to aſk, "Are there no bowels of mercy for me?" Before I could utter it, I heard a ſmall, ſtill voice ſaying, "Thy ſins are forgiven thee." What a change did I feel! My ſorrow was turned into joy: my darkneſs into light! My ſoul was filled with love to God, for his unſpeakable mercies. Now I did indeed draw water out of the wells of ſalvation. Yea, a fountain was opened in my heart, ſpringing up into everlaſting life. My tongue could not expreſs the feelings of my heart; I was loſt in ſpeechleſs rapture. I now knew, what it was to believe: I knew on whom I believed; even on him that juſtifieth the ungodly. Being juſtified by faith, I was at peace with God, through our Lord Jeſus Chriſt. My bands were broken in ſunder, and my captive ſoul was ſet at liberty.

9. I that

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9. I that before was dead in treſpaſſes and ſins, was now made alive to God. I ſat in heavenly places with Chriſt Jeſus. I was as in a new world. If I walked out into the open field, every thing ſhewed forth the glory of God. If I looked at the Sun, my heart ſaid, my God made this, not for himſelf, but *us*. If I looked on the graſs, the corn, the trees, I could not but ſtand and adore the goodneſs of God. My Bible alſo was become a new book: it was ſweeter to my ſoul, than honey to my tongue. I had near communion with God day and night. And O! how I longed for all the world to know what I knew! I longed alſo for a companion in the grace of God, to whom I could communicate what I felt: yea, I thought I would tell the trees of the wood, if I could make them underſtand what God had done for my ſoul.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

An Extract from the JOURNAL *of Mr.* G—— C——.

[*Continued from page* 408.]

SUNDAY, Dec. 3. For ſome days paſt, I have been greatly comforted. But this day I was ſeverely tried by my girl, and tempted to revenge. By prayer I was enabled to forgive, and to be thankful, deſiring above all things, that the Lord would diſpoſe of me, as would moſt conduce to his own glory.

Saturday 23. Yeſterday we kept a Faſt: but the Lord made it a feaſt to my ſoul: never did I feel a greater meaſure of the Love of God. All the powers of my ſoul were filled with God, and humbled to the duſt.

Thurſday 28. Laſt night I was overcome of evil, between ſleeping and waking. In the morning I found the Spirit was grieved: I cried to the Lord, but had no anſwer, till I

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came to the Foundry, where at the latter end of the ſervice, the Lord gave me deep contrition. Afterwards I poured out many tears, and ſighed as though my heart would break. Yet I felt the effect of my ſin all day, my thoughts wandering from the Lord. And I ſaw all my works were ſo polluted by my corrupt nature, as to find no place with God, but through the blood of atonement.

January 15, 1750. Anxious care came as a flood upon me. This would ſoon have deprived me of all the life of God: but he quickly delivered me. In the evening I was to meet a Claſs for the firſt time. But my heart ſo ſunk at the ſight of them, that I could not pray, nor well ſpeak to any of them. Lord, increaſe my Faith!

February 3. I was ſeized with a Fever, but the Lord gave me a calmneſs of mind, and entire reſignation to his Will. Sunday 4. My head was much diſordered. At the Chapel I fainted away, and ſhould have been glad juſt then to reſign my ſoul into the hands of God. In the afternoon the Claſs met. The thought of ſpeaking and praying with them, made the ſweat drop from me. My Fever continued twelve days. However ſtrength was given me, to follow my buſineſs every morning. And when I came home, I went to bed, and reſted till the evening. Once I felt a temptation to fear: but the Lord ſupported me.

February 26. I find my evil nature is not taken away with my ſickneſs: for pride, anger, revenge, and impatience, eſpecially with my girl, have much place in me. Hereby my mouth is ſo ſtopped, that I do not reprove ſin. I alſo fly on my meat, as a wolf on his prey.

March 5. I had power to reprove a little, and to bear the faults of many with patience. Two days after, my Fever returned, and continued till the 26th. But it was greatly bleſſed, the Lord making my bed in my ſickneſs. He alſo provided me with one to do my buſineſs, and I was ready to give up my ſoul into his hands.

April

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April 16. My heart was filled with thankfulneſs to God for all his mercies, and with a full expectation that he would cleanſe me from all filthineſs of fleſh and ſpirit. On the 29th I felt the want of Faith's increaſe, my heart being very corrupt and deceitful. I found pride, anger, evil deſire, and intemperance ſtrongly beſet me, with a backwardneſs to take up the croſs: yet the Lord has this day greatly refreſhed me.

May 7. My girl is ſo wickedly inclined, as to bear no reſtraint. This together with what I feel of the evil of my nature, greatly diſtreſſes my ſoul. On the tenth, the anguiſh of my ſoul was very great, finding anger ſo ſtrong in me. I was alſo ſorely tempted, not only to diſbelieve the promiſes, but to deny what God had already wrought in me. But in prayer the Lord refreſhed me, and ſet my ſoul at liberty.

Sunday, July 17. I ſaw myſelf ſo full of ſin, as ſomewhat to diſcourage me. But afterward I had a lively hope, that God would deliver me out of all.

July 21. I feel my eye is not quite ſingle either in ſpeaking or acting, which gives me much pain. For I deſire to live wholly to God, and to be guided by his Spirit in all things. But I ever fall ſhort. Yeſterday I was bleſt in temporals, and yet with-held from the neceſſitous. This grieved the Spirit. Yet on confeſſing my ſin the Lord forgave me, and bleſt me with his Love all the day.

Aug. 8. I *would* live to the Lord, but find many hinderances within and without. Pride is the chief, and impatience of contradiction. And my fellow-porters bear hard upon me.

Monday, Sept. 5. I trembled for the conſequence of giving way to Pride. I hope God makes me feel the burden of this ſin, that I may cry to him for deliverance. He ſo manifeſts himſelf, as to make me ſink into nothing before him, and to abhor myſelf as in duſt and aſhes.

Thurſday 8. I went to the Foundry, with a lively ſenſe of the Love of God: when unexpectedly ſeeing Mr. J. W. I was too much affected. I quickly found the Lord was diſ-

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pleaſed, that I ſhould turn from Him to his Servant. But in a little time, I found my God return again with much love.

October 8. I never felt Pride ſo great a burden as I do now. I find it in every word and work, and at times, fear I ſhall never be delivered from it. I ſeem to be made up of nothing elſe. Oct. 21. Obſerving the heavens beautifully paved with ſtars, when I conſidered, for whom theſe were created, and that every thing anſwered the end of its creation but Man, my eyes guſhed out with tears. I find much fear for Mr. Trembath. The people ſo idolize him, that it will be a miracle, if Satan does not get an advantage over him.

Nov. 18. The Lord continues his Love to me, and I have much of his preſence. But I do not keep it, becauſe I quickly think ſomething of myſelf, and do not give all the glory to God. I have not, ſince I have known the ways of God, been ſo tempted to ſlight the means of grace as this week. My heart trembles, feeling itſelf ſo helpleſs, leſt I ſhould give way to the temptation.

[*To be continued.*]

An Account of JOHN WARRICK, *aged ten years.*

JOHN WARRICK was born the 10th of October, 1768. From the firſt dawnings of reaſon he diſcovered a ſedateneſs of mind, and a genius adapted for ſtudy. After ſome time ſpent in learning his mother-tongue, he was put to learn Latin, in which he made a conſiderable improvement. Whilſt thus employed he ſhewed a great love to divine things, by conſtantly attending the preaching, and meeting with the children in their Claſs. One time when the Preacher did not come, and the children were met, he would not

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not let them go without firſt dropping ſomething of a religious nature, and praying with them: one of the Society who liſtened at the door confeſſed herſelf aſtoniſhed.

He kept from the company of wicked boys, and uſed to reprove them when he heard them ſwear, or take the name of God in vain.

He was very fond of ſinging, and ſeemed to ſing with the ſpirit and with the underſtanding alſo.

In the year 1778, he began to ſhew evident marks of a declining ſtate of health, which ſome judged to be owing to his diligence in learning, and a too frequent practice of ſinging.

His mother was ready to indulge flattering expectations of him till March 2d, 1779, when ſhe found he had a hectic fever, of which he grew worſe and worſe, till at the end of eight days he took his bed.

During that interval, ſhe one day aſked him what ideas he had of God, (his little brother who ſtood by, anſwering according to the groſs idea which children uſually entertain of the Deity, having a corporeal form,) he anſwered, he could not form any: no inſignificant proof this of the ſpirituality of his mind, and of his having reflected with attention on the ſubject.

About two o'clock the firſt night after he had taken to his bed, he appeared to be in great diſtreſs; his ſins were ſet in array before him: he cried mightily to the Lord, and repeated many times over with inexpreſſible vehemence, "For Jeſus' ſake! for Jeſus' ſake! have mercy upon me!"

His mother being alarmed by his agonies aroſe, and deſired I. J. to go to prayer with him; from which time his mind enjoyed a calm, and his mourning was turned into joy.

His converſation now ran continually upon the things of God; he ſpoke with rapture of the glorious doctrine of redemption, praiſing and bleſſing God for ſending his Son into the world to die for ſuch unworthy ſinners as we are.

He

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He had such views of hell, that he said if he went there himself, he would not wish the vilest wretch upon earth to go likewise.

One day J. A. coming to see him, he said, "John, I hear you are in the Society, I am very glad of it, I hope you intend to be a good man; do you ever swear now?" To, which the other answered, No! "And do you ever pray to God?" To which the other answered, Yes. But said he! "It is not enough to pray morning and night, but likewise at noon-day, and we must pray from the heart too."

Miss O. coming to see him, he spoke to her in an affecting manner. He said, "Dear Miss, I hope to see you in heaven, O pray! pray to God. She answered, I do my dear. He said, "Beg of him to pardon your sins; repent, and live to God, that you may be found at his right hand." His speeches made a deep impression on her mind; she left the room in an agony, and for several days seemed under much concern. May it not pass away like the morning dew!

He spoke affectionately of Christ and his salvation, to all that came near him; warning the careless to flee from the wrath to come, begging those who made a profession of religion, to pray for him, and expressed his joyful assurance of seeing them above.

To Polly B. he said, "Well Polly, I hope to see you in heaven; do not slight the means of grace, but improve every opportunity." He was often praying for his dear father, mother, and brother, that they might meet him in glory. He expressed his gratitude to God, for giving him parents who instructed him in the good way; and said, that sometimes when he disobeyed them, he was so uneasy all night, that he scarce durst sleep for fear of waking in hell.

One day when he saw his mother weeping on his account, he said, "Dear mammy, do not fret; never mind, if God will permit me, I will come on earth to see you, and when you lie on a bed of affliction, I will be the first that shall take wing

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wing to carry you up; and Jesus Christ will stand at heaven's gates with open arms to receive you: yes, I will come and fetch my daddy, you, and my brother; but I can only carry Tommy; and then tapping his mother on the cheek (who lay on the bed by him) he said with a heavenly smile, but God can put strength into me.

He was frequently rejoicing in the anticipation of that employment he trusted to have in the heavenly world. He said to some of the singers, "There will be no striking a wrong string, no singing a wrong note, there we shall play on a ten stringed instrument. O that will be brave!" He frequently called for his little brother, that he might instruct him in the way to heaven. He begged that he would not play with wicked boys, but mind his book, and learn to pray and love God from his heart. Begging of his mother and grandmother to have a particular care of him, for he had a wide world to go through.

Mr. Collins coming to see him, he said, "Sir, I shall not live to be a Preacher." It was answered, my dear, you are a Preacher now; but he said, "You know I cannot preach and pray as men do." His heart overflowed with love and gratitude to all who did any thing for him; he returned the kindness with exhortations and prayers. He often spoke till he had no strength left. When his mother begged him to forbear, he said, "Dear mammy, I cannot help talking of God; it does not hurt me: I cannot refrain if I might have all the world." His Uncle, who is a Joiner, coming in, he spoke to him with the greatest cheerfulness, and asked him whether he could not make him a coffin?

At first he was very desirous of seeing his father, but when his mother told him that if he were to be sent for, he would probably ride so fast as to throw himself into a fever, and kill his horse. He appeared to be resigned, and said, "Then do not send for him; I would not have my dear daddy or his horse hurt on any account." Notwithstanding the severity of his affliction,

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affliction, he bore it with a lamb-like patience; and often obſerved that Jeſus ſuffered more for him.

He continued in this happy frame till the eighteenth, when the Lord was pleaſed to bereave him of his ſenſes; but even his incoherent ſpeeches demonſtrated that his heart was going out after Him whom his ſoul loved. On the twenty-third, in the afternoon, he ſaid with a loud voice, "I am going home! God be with you!" He lay with his eyes fixed and motionleſs, till betwixt two and three in the morning, when his mother wetting his lips, he looked at her with a ſmile, and ſaid, "Thank you mammy!" which were his laſt words. He continued till the twenty-fourth inſtant, and then reſigned his ſoul to God.

An Extract from A SURVEY *of the* WISDOM *of* GOD *in the* CREATION.

REFLECTIONS *on the Generation of* BIRDS.

1. THAT Birds ſhould all lay eggs, and not bring forth live young, is a clear argument of divine Providence, deſigning their preſervation thereby. For if they had been viviparous, had they brought any number at a time, the burden of their womb muſt have been ſo great and heavy, that their wings would have failed, and they become an eaſy prey to their enemies. And had they borne but one at a time, they would have been bearing all the year.

2. Since it would have been many ways inconvenient to birds to give ſuck; and yet inconvenient, if not deſtructive to the new-born chick, to paſs ſuddenly from liquid to hard food, before the ſtomach was ſtrengthened and able to digeſt it, and before the bird was accuſtomed to uſe its bill, and gather it up, which it does at firſt very ſlowly and imperfectly;

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fectly: therefore nature has provided in every egg a large yolk, which ſerves the chicken for a conſiderable time, inſtead of milk. Mean time it feeds by the mouth a little at a time, and that more and more, till the ſtomach is ſtrengthened to digeſt it.

3. Birds that feed their young in the neſt, though they bring but one morſel at a time, and have perhaps ſeven or eight, which all at once, with equal greedineſs, hold up their heads and gape for: yet never miſtake, never omit one, but feed them all by turns.

4. Though birds cannot number, yet are they able to diſtinguiſh many from few. And when they have laid as many eggs as they can cover, they give over and begin to ſit. Yet they are not determined to ſuch a number: they can go on and lay more at their pleaſure. Hens, for inſtance, if you let their eggs alone, lay fourteen, or fifteen, and give over. But if you withdraw their eggs daily, they will go on, to lay five times that number. This holds not only in domeſtic birds, but alſo in the wild. A ſwallow, when her eggs were withdrawn daily, proceeded to lay nineteen.

5. It is remarkable, that birds, and ſuch other oviparous creatures as are long-lived, have eggs enough conceived in them at firſt, to ſerve laying for many years, allowing ſuch a proportion for every year, as will ſuffice for one or two incubations. Whereas inſects, which are to breed but once, lay all their eggs at once, be they ever ſo many.

6. How exceeding ſpeedy is the growth of birds that are fed by the old ones in the neſt! Moſt of them come to near the full bigneſs, within the ſhort term of a fortnight: an admirable proviſion, that they may not lie long in that helpleſs condition, expoſed to the ravine of any vermin, and utterly unable to ſhift for themſelves.

7. What amazing care do the parents take, for the hatching and rearing of their young? Firſt, they ſeek a ſecret and quiet place, where they may be undiſturbed in their in-

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cubation. Then they make their nests, every one after his kind, that their eggs and young may be soft and warm: and those so elegant and artificial, as no art of man can imitate.

After they have laid their eggs, how diligently do they sit upon them, scarce giving themselves time to go off, to get them meat? When the young are hatched, how diligently do they brood over them, lest the cold should hurt them? All the while labouring hard to get them food, and almost starving themselves, lest they should want. Moreover, with what courage are they inspired, so as to venture their own lives in defence of them? The most timorous, as hens and geese, daring then to fly in the face of a man. And all these pains are bestowed upon those that will render them no thanks for it! And they are bestowed just so long as is necessary. For when the young is able to shift for itself, the old retains no such affection for it, but will beat it indifferently with others.

8. It is another proof of a superintending Providence, that all animals are produced at the most convenient time of the year, just when there is food and entertainment ready for them. So lambs, kids, and many other living creatures, are brought into the world in the spring, when tender grass, and nutritive plants are provided for their food. The like may be observed concerning silk-worms, whose eggs are hatched just when the leaves of the mulberry-tree appear; the aliment being soft and tender, while the worms themselves are so, and growing more strong and substantial, as the insects increase in bulk and vigour.

9. A still farther proof hereof we have in the various Instincts of animals, directed to ends which they know not, as, 1. All creatures know how to defend themselves and offend their enemies. All know what their natural weapons are, and how to make use of them. A boar knows the use of his tusks, a horse of his hoofs, a cock of his spurs, a bee of her sting. Yea a calf will make a push with his head, even before any horns appear. 2. Those creatures which have not

strength,

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ſtrength to fight, are uſually ſwift of foot or wing, and are naturally inclined to make uſe of that ſwiftneſs, and ſave themſelves by flight. 3. Every creature knows and ſhuns its natural enemy, as a lamb does the wolf, and partridge or poultry, birds of prey. And they make uſe of a peculiar note, to warn their young of their approach, who thereupon immediately run to ſhelter. 4. As ſoon as ever it is brought forth, every animal knows its food. Such as are nouriſhed with milk, immediately find the way to their paps and ſuck; whereas thoſe which are deſigned for other nouriſhment, never make any ſuch attempt. 5. Birds that are fin-toed, or whole-footed, are naturally directed to go into the water. So ducklings, though hatched and led by a hen, if ſhe brings them to the brink of a river or pond, preſently leave her and go in, though they never ſaw any ſuch thing before; and though the hen clucks and calls, and does all ſhe can to keep them out. 6. Birds of the ſame kinds make their neſts of the ſame materials; laid in the ſame order, and exactly of the ſame figure, ſo that by the neſt one may certainly know what bird it belongs to. And this, though living in diſtant countries, and though they never ſaw any neſt made; that is, although they were taken out of the neſt, and brought up by hand. Nor were any of the ſame kind ever known to make a different neſt, either for matter or faſhion; unleſs where the uſual matter was not to be had: in that caſe, ſome birds uſe what they can get.

[*To be continued.*]

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EXTRACTS *from* LOCKE *on* HUMAN UNDERSTANDING; *with short* REMARKS.

Of POWER.

[*Continued from page* 417.]

" Sect. 14. IF this be so, (as I imagine it is,) I leave it to be considered, whether it may not help to put an end to that long agitated, and, I think, unreasonable, because unintelligible, Question, viz. *Whether Man's Will be free, or no?* For if I mistake not, it follows, from what I have said, that the Question itself is altogether improper; and it is as insignificant to ask, whether Man's Will be free, as to ask, whether his Sleep be swift, or his Virtue square: liberty being as little applicable to the Will, as swiftness of motion is to Sleep, or squareness to Virtue. Every one would laugh at the absurdity of such a Question, as either of these; because it is obvious, that the modifications of motion belong not to Sleep, nor the difference of figure to Virtue: and when any one well considers it, I think he will as plainly perceive, that Liberty, which is but a power, belongs only to Agents, and cannot be an attribute or modification of the Will, which is but a power.

" Sect. 15. Such is the difficulty of explaining, and giving clear notions of internal actions by sounds, that I must here warn my Reader that *Ordering*, *Directing*, *Chusing*, *Preferring*, &c. which I have made use of, will not distinctly enough express Volition, unless he will reflect on what he himself does, when he wills. For example, *Preferring* which seems perhaps best to express the act of Volition, does it not precisely. For though a man would prefer flying to walking, yet

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yet who can ſay he ever wills it? Volition, it is plain, is an act of the Mind, knowingly exerting that dominion it takes itſelf to have over any part of man, by employing it in, or with-holding it from any particular action. And what is the Will, but the faculty to do this? And is that Faculty any thing more in effect, than a power, the power of the Mind to determine its Thought, to the producing, continuing, or ſtopping any Action, as far as it depends on us? For can it be denied, that whatever Agent has a power to think on its own actions, and to prefer their doing or omiſſion either to the other, has that Faculty called Will? Will then is nothing but ſuch a power. Liberty, on the other ſide, is the power a man has to do or forbear doing any particular action, according as its doing or forbearance has the actual preference in the Mind, which is the ſame thing as to ſay, according as he himſelf wills it.

"Sect. 16. It is plain then, That the Will is nothing but one power or ability, and Freedom another power and ability: ſo that to aſk, whether the *Will has Freedom*, is to aſk, whether one Power has another Power, one Ability another Ability; a queſtion at firſt ſight too groſsly abſurd to make a diſpute, or need an anſwer. For who is it that ſees not, that *Powers* belong only to *Agents*, and *are Attributes only of Subſtances, and not of Powers* themſelves? So that this way of putting the queſtion, viz. Whether the *Will be free?* is in effect to aſk, Whether the Will be a Subſtance, an Agent? or at leaſt to ſuppoſe it, ſince Freedom can properly be attributed to nothing elſe. If Freedom can with any propriety of ſpeech be applied to Power, it may be attributed to the power that is in a man, to produce, or forbear producing motions in parts of his body, by choice or preference; which is that which denominates him free, and is Freedom itſelf. But if any one ſhould aſk, whether Freedom were free, he would be ſuſpected not to underſtand well what he ſaid; and

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he would be thought to deſerve *Midas's* ears, who knowing Rich was a denomination from the poſſeſſion of Riches, ſhould demand whether Riches themſelves were Rich.

[*To be continued.*]

An Account of the PASSIONS, *or* NATURAL AFFECTIONS: *extracted from Dr. Watts.*

Of HOPE *and* FEAR.

16 THE ſecond ſet of Paſſions which ariſe from Love and Hatred, are Hope and Fear. As an abſent good merely poſſible raiſes our Deſire, ſo if there is a proſpect of its being obtained, it awakens our Hope: but ſo far as the attainment of it is difficult or unlikely, it excites our Fear. Fear and Hope mutually gain the aſcendency over each other, as the attainment of the good appears more or leſs probable.

As the acquiſition of good, ſo the avoiding of evil awakens our Fear and Hope: if we may poſſibly eſcape it, there is Hope; if we may poſſibly ſuffer it, there is Fear. Theſe alſo reciprocally riſe and ſink according to the probability of the evil coming upon us.

Fear and Hope are not utterly excluded, when the good or evil is preſent with us; for even when we poſſeſs good, we may hope to preſerve it, and fear to loſe it: and when evil is come upon us, we may fear its continuance, or hope for its removal.

When our Hope riſes to the higheſt degree, it is Confidence or Security. As on the other hand, when our Fear riſes higheſt, and there is little Hope left, it turns into Deſpondency; and when all Hope is baniſhed, it becomes Deſpair.

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When our Fear is buſy in fore-thought about the evil feared, it is called Anxiety and Solicitude: when we are afraid leſt ſome other perſon ſhould prevent our poſſeſſion of the good deſired, it awakens in us Suſpicion and Jealouſy. If Fear be mingled with Surpriſe, or ariſe on a ſudden to a violent degree, it gains the name of Terror and Conſternation. The higheſt degree of Averſion and Fear united are called Horror.

Of Joy *and* Sorrow.

17. Joy and Sorrow are the third ſet of Paſſions derived from Love and Hatred. When the good we deſire is obtained, our Fear and Hope are turned into Joy: if the evil we would avoid, be come upon us, our Hopes and Fears ſink into Grief or Sorrow. When theſe Paſſions are raiſed on a ſudden, and to the higheſt degree, Joy becomes Exultation or Tranſport, and Grief is Diſtreſs and Anguiſh of Mind: when Joy has ſo long poſſeſſed the mind, that it is ſettled into a Temper, we call it Cheerfulneſs: if Sorrow affect the mind in this manner, it is named Dejection, Heavineſs of Spirit, or Melancholy. Good and Evil which are paſt or future, as well as what is preſent, will raiſe ſome degrees of Joy and Sorrow. Evil foreſeen gives us Sorrow joined with Fear; Good foreſeen raiſes the joy of Hope: and ſometimes the joys and ſorrows which ariſe from Hope and Fear of good or evil to come, are greater than thoſe which we feel from the good or evil when it is come. In like manner, the recollection of former joy gives us pleaſure, mingled with grief that it is gone. So alſo the remembrance of former ſorrows has bitterneſs in it, but it is matter of Joy to think they are finiſhed.

18. When we rejoice upon the account of any good, which others obtain, it may be called Congratulation or Sympathy of Joy; and when we grieve upon the account of evil, which others endure, it is Pity and Sympathy of Sorrow; Congratula-

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Congratulation is Benevolence and Joy united; as Benevolence and Sorrow united, are Pity or Compaſſion.

But there is a wicked Paſſion called Envy, which ſtands in direct oppoſition to Pity and Congratulation. Envy takes pleaſure in ſeeing others unhappy; and is uneaſy that others ſhould enjoy proſperity and peace. It is founded on Ill-will, and appears in Joy or Sorrow mixed with Malice.

19. Shame is a frequent concomitant of Sorrow. It ariſes from a conſciouſneſs of having done an action which is diſhonourable, contrary to our good character in the eſteem of God or men. Yea, if any thing that is counted diſhonourable be charged upon us, though we are innocent, it excites Shame: and one may feel ſhame if any thing diſhonourable be imputed to, or done by our parents, kindred, or friends.

There is another paſſion which is alſo called Shame, or Baſhfulneſs, or Modeſty. This ariſes upon the mention of any thing diſhonourable, though not imputed to us, or to any that belong to us: it is raiſed alſo by the appearance or practice of any thing lewd or ſcandalous in company: it is a kind of Sorrow mingled with Diſplicence and Averſion to the thing which is ſpoken of, or practiſed: it is the natural guard of innocence, eſpecially in young people; and the Bluſh is called the colour of Virtue.

All the Affections, which go under the appellation of Shame, are deſigned by Nature to prevent ſhameful and diſhonourable actions.

[*To be continued.*]

A SERMON

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A SERMON

[*By Dr. CUDWORTH.*]

On 1 John ii. 3, 4.

[*Continued from page* 421.]

I Have now done with the firſt part of my Diſcourſe, concerning thoſe Obſervations, which ariſe naturally from the words. I ſhall in the next place, proceed to make ſome Application of them.

Now therefore, let us conſider whether we know Chriſt indeed: not by our acquaintance with the Syſtems and Models of Divinity, not by our ſkill in Books: but by our keeping of Chriſt's Commandments. Books can but repreſent ſpiritual objects to our Underſtandings; which yet we can never ſee in their own true colour and proportion, until we have a divine light within, to irradiate and ſhine upon them. Tho' there be never ſuch excellent Truths concerning Chriſt and his Goſpel ſet down in words: yet they will be but unknown characters to us until we have a living Spirit within us that can decypher them, until the ſame Spirit, by ſecret whiſpers in our hearts to comment upon them, which did at firſt indite them. There are many that underſtand the Greek and Hebrew of the Scripture, that never underſtood the language of the Spirit.

The life of divine Truths is better expreſſed in actions than in words: words are nothing but dead reſemblances and pictures of thoſe Truths which live and breath in actions: and *the kingdom of God* (as the Apoſtle ſpeaketh) *conſiſteth not in word*, but in life and power. Let us not then only talk and

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diſpute of Chriſt, and ſo meaſure our knowledge of him by our words; but let us ſhew our knowledge connected into our lives and actions: and then let us really manifeſt that we are Chriſt's ſheep indeed, that we are his diſciples, by that Holineſs which we wear, and by the Fruits that we daily yield in our lives and converſations: for *herein* (ſaith Chriſt) *is my Father glorified that ye bear much fruit; ſo ſhall ye be my diſciples.*

Let us not judge of our knowing Chriſt by our ungrounded perſuaſions that Chriſt from all eternity hath loved us, and given himſelf particularly for us, without the conformity of our lives to Chriſt's Commandments: without the real partaking of the image of Chriſt in our hearts. The great myſtery of the Goſpel doth not lie only in Chriſt without us (though we muſt know alſo what he hath done for us) but the very pith and kernel of it conſiſts of Chriſt inwardly formed in our hearts.

[*To be continued.*]

A true Relation of the chief things which an evil Spirit did and ſaid at Maſcon, *in* Burgundy.

[*Continued from page* 421.]

SPEAKING of *Pays de Vaux*, he ſaid that it was a country where they made goodly carbonades of witches, and at that he laughed very loud. He delighted much in jeſting with the maid of the houſe, calling her *Breſſande* (that is a woman of the country of *Breſſia*,) and counterfeited her language. One night as ſhe went up to the garret to fetch coals, he told her, *Thou art very bold to paſs ſo near me*; and making a noiſe as if he had clapt his hands together, he told her, *I will put thee in my ſack.*

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He ſeemed alſo to delight much in jeſting with one *Michael Repay*, who came almoſt every night to us with his father, calling him often *Mihell*, *Mihell*. He told him once that he would bring him to war with the *Marquis of St. Martius*, who was raiſing a troop of horſe in *Breſſia* to go to *Savoy*. But *Michael Repay* anſwered him ſmiling, ſhould I go to wars with ſuch a coward as thyſelf, ſince thou profeſſeſt that thou didſt flee from the ſcalado of *Geneva?* To which the Demon anſwered, *And do you think that I will go and be hanged with my comrades? I was not ſuch a fool.* Continuing to jeſt with *Michael Repay*, he put him in mind that the Sunday before going to church with one *Noel Monginot*, he was ſaying that the way to catch the devil was to ſpread a net for him, and then he aſked him, *Wilt thou ſpread thy net to catch me?*

Another time he told us in a faint and moaning tone that he had a mind to make his will becauſe he muſt go preſently to Chambery, where he had a law ſuit ready for the trial, and that he feared to die by the way; wherefore he bade the maid go for a Notary, naming Mr. *Tornus*, father to that *Tornus* of whom we ſpake before; of his family he ſaid many particularities, of which, as alſo of all the paſſages of this Demon acted in his preſence, the ſaid *Tornus* the ſon of a Royal Notary hath left a relation, written and ſigned with his own hand.

In that relation he mentioneth the ſeveral legacies which the Demon declared that he would leave, to one this, to another that. One of them to whom he ſaid that he would give five hundred pounds, anſwered him, that he would have none of his money, and wiſhed that it might periſh with him.

Awhile after he counterfeited that he was not the ſame Spirit that had ſpoken before, but his ſervant only. That he came from waiting upon his maſter, who had charged him to keep his place in his abſcence, while he was in his

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journey to Chambery. And when I rebuked him in ſuch words as God put in my mouth, he anſwered with much ſeeming lenity and reſpect, *I beſeech you Sir, to pardon me, you are miſtaken in me, you take me for another, I never was at this houſe before, I pray Sir, what is your name?* As he was thus ſpeaking, one *Simeon Meiſſonier*, that uſed to reſort often to my houſe upon that occaſion, ruſhed ſuddenly to the place whence the voice ſeemed to come, and having ſearched it again and again, as others had done before him, and found nothing, he returned to the place where he left us, bringing with him ſeveral things from the place where the voice ſounded, among other things a ſmall bottle. At which the Demon fell a laughing and ſaid to him, *I was told long ſince thou wert a fool, and I ſee now that thou art one indeed to believe that I am in that bottle: I ſhould be a fool myſelf to get into it, for one might take me with ſtopping the bottle with his finger.* One night when *Abraham Lullier*, a goldſmith was coming to my houſe, where he ſeldom failed to be, at the hour the Demon ſaid, *Go open the door to Lullier who is coming.* As ſoon as he was come in, the Demon told him, that he deſired to learn the goldſmith's trade of him, and that for his 'prenticeſhip he would give him fifty crowns, then giving him fair words *I love thee well*, (ſaid he,) *thou art an honeſter man than ſuch a one*, (naming another goldſmith, a man of *Geneva*) *who hath cozened ſuch a Lady of Maſcon, who was gone to viſit ſome of her kindred at Geneva, in the ſale of ſome rings, jewels, and plate.* Upon which, when *Lullier* told him, *I have no need of thy love, I am content with the love of my God. Neither will I take ſuch a 'prentice as thee.* The Demon anſwered, *ſince thou wilt not teach me the Goldſmith's trade, let* Mr. *Philbert teach me to be a Bleacher.* Then acting again the part of a ſervant he complained that he was poor and ill clad that he ſtarved for cold, and that his wages were but twelve crowns a year: he told us that if we would have him to go away quickly we ſhould give him ſomething, and that would pleaſe him.

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him. I told him that he knocked at the wrong door, and that I would not give him the paring of my nails. He anſwered, You have then very little charity.

Again he obſtinately affirmed that he was not the ſame that had been in the houſe from the beginning, but his ſervant, yea that he was not the ſame that had been in the houſe the night before, that then one of his fellow ſervants was waiting, and that they two were expecting their maſter's return from his journey to *Chambery*. Howſoever whether it was the Maſter Devil that then ſpake, or one of his ſervants, I have been informed by worthy witneſſes that at the ſame time there was a ſpirit in the houſe of *Monſieur Favre* the firſt preſident of *Chambery*, who was one of the illuſtrious men of his age: to him the ſpirit ſpake, and told him among other things, that he came from *Maſcon*, and had paſſed through *Breſſe*, and ſeen ſuch and ſuch kinſmen of his.

[*To be continued.*]

An Account of an APPARITION *in the North of England.*

Of the following odd ACCOUNT, *let every one judge as he pleaſes.*

LAST Monday I took down the following particulars, from *John* and *Ann Lambert*, of *Winlington*. The truth of which they are ready to confirm on Oath.

Henry Cooke, of *Winlington*, (a Roman Catholic) departed this life, in the year 1752. And *John* and *Ann Lambert* took the houſe which he died in. A few days after their removal to this houſe, *Ann* was greatly ſurpriſed with a noiſe in an inner room; the door ſhook very much, and the latch was lifted up ſeveral times. About a week after this, *John* and *Ann* heard a knocking over the bed, (in which they lay) which ſeemed

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ſeemed to be between the roof and the plaiſtering. *Ann* heard the ſame noiſe three nights after. About a fortnight after this (and one year and half, after the death of *Henry Cooke*) *Ann Lambert*, at one o'clock in the day, ſaw in an inner room an Appearance reſembling a man dreſſed in his grave clothes, which frightened her ſo that ſhe ſwooned away, and was lifeleſs for ſometime: upon which they immediately left that houſe, and removed to another, about 300 yards from it. A month after their removing to this houſe, *Ann* was ſuddenly ſurpriſed as ſhe lay in bed, by a ſtroke given to the bedſide. About a week after this, as ſhe lay awake in bed with her huſband, at midnight ſhe ſaw at the further end of the room a ſquare light, and in the middle of it, the appearance of a man's head as white as chalk. She awoke her huſband, who ſaw it likewiſe. Four days after, ſhe heard at one o'clock in the morning, a noiſe like the report of a large gun behind her; upon which ſhe got up and ſtirred the fire, but could ſee nothing; ſhe then returned to her bed, but had ſcarcely lain down, when ſomething jumped upon her, and preſt her very hard, which ſeemed like the weight of a human body; immediately after this, ſhe ſaw ſtanding by the bedſide an appearance, dreſſed in a ſurplice and white wig. She ſaid, "In the name of God the Father, &c. why do you trouble me?" He anſwered "Meet me at one o'clock, and I will tell you what I want;" and then vaniſhed away. No more noiſe was heard that night, but the next morning there were two heavy ſtrokes given behind the bed, ſoon after her huſband got up and went to his work. He had not been gone long, when ſhe felt the heavy preſſure, which was accompanied with a loud noiſe like the report of a large cannon; after this all was huſhed for ſome minutes, and then there was a ſhaking in the room, like the wind ſhaking of trees; the Apparition then appeared at the bed's foot, like a man in his working dreſs, and paſſing on ſlowly diſappeared. Some days after this, as ſhe lay in bed with her huſband and children,

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dren, (for they all lay together) about eleven o'clock at night, There was a great noiſe like a cannon, followed with the heavy preſſure; then one of the children (a girl five years old) was taken out of the bed and carried to the middle of the room and laid on the floor. The mother cried out, and her huſband got up and brought the child into bed again. In the morning the child complained of a foreneſs under her thigh, it being examined nothing could be diſcovered but the mark of a pinch in the fleſh, which increaſed every day more and more, and grew worſe and worſe till the child was obliged to take her bed, and remained five weeks under the Doctor's hands. The next night the noiſe was as uſual. The youngeſt child lying in the mother's boſom, was ſnatched from her and carried out of bed; the mother immediately followed and found her child laid on the ground unhurt. The night following the noiſe was repeated, and the eldeſt child was partly dragged out of the bed; but upon the child's ſhrieking, the parents awoke and pulled her in again: the bed ſhook very much at theſe times. Being thus terribly frightened, and much fatigued for want of their natural reſt, they reſolved once more to change their habitation, to ſee if this would put an end to theſe uncommon viſits. Accordingly they removed their little *all* into a houſe at the other end of the town. The third night after their removal, they were much diſturbed by an uncommon ſcratching or ſcraping at their room door, and a great light at the ſame time appeared at the foot of the bed. The ſame week the preſſure and noiſe were repeated: a few nights after her huſband felt the preſſure, which he thought would have preſſed him through the bed.

About three weeks after at night, there was a great rumbling in the next room, when *Ann* aſked, "In the Name of God what art thou;" but there was no anſwer: and the noiſe ceaſed. Soon after her huſband went to work, about an hour after he was gone, ſhe ſaw *Henry Cooke* ſtand at her bed's foot, dreſſed

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dreſſed in the clothes which he wore during his life time: ſhe was ſo over-powered that ſhe could not ſpeak, ſo he vaniſhed away. All remained quiet for a week; no noiſe was heard, nor any thing ſeen, but on Sunday night the noiſe began again, and there ſeemed to be a man grinding with a hand-mill over their heads: then the ſaſh window ſhook very much, ſo that they thought all the glaſs had been broken, but upon examining it in the morning there was but one pane which was cracked at the four corners, and broke in the middle in the ſhape of a diamond. Nothing remarkable happened from July 1755, the time the window was broke, till December, ſave a continual noiſe in the houſe, and a large cat killed in uncommon manner. Dec. 2. As *Ann* was making her bed at night, ſhe ſaw a ſmall black four-footed beaſt run along the bolſter, and diſappeared. Two or three nights after ſhe ſaw the Apparition in the likeneſs of a brown and white calf; it grew bigger and bigger till it was the ſize of a middling horſe, then it leapt into the bed and ſtruck her three times, but ſhe received no hurt. Dec. 6. At midnight *John* being awake in bed, ſaw *Henry Cooke* dreſſed in his working clothes, come into the room; who walked to the fire-ſide, and ſtood there a conſiderable time: but he was ſo overcome that he could not ſpeak, and the Apparition vaniſhed away. Dec. 20. At midnight *Ann* felt the hands of a man on her face as cold as ice, which kept teazing her till ſhe awoke her huſband, and then they were removed. Dec. 22. About two o'clock in the morning, ſhe ſaw as it were, a pewter diſh the colour of blood, with blood ſprinkled round the edges of it. This was the laſt time ſhe ſaw it, which was the morning I took down this Account.

Newcaſtle, Dec. 29, 1758.

J. G.

CHRISTIAN

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CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

I Find Jeſus at preſent with me, and as precious to me here, as in *London*. I have many proofs, that his preſence fills the earth, as it does the heavens. I feel that a child-like heart, and a ſimple ſpirit, is the greateſt preſervative at all times and in all caſes.

> " O that I as a little child
> May follow thee, nor never reſt!"

I would not reſt till I behold him in glory: then I ſhall caſt my crown at his feet. Now I have only a poor helpleſs ſoul to caſt before him; but it is accepted in the Beloved, who gives me to feel, that in emptineſs there is fulneſs, and that to leave deſire is the way to find reſt. I cannot expreſs the deep ſenſe I have of my own poverty. Lord, how canſt thou love a thing ſo vile, ſo mean as man! Becauſe thou art all love. And how condeſcending is love! "O how ſwiftly did it move, to ſave us in the trying hour?" I praiſe him, that he enables me to live in his will. All other reſts I find uncertain, and unable to bear the weight of my ſoul.

The full ſalvation of —— is the thing my ſpirit pleads for: that he may excel himſelf daily, and that he may ſtand perfect and compleat in all the will of God: that all I think, hear or ſee of him, may teach me to pray, and weep, and love like him. My Jeſus ſurround thy Servant with love's almighty power. And when thou haſt ſpared him a few more years, till thy people are more eſtabliſhed in righteouſneſs, then let him be gathered as a ripe ſhock of corn, into the garner of the ſkies.

I cannot but acknowledge him a parent to my ſoul, ſuperior to all others. Nor does this abate my love or reverence

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to him, who is the Father of the ſpirits of all fleſh: no; it raiſes my ſoul in holy gratitude to God, a thouſand times more dear to me than any creature. And I deſire always to be led by that rule, That which comes from God, leads to God.

May our Lord bleſs my friend continually with the increaſe of every ſpiritual bleſſing, till Faith is loſt in Sight, and Hope in endleſs Enjoyment.

JANE COOPER.

TWO ANECDOTES,

Collected by the Rev. Mr. A—— in Rocheſter.

FIRST.

ONE Mr. *Marſhal*, a Schoolmaſter, a few years ago, lived oppoſite to the Bell-Inn, *Rocheſter*. His daughter, not quite eleven years old, deſired her Father to ſet her a new copy. He told her there were copies enough ſet. But ſhe ſaid, "Pray ſet me an uncommon one, ſuch as, *Death is the gate of Life.*" He wrote her thoſe words. This was on the Saturday. She wrote a few lines, but was then taken ill and died on the Tueſday following.

SECOND.

ON Friday, December 19, 1777, one *Buſs*, a Gardiner, of *Rocheſter*, repaired with an acquaintance to a public-houſe; where ſmoking his pipe, and talking of the Lottery then on foot, cried out, "O! if I ſhould get five thouſand pounds! That would juſt do! It would be the very thing!" No ſooner had he ſpoke, than the pipe dropt out of his hand, and without any ſtruggle, died in an inſtant!

REMARKS

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REMARKS *on the Count de* BUFFON's *Natural Hiſtory.*

Malebranche maintains an odd conceit,
As ever entered Frenchman's pate.

PRIOR.

BUT is not the Count de Buffon's firſt conceit full as odd? That the Earth (and ſo every other Planet) is only a ſlice of the Sun, cut off from it by the ſtroke of a Comet, p. 64. He that would take pains to confute this wild Theory, muſt have little to do.

In conſequence of this, he ſuppoſes all the inner part of the Earth to be Glaſs, and ſtrains every natural Phænomenon to ſupport his Hypotheſis. He is certainly a man of a moſt lively Imagination: pity that his Judgment is not equal to it.

Many of his thoughts are quite ſingular. So vol. i. p. 12, "The upper Stratum of the Earth, from which all Animals and Vegetables derive their growth and nouriſhment, is nothing but a compoſition of the decayed particles of Animal and Vegetable bodies." Impoſſible! Was it compoſed of decayed Animals and Vegetables, *before* any Animal or Vegetable had decayed?

"The Earth was covered with the ſea for many Ages, and thereby the Strata therein were formed," p. 15.

I believe all the upper Strata were formed by the Deluge; though no man can tell how. Yet I allow, the Sea has covered many Countries, which are now far diſtant from it. And I ſuppoſe ſome Mountains were then formed by the flux and reflux of it, in the manner he deſcribes.

"The vapours exhaled from the Earth depoſit mud, of which mixt with particles of animal and vegetable ſubſtances, or rather with particles of ſtone and ſand, the upper ſtratum of the Earth is compoſed," p. 161.

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How is this conſiſtent with what was ſaid before, p. 12, This upper Stratum of the Earth is *nothing but a compoſition of the decayed particles of animals and vegetables?* And how is the following ſentence conſiſtent with it? Vegetables derive more of their ſubſtance from the Air and from Water than from the Earth," p. 168.

"All Stones were originally a ſoft paſte," p. 173. It is *probable*, that moſt ſtones were.

"Clay and ſand are ſubſtances of the ſame kind," p. 184.

I doubt this cannot be proved.

"Glaſs is the true, elementary earth, and all mixt bodies are only glaſs in diſguiſe," ibid.

Perfectly new! Believe it who can.

"If Flints remain long expoſed to the Air, and unmoved, their upper ſurface is always white," 185. "Expoſe to the Air the hardeſt and blackeſt Flint, and in leſs than a year, the colour of its ſurface will be changed, and it will gradually looſe its hardneſs." Not ſo. The Flints of which moſt of the Churches in Norwich are built, have loſt nothing of their hardneſs, and the ſurface though expoſed to the Air has not changed colour at all, in two or three hundred years.

"Cryſtals on exudations of Flints," p. 199. I doubt it.

"Red Porphyry is compoſed of the prickles of the Sea hedge-hog. At Ficin, in Burgundy, there is a red ſtone that is entirely compoſed of them, and there is a conſiderable ſtratum of it," p. 213.

"The number of Sea-ſhells is ſo great in every part of the Earth, it is abſolutely impoſſible, that all the fiſh which inhabited thoſe ſhells ſhould live at the ſame time, p. 221. Neither have we any proof, that the Earth was entirely diſſolved, at the time of the Deluge," p. 222.

I believe therefore, that ſome of thoſe ſhells were depoſited by the Deluge; but moſt of them in ſucceeding Ages.

[*To be continued.*]

LETTERS.

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LETTERS.

LETTER CCLIII.

[From Mrs. S. R. to the Rev. Mr. Wesley.]

Briſtol, March. 11, 1758.

Rev. and dear Sir,

GOD is wiſe in all his dealings; he bringeth down to the grave and raiſeth up again. His dealing with me is all love and mercy: O that I did but know how to praiſe him? The night Mr. *Walſh* came, I took my bed, and for near two days I did not know whether I ſhould die or live. The third day God ſaid to me, "Thou ſhalt not die but live, and ſhew forth the glory of the Lord." I then grew better: but a week ago I was ſuddenly taken ſo ill, that I could only lie on my face and groan to God. It came into my mind, if they prayed with me, I might be healed. Brother Carthy did pray with me. Preſently my pain began to abate, and by the time he had done, it was all gone. When I was alone I ſaid, "O God, art thou not the God of my body, as well as of my ſoul?" Immediately I found ſtrength go through my whole body, ſo that I was able to meet my Band. I have mended ever ſince. O Sir, pray for me, that I may chuſe nothing for myſelf, but be as clay in his hand!

I wondered I did not hear from you before: but I left it to God: for his will is beſt. I thank the Lord and you, I want for nothing, but more of God. O Sir, you need all the power of God to ſtand by you where you are going. O that his Spirit, as a flaming ſword, may turn to guard you every way! Nothing can hurt you, if you keep at the feet of Jeſus. Do not forget to pray, that in nothing I may

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may bring a reproach upon his glorious goſpel, but in all things may be kept, a buſh in the fire, burning, yet unconſumed.

I am your affectionate Child and Servant,

S. R.

LETTER CCLIV.

[From the Rev. Mr. Weſley, to Mrs. S. R.]

Dublin, April 4, 1758.

My dear Siſter,

O That I could be of ſome uſe to you! I long to help you forward in your way. I want to have your underſtanding a mere lamp of light, always ſhining with light from above! I want you to be full of Divine Knowledge and Wiſdom, as Jordan in the time of harveſt. I want your words to be full of grace, poured out as precious ointment. I want your every work to bear the ſtamp of God, to be a ſacrifice of a ſweet ſmelling ſavour? Without any part weak, earthly or human: all holy; all divine? The great God, your Father and your Love, bring you to this ſelf-ſame thing! Begin, Soldier of Chriſt, Child of God! Walk worthy of the vocation wherewith thou art called! Remember the Faith! Remember the Captain of thy Salvation! Fight! Conquer! Die—and live for ever!

I am yours, &c.

J. W.

LETTER

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LETTER CCLV.

[From the Rev. Mr. Weſley to the Rev. Mr. V——.]

Birmingham June 22, 1765.

Rev. and dear Sir,

HAVING at length a few hours to ſpare, I ſit down to anſwer your laſt, which was particularly acceptable to me, becauſe it was wrote with ſo great openneſs. I ſhall write with the ſame. And herein you and I are juſt fit to converſe together, becauſe we both like to ſpeak blunt and plain, without going a great way round about. I ſhall likewiſe take this opportunity of explaining myſelf on ſome other heads. I want you to underſtand me inſide and out. Then I ſay, "*Sic ſum: Si placeo, utere.*"

Were I allowed to boaſt myſelf a little, I would ſay, I want no man living, I mean, none but thoſe who are now connected with me, and who bleſs God for that connection. With theſe I am able to go through every part of the work, to which I am called. Yet I have laboured after union with all whom I believe to be united with Chriſt. I have ſought it again and again; but in vain. They were reſolved to ſtand aloof. And when one and another ſincere Miniſter of Chriſt, has been inclined to come nearer to me, others have diligently kept them off as though thereby they did God ſervice.

To this poor end the doctrine of Perfection has been brought in head and ſhoulders. And when ſuch conceſſions were made as would abundantly ſatisfy any fair and candid man, they were no nearer: rather farther off: for they had no deſire to be ſatisfied. To make this *dear* breach wider and wider, ſtories were carefully gleaned up, improved, yea, invented and retailed, both concerning me and "the Perfect ones."

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ones." And when any thing very bad has come to hand, ſome have rejoiced as though they had found great ſpoils.

By this means chiefly, the diſtance between you and me, has increaſed ever ſince you came to *Huddersfield*, and perhaps it has not been leſſened by that honeſt well meaning man Mr. *Burnet* and by others, who have talked largely of my dogmaticalneſs, love of power, errors and irregularities. My dogmaticalneſs is neither more nor leſs than a "Cuſtom of coming to the point at once," and telling my mind flat and plain, without any preface or ceremony. I could indeed premiſe ſomething of my own imbecillity, littleneſs of judgment, and the like: but Firſt, I have no time to loſe, I muſt diſpatch the matter as ſoon as poſſible. Secondly, I do not think it frank or ingenious. I think theſe prefaces are mere Artifice.

The *power* I *have* I never *ſought*. It was the undeſired, unexpected reſult of the work God was pleaſed to work by me. I have a thouſand times ſought to devolve it on others: but as yet I cannot. I therefore ſuffer it till I can find any to eaſe me of my burden.

If any one will convince me of my *errors*, I will heartily thank him. I believe all the Bible, as far as I underſtand it, and am ready to be convinced. If I am a heretic, I became ſuch by reading the Bible. All my notions I drew from thence: and with little help from men, unleſs in the ſingle point of Juſtification by Faith. But I impoſe my notions upon none: I will be bold to ſay, there is no man living farther from it. I make no opinion the term of union with any man: I think and let think. What I want is, holineſs of heart and life. They who have this, are my Brother, Siſter and Mother.

"But you hold Perfection." True: that is loving God with *all* our heart, and ſerving him with *all* our ſtrength. I teach nothing more, nothing leſs than this. And whatever infirmity,

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infirmity, defect ἀνομία, is conſiſtent with this, any man may teach, and I ſhall not contradict him.

As to *irregularity*, I hope none of thoſe who cauſe it do then complain of it. Will they throw a man into the dirt and beat him becauſe he is dirty? Of all men living thoſe Clergymen ought not to complain, who believe I preach the goſpel (as to the ſubſtance of it.) If they do not aſk me to preach in their churches, *they* are accountable for my preaching in the fields.

I come now directly to your Letter, in hopes of eſtabliſhing a good underſtanding between us. I agreed to ſuſpend, for a twelvemonth, our ſtated preaching at *Huddersfield*, which had been there theſe many years. If this anſwered your end, I am glad: my end it did not anſwer at all. Inſtead of coming nearer to me, you got farther off. I heard of it from every quarter: though few knew that I did; for I ſaw no cauſe to ſpeak againſt *you*, becauſe you did againſt *me*. I wanted you to do more, not leſs good, and therefore durſt not do or ſay any thing to hinder it. And leſt I ſhould hinder it, I will make a farther trial, and ſuſpend the preaching at *Huddersfield* for another year.

1. To clear the caſe between us a little farther. I muſt now adopt your words, "I, no leſs than you, preach Juſtification by Faith only, the abſolute neceſſity of Holineſs, the increaſing mortification of ſin, and rejection of all paſt experiences and attainments. I abhor, as you do, all Antinomian abuſe of the doctrine of Chriſt, and deſire to ſee my people walking even as he walked. Is it then worth while in order to gratify a few begotted perſons, or for the ſake of the minute differences between us" to encourage "all the train of evils which follow *contention for opinions*, in little matters as much as in great?"

2. If I was as ſtrenuous with regard to Perfection on one ſide, as you have been on the other, I ſhould deny you to be *a ſufficient* Preacher: but this I never did. And yet I

 aſſure

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assure you, I can advance such reasons for all I teach, as would puzzle you and all that condemn me, to answer: but I am sick of disputing. Let Them beat the air, and triumph without an opponent.

3. "None, you say, preach in your houses, who do not hold the very same doctrine with you." This is not exactly the case. You are welcome to preach in any of those houses: as I know we agree in the main points: and wherein soever we differ, you would not preach there contrary to me. "But would it not give you pain to have any other Teacher come among those committed to your charge, so as to have your plan disconcerted, your labours depreciated, and the affections of your flock alienated?" It has given me pain when I had reason to fear this was done, both at *Leeds*, *Birstal*, and elsewhere. And I was "under a temptation of speaking against you:" but I refrained even among my intimate friends. So far was I from publicly warning my people against one I firmly believed to be much better than myself.

4. Indeed I trust "the bad blood is now taken away." Let it return no more. Let us begin such a correspondence as has never been yet, and let us avow it before all mankind. Not content with not weakning each others hands, or speaking against each other, directly or indirectly, (which may be effectually done under the notion of exposing this and that error") let us defend each other's characters to the uttermost against either ill or well-meaning evil-speakers. I am not satisfied with "Be very civil to the Methodists, but have nothing to do with them." No: I desire to have a league offensive and defensive, with every soldier of Christ. We have not only one Faith, one Hope, one Lord, but are directly engaged in one warfare. We are carrying the war into the devil's own quarters, who therefore summonses all his hosts to war. Come then, ye that love him, to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty! I am now well

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well nigh *Miles emeritus*, *Senex*, *Sexagenarius* Yet I truſt to fight a little longer. Come and ſtrengthen the hands, till you ſupply the place of

Your weak, but affectionate Brother,

JOHN WESLEY.

POETRY.

THOUGHTS *on* PREDESTINATION *and* REPROBATION.

[By Dr. Byrom.]

PART I.

FLATTER me not with your *Predeſtination*,
Nor ſink my ſpirits with your Reprobation.
From all your high diſputes I ſtand aloof,
Your *Pres* and *Res*, your *Deſtin*, and your *Proof*;
And formal *Calviniſtical* pretence,
That contradicts all Goſpel, and good ſenſe.

When God declares, ſo often, that he wills
All ſort of bleſſings, and no ſort of ills;
That his ſevereſt purpoſe never meant
A *ſinner's death*, but *that he ſhould repent:*
For the *whole* world, when his beloved Son
Is ſaid to do whatever he has done;
To become man, to ſuffer, and to die,
That *all* might live, as well as you, and I:
Shall rigid *Calvin*, after this, or you,
Pretend to tell me that it is not true?

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But that eternal, abſolute decree
Has damnèd before-hand either you, or me,
Or any body elſe? That God deſignèd,
When he created, not to ſave *mankind*;
But only *ſome?* The reſt, this man maintainèd,
Were ſo *decreed*, Damnation pre-ordainèd.
No, Sir; not all your metaphyſic ſkill
Can prove the Doctrine, twiſt it as you will.

I hate the man for Doctrine ſo accurſt,
In Book the *third*, and Chapter *twenty-firſt*;
Section the *fifth*——a horrid, impious lore,
That one would hope was never taught before;
How it came after to prevail away,
Let them who mince the damning matter ſay;
And others judge, if any chriſtian fruit,
Be like to ſpring from ſuch a *pagan* root.

Written on a late Declaration of Lord C———, *that the Conqueſt of* AMERICA *by Fire and Sword is not to be accompliſhed.*

TRUE is the Patriotic word,
"We never can by fire and ſword
The fierce Americans ſubdue;"
If we our General's ſteps purſue,
His own allies who tears and rends,
And turns his ſword againſt his friends.

The loyal if he firſt invite
For Britain and its King to fight,
Promiſe to ſuccour and protect;
He then abandons to neglect,

Or

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Or draws them in an eaſy prey,
For their invetérate foes to ſlay.

Poor, credulous ſlaves if he allure,
By flattéring hopes of refuge ſure,
Their cruel tyrants to deſert;
He then with an unfeeling heart
Leaves them, who on his faith rely,
By hunger, or diſeaſe to die.

Thouſands, who unconſuméd remain,
He drives out of his camp again;
(While truſting in his treachérous words,)
Gives up the victims to their lords,
To puniſh in the lingéring fire,
By variéd torments to expire.

Such faithful Leaders we allow,
Fit to ſucceed immortal H—e,
Who fierce Americans ſubduéd,
And conquerèd them whene'er he would;
Too genérous to purſue his blow,
Or trample on a vanquiſhéd foe.

His vanquiſhéd foe full oft he rearéd,
And kindly their deſpondence cheeréd:
Too brave to take them by ſurpriſe,
He ſaw their ſtraits with pitying eyes;
And put them out of all their pain,
And gave them back their towns again.

Such Genérals never can aſpire
Rebels to quell with ſword or fire;
But without fire, another can
Accompliſh it——an honeſt man

Who

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Who truth and public faith approves,
And more than life his country loves.

A man for this great end deſigned,
Our Nation now expects to find,
By providential Love beſtowed,
Whoſe object is Britannia's good,
Britannia's peace his only aim:
And *Carlton* is the Patriot's Name.

To RELIGION.

CHOICE of my ſerious hour! to thee
I raiſe the wiſh, I bend the knee;
Attend my feeble ſtrain!
O guide me in the doubtful maze,
Where friendleſs Miſery weeps and prays,
But never weeps in vain!

If no unhallowed foot intrude,
None but "the perfect, wiſe, and good,"
Be objects of thy care:
Where ſhall the wretch oppreſt with woe,
The wearied and the guilty go?
To whom addreſs the prayer?

To Grandeur and her vain parade?
Can Pomp, or Wit, or Wiſdom's aid
Set the poor captive free?
Can glittering Health, or curious Art,
Charm the pall'd ear, or ſooth the heart
That ſighs for Peace, and Thee?

Such

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Such are the hopes thy precepts lend,
In comforts, diſappointments end,
And pain to rapture turns!
Soft opéning dreams of brighténing heavén,
Of laſting joys and ſins forgivén,
Shall bleſs the wretch that mourns.

In light and life, and truth appear
Alike from ſuperſtitious fear,
And vain Preſumption free:
And far from boaſting Pride removéd,
Such as the gentle Lydia provéd,
O ſuch appear to me!

Come, now thou meek, thou peaceful gueſt,
Show me the path that leads to reſt,
The path the pilgrims trod:
Come, with thee bring thy ſacred three,
Fair Hope, and holy Charity,
And Faith which ſees her God!

EPITAPH *on Mr.* SHENSTONE,

On an Urn in Hales-Owen Church, Salop.

WHOE'ER thou art, with revérence tread
Theſe ſacred manſions of the dead!
Not that the monumental buſt,
Or ſumptuous tomb here guards the duſt
Of rich or great: let wealth, rank, birth,
Sleep undiſtinguiſhéd in the earth:
This ſimple Urn records a name,
Which ſhines with more exalted fame.

Reader!

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Reader! if genius, taſte refinéd,
A native elegance of mind,
If virtue, ſcience, manly ſenſe,
If wit, that never gave offence,
The cleareſt head, the tendéreſt heart,
In thy eſteem e'er claiméd a part;
Ah! ſmite thy breaſt, and drop a tear;
For know, *thy* Shenſtone's duſt lies here.

SHORT HYMNS.

James iii. 17. *The wiſdom that is from above, is firſt pure, then peaceable, gentle, and eaſy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocriſy.*

I Want that wiſdom from above,
From earthly, deviliſh mixtures pure,
That faith divine producing love,
And peace which ſpeaks my pardon ſure;
That knowledge of the crucifiéd
Which bids my ſins and ſorrows ceaſe,
And witneſſes his blood appliéd
In perfect purity and peace.

With true, celeſtial wiſdom filléd,
Soft, yielding, meek my ſoul ſhall be;
(Not rigid, ſour, moroſe, ſelf-willéd)
And mild as docile infancy,
Eaſy to be convinced and led
By reaſon's and religion's ſway,
No importunity I need,
But man for *Jeſu's* ſake obey.

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THE Arminian Magazine,

For OCTOBER 1782.

[Several years ago I delivered the following Diſcourſe, at *Londonderry*, in *Ireland*. It was printed at the requeſt of ſeveral of the Clergy. As it is little known in *England*, I believe the inſerting it here will be acceptable to many ſerious perſons.]

A DISCOURSE

On ROMANS viii. 29, 30.

Whom he did foreknow, he did predeſtinate to be conformed to the image of his Son:—Whom he did predeſtinate, them he alſo called: whom he called, them he alſo juſtified; and whom he juſtified, them he alſo glorified.

1. OUR *beloved brother Paul*, ſays St. *Peter*[a], *according to the wiſdom given to him, hath written unto you: as alſo in all his epiſtles, ſpeaking in them of theſe things: in which are*

[a] 1 Pet. iii. 15, 16.

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ſome things hard to be underſtood; which they that are unlearned and unſtable, wreſt as they do alſo the other Scriptures, to their own deſtruction.

2. It is not improbable, that among thoſe things ſpoken by St. *Paul* which are *hard to be underſtood*, the apoſtle *Peter* might place what he ſpeaks on this ſubject, in the eighth and ninth chapters of his epiſtle to the *Romans*. And it is certain, not only *the unlearned*, but many of the moſt learned men in the world, and not *the unſtable* only, but many who ſeemed to be well eſtabliſhed in the truths of the goſpel, have for ſeveral centuries, *wreſted* theſe paſſages *to their own deſtruction*.

3. *Hard to be underſtood* we may well allow them to be, when we conſider, how men of the ſtrongeſt underſtanding, improved by all the advantages of education, have continually differed in judgment concerning them. And this very conſideration, that there is ſo wide a difference upon the head, between men of the greateſt learning, ſenſe and piety, one might imagine would make all who now ſpeak upon the ſubject, exceedingly wary and ſelf-diffident. But I know not how it is, that juſt the reverſe is obſerved, in every part of the chriſtian world. No writers upon earth appear more poſitive, than thoſe who write on this difficult ſubject. Nay, the ſame men, who writing on any other ſubject, are remarkably modeſt and humble, on this alone lay aſide all ſelf-diſtruſt,

"And ſpeak *ex cathedra* infallible."

This is peculiarly obſervable of almoſt all thoſe, who aſſert the abſolute decrees. But ſurely it is poſſible to avoid this: whatever we propoſe, may be propoſed with modeſty, and with deference to thoſe wiſe and good men, who are of a contrary opinion. And the rather, becauſe ſo much has been ſaid already, on every part of the queſtion, ſo many volumes have been written, that it is ſcarce poſſible to ſay any thing which has not been ſaid before. All I would offer at preſent, not

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not to the lovers of contention, but to men of piety and candor, are a few ſhort hints, which perhaps may caſt ſome light on the text above recited.

4. The more frequently and carefully I have conſidered it, the more I have been inclined to think, that the Apoſtle is not here (as many have ſuppoſed) deſcribing a chain of cauſes and effects; (this does not ſeem to have entered into his heart:) but ſimply ſhewing *the method in which God works*; *the order* in which the ſeveral branches of ſalvation, conſtantly follow each other. And this, I apprehend, will be clear to any ſerious and impartial enquirer, ſurveying the work of God either forward or backward; either from the beginning to the end, or from the end to the beginning.

5. And firſt, let us look forward on the whole work of God in the ſalvation of man, conſidering it from the beginning; from the firſt point, till it terminates in glory. The firſt point is, The foreknowledge of God. God *foreknew* thoſe in every nation, who would believe, from the beginning of the world, to the conſummation of all things. But in order to throw light upon this dark queſtion, it ſhould be well obſerved, that when we ſpeak of God's *foreknowledge*, we do not ſpeak according to the nature of things, but after the manner of men. For if we ſpeak properly, there is no ſuch thing, as either *fore-knowledge* or *after-knowledge* in God. All time, or rather all eternity (for time is only that ſmall fragment of eternity, which is allotted to the children of men) being preſent to him at once, he does not know one thing before another, or one thing after another: but ſees all things in one point of view, from everlaſting to everlaſting. As all time, with every thing that exiſts therein, is preſent with him at once, ſo he ſees, at once, whatever was, is, or will be to the end of time. But obſerve. We muſt not think they *are*, becauſe he *knows* them. No: he knows them, becauſe they are. Juſt as I (if one may be allowed to compare the things of men with the deep things of God) now know the ſun

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ſhines. Yet the ſun does not ſhine, becauſe I know it: but I know it, becauſe he ſhines. My knowledge *ſuppoſes* the ſun to ſhine; but does not in any wiſe *cauſe* it. In like manner, God knows that man ſins; for he knows all things. Yet we do not ſin, becauſe he knows it, but he knows it, becauſe we ſin. And his knowledge *ſuppoſes* our ſin, but does not in any wiſe *cauſe* it. In a word, God looking on all ages, from the creation to the conſummation, as a moment, and ſeeing at once whatever is in the hearts of all the children of men, knows every one that does or does not believe in every age or nation. Yet what he knows, whether faith or unbelief, is in no wiſe cauſed by his knowledge. Men are as *free* in believing or not believing, as if he did not know it at all.

6. Indeed if man was not free, he could not be accountable, either for his thoughts, words or actions. If he were not free, he would not be capable either of reward or puniſhment. He would be incapable either of virtue or vice, of being either morally good or bad. If he had no more freedom than the ſun, the moon, or the ſtars, he would be no more accountable than they. On ſuppoſition that he had no more freedom than they, the ſtones of the earth would be as capable of reward, and as liable to puniſhment as man: one would be as accountable as the other. Yea, and it would be as abſurd to aſcribe either virtue or vice to him, as to aſcribe it to the ſtock of a tree.

7. But to proceed. *Whom he did foreknow, them he did predeſtinate, to be conformed to the image of his Son.* This is the ſecond ſtep, (to ſpeak after the manner of men; for in fact, there is nothing *before* or *after* in God.) In other words, God decrees, from everlaſting to everlaſting, that all who believe in the Son of his love, ſhall be conformed to his image, ſhall be ſaved from all inward and outward ſin, into all inward and outward holineſs. Accordingly it is a plain, undeniable fact, all who truly believe in the name of the Son of God, do now *receive the end of their faith, the ſalvation of their ſouls:* and this

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in virtue of the unchangeable, irreverſible, irreſiſtible decree of God, *He that believeth ſhall be ſaved; he that believeth not ſhall be damned.*

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

SERMON XI.

On ROMANS v. 15.

[*Concluded from page* 459.]

8. AGAIN. Had there been neither Natural nor Moral Evil in the world, what muſt have become of Patience, Meekneſs, Gentleneſs, Long-ſuffering? It is manifeſt they could have had no being; ſeeing all theſe have evil for their object. If therefore evil had never entered into the world, neither could theſe have had any place in it. For who could have *returned good for evil*, had there been no evil-doer in the univerſe? How had it been poſſible, on that ſuppoſition, to *overcome evil with good?* Will you ſay, "But all theſe graces might have been divinely infuſed into the hearts of men." Undoubtedly they might: but if they had, there would have been no uſe or exerciſe for them. Whereas in the preſent ſtate of things, we can never long want occaſion to exerciſe them. And the more they are exerciſed, the more all our graces are ſtrengthened and increaſed. And in the ſame proportion as our Reſignation, our Confidence in God, our Patience and Fortitude, our Meekneſs, Gentleneſs, and Long-ſuffering, together with our Faith and Love of God and man increaſe, muſt our Happineſs increaſe, even in the preſent world.

9. Yet again. As God's permiſſion of Adam's fall gave all his poſterity a thouſand opportunities of *ſuffering*, and thereby

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thereby of exercising all those passive Graces, which increase both their Holiness and Happiness: so it gives them opportunities of *doing good* in numberless instances, of exercising themselves in various good works, which otherwise could have had no being. And what exertions of Benevolence, of Compassion, of godlike Mercy, had then been totally prevented! Who could then have said to the Lover of men,

"Thy mind throughout my life be shewn,
While listening to the wretches' cry,
The widow's or the orphan's groan,
On mercy's wings I swiftly fly,
The poor and needy to relieve;
Myself, my All for them to give?"

It is the just observation of a benevolent man,

"All worldly joys go less,
Than that one joy of doing kindnesses."

Surely *in keeping* this commandment, if no other, *there is great reward. As we have time, let us do good unto all men*; good of every kind, and in every degree. Accordingly the more good we do (other circumstances being equal,) the happier we shall be. The more we deal our bread to the hungry, and cover the naked with garments, the more we relieve the stranger, and visit them that are sick or in prison; the more kind offices we do to those that groan under the various evils of human life: the more comfort we receive even in the present world; the greater recompense we have in our own bosom.

10. To sum up what has been said under this head. As the more holy we are upon earth, the more happy we must be, (seeing there is an inseparable connexion between Holiness and Happiness;) as the more good we do to others, the

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more of preſent reward redounds into our own boſom: even as our ſufferings for God lead us to *rejoice* in Him, *with joy unſpeakable and full of glory*. The Fall of Adam, firſt by giving us an opportunity of being far more holy; ſecondly, by giving us the occaſions of doing innumerable good works, which otherwiſe could not have been done; and thirdly, by putting it into our power to ſuffer for God, whereby *the ſpirit of glory and of God reſts upon us*: may be of ſuch advantage to the children of men, even in the preſent life, as they will not thoroughly comprehend, till they attain life everlaſting.

11. It is then we ſhall be enabled fully to comprehend, not only the advantages, which accrue at the preſent time to the ſons of men, by the fall of their firſt Parent, but the infinitely greater advantages, which they may reap from it in Eternity. In order to form ſome conception of this, we may remember the obſervation of the Apoſtle, *As one ſtar differeth from another ſtar in glory, ſo alſo is the reſurrection of the dead*. The moſt glorious ſtars will undoubtedly be thoſe, who are the moſt holy; who bear moſt of that image of God wherein they were created. The next in glory to theſe will be thoſe who have been moſt abundant in good works: and next to them, thoſe that have ſuffered moſt, according to the will of God. But what advantages in every one of theſe reſpects, will the children of God receive in heaven, by God's permitting the introduction of pain upon earth, in conſequence of ſin? By occaſion of this, they attained many holy tempers, which otherwiſe could have had no being: reſignation to God, confidence in him in times of trouble and danger, Patience, Meekneſs, Gentleneſs, Long-ſuffering, and the whole train of paſſive virtues. And on account of this ſuperior holineſs, they will then enjoy ſuperior happineſs. Again. Every one will then *receive his own reward, according to his own labour*. Every individual will be *rewarded according to his works*. But the fall gave riſe to innumerable good

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good works, which could otherwiſe never have exiſted, ſuch as miniſtering to the neceſſities of ſaints, yea, relieving the diſtreſt in every kind. And hereby innumerable ſtars will be added to their eternal crown. Yet again. There will be an abundant reward in heaven, for *ſuffering*, as well as for *doing* the will of God: *theſe light afflictions which are but for a moment, work out for us afar more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.* Therefore that event, which occaſioned the entrance of ſuffering into the world, has thereby occaſioned, to all the children of God, an increaſe of glory to all eternity. For although the ſufferings themſelves will be at an end; although

The pain of life ſhall then be o'er,
The anguiſh and diſtracting care;
There ſighing grief ſhall weep no more;
And ſin ſhall never enter there:

Yet the joys occaſioned thereby ſhall never end, but flow at God's right-hand for evermore.

12. There is one advantage more that we reap from Adam's fall, which is not unworthy our attention. Unleſs in Adam all had died, being in the loins of their firſt parent, every deſcendant of Adam, every child of man, muſt have perſonally anſwered for himſelf to God: it ſeems to be a neceſſary conſequence of this, that if he had once fallen, once violated any command of God, there would have been no poſſibility of his riſing again; there was no help, but he muſt have periſhed without remedy. For that covenant knew not to ſhew mercy: the word was, *The ſoul that ſinneth, it ſhall die.* Now who would not rather be on the footing he is now? under a covenant of mercy? Who would wiſh to hazard a whole eternity upon one ſtake? Is it not infinitely more deſirable, to be in a ſtate wherein, though encompaſt with infirmities, yet we do not run ſuch a deſperate riſk, but if we fall we may riſe again? Wherein we may ſay,

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"My treſpaſs is grown up to heaven!
But, far above the ſkies,
In Chriſt abundantly forgiven,
I ſee thy mercies riſe!"

13. In Chriſt! Let me intreat every ſerious perſon, once more to fix his attention here. All that has been ſaid, all that can be ſaid on theſe ſubjects, centres in this point. The fall of Adam produced the death of Chriſt! Hear, O heavens, and give ear, O earth! Yea,

Let earth and heaven agree,
Angels and men be joined,
To celebrate with me
The Saviour of mankind;
To' adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And bleſs the ſound of Jeſu's name!

If God had prevented the fall of man, *The Word* had never been *made fleſh:* nor had we ever *ſeen his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father.* Thoſe myſteries never had been diſplayed, *which the very angels deſire to look into.* Methinks this conſideration ſwallows up all the reſt, and ſhould never be out of our thoughts. Unleſs *by one man, judgment had come upon all men to condemnation,* neither angels nor men could ever have known *the unſearchable riches of Chriſt.*

14. See then, upon the whole, how little reaſon we have to repine at the fall of our firſt parent, ſince herefrom we may derive ſuch unſpeakable advantages, both in time and in eternity. See how ſmall pretence there is for queſtioning that Mercy of God in permitting that event to take place! Since therein, mercy, by infinite degrees, rejoices over judgment! Where then is the man that preſumes to blame God, for not preventing Adam's ſin? Should we not rather bleſs

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him from the ground of the heart, for therein laying the grand ſcheme of man's redemption, and making way for that glorious manifeſtation of his Wiſdom, Holineſs, Juſtice and Mercy? If indeed God had decreed before the foundation of the world, that millions of men ſhould dwell in everlaſting burnings, becauſe Adam ſinned, hundreds or thouſands of years before they had a being; I know not who could thank him for this, unleſs the devil and his angels: ſeeing, on this ſuppoſition, all thoſe millions of unhappy ſpirits, would be plunged into hell by Adam's ſin, without any poſſible advantage from it. But, bleſſed be God, this is not the caſe. Such a decree never exiſted. On the contrary, every one born of a woman, may be an unſpeakable gainer thereby: and none ever was or can be a loſer, but by his own choice.

15. We ſee here a full anſwer to that plauſible account "of the Origin of Evil," publiſhed to the world ſome years ſince, and ſuppoſed to be unanſwerable: "that it neceſſarily reſulted from the nature of matter, which God was not able to alter." It is very kind in this ſweet tongued orator to make an excuſe for God! But there is really no occaſion for it: God hath anſwered for himſelf. He made man in his own image, a ſpirit endued with underſtanding and liberty. Man abuſing that liberty, produced evil; brought ſin and pain into the world. This God permitted, in order to a fuller manifeſtation of his Wiſdom, Juſtice and Mercy, by beſtowing on all who would receive it, an infinitely greater happineſs, than they could poſſibly have attained, if Adam had not fallen.

16. *O the depth of the riches both of the wiſdom and knowledge of God!* Although a thouſand particulars of *his judgments, and of his ways, are unſearchable* to us, and *paſt* our *finding out*, yet may we diſcern the general ſcheme, running through time into eternity. *According to the counſel of his own will*, the plan he had laid before the foundation of the world, He created the parent of all mankind in his own image.

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image. And he permitted *all men* to be *made ſinners, by the diſobedience of* this *one* man, that *by the obedience of one*, all who receive *the free gift*, may be infinitely holier and happier to all eternity!

Birmingham, July 9. 1782.

Some Account of Mr. JOHN FURZ, *aged* 65.

[*Continued from page* 465.]

10. ONE day as I was going acroſs the market-place, I paſt by a man at his labour. I felt all that was in me run out after him, in a manner I never felt before. I paſt by him again and again: and it was ſtill the ſame. I thought I can tell this man any thing, though I only knew him by ſight, and had often heard, his Father uſed to ſay, with his hand on his breaſt, "I have Chriſt in my heart." I aſked him, "Do you believe your Father was a good man, and that he is gone to heaven?" He anſwered, "I do. He died ſinging the hundreth pſalm, juſt as he uttered thoſe words,

"O enter ye his gates with praiſe!"

I aſked again, "Are you willing to live his life and to die his death?" He anſwered, the Lord knows that I am. But, ſaid I, "Do you believe there is any ſuch thing, as knowing our ſins forgiven now?" He looked at me and pauſed, and then ſaid, "I will tell you a fortnight hence."

11. That day fortnight I went to his houſe, took him aſide, and told him, "Now you are to anſwer my queſtion." He ſaid, I will: I do believe, there is ſuch a thing as knowing our ſins forgiven now. I have been ſeeking it ever ſince I ſaw you; but I have not found it." I deſired him to walk

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with me to my houſe; I took him into my chamber. We ſat down together, and I told him freely what troubles I had paſſed through, and how God had delivered me. Then I aſked, "Are you deſirous of the ſame bleſſing?" He anſwered, "The Lord knows that I am." We kneeled down, and I earneſtly prayed, that God would make him a partaker of it. When I had done, he ſtarted up, and went out of the room in haſte, without ſpeaking one word.

12. In the morning as I was looking out of my door, I heard one man ſay to another, "Do you hear that John Kirby is run mad?" And about an hour after, I heard another aſſerting the ſame thing. In the evening he came to my houſe, looked earneſtly at me, and ſaid, "I am undone." He then inſtantly turned and went away, giving me no time to ſpeak to him. The next evening he came in the ſame manner. I was ſitting at a table reading. He ſtruck the table with his hand, and ſaid, "I am undone to all eternity." He then went out haſtily. I followed him to his houſe, and found him ſitting ſilent, looking with a look of deep ſorrow. His wife ſat looking at him. She ſaid to me, "O Sir, our family is ruined." I ſaid, "I hope not." She ſaid again, with a flood of tears, "My huſband is diſtracted. He neither eats, nor drinks, nor ſleeps." However I perſuaded him to go to bed, and went home. But I had not been long in bed, before he was knocking at the door, crying out, "For Chriſt's ſake, quickly, quickly!" I ran down undreſt and let him in. He claſped me faſt in his arms, and ſaid, "I will never go home more unleſs you go with me." I put on my clothes and led him home. As I went I adviſed him to pray. But he ſaid, "I cannot; if I attempt to pray in my chamber, I am affrighted, and ſo I am, wherever I attempt it." When I came to his houſe, I found a moſt diſtreſt family; his wife, his ſon, and his daughters all weeping. I deſired him to go to bed. He ſaid, he would never go into his chamber more, unleſs I would go with him. I did ſo, and ſaw him in bed, deſiring

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deſiring his wife and children to go to bed alſo, and to be as ſtill as poſſible. Then I returned home. But I had ſcarce been in bed ten minutes, when he was knocking at the door with more earneſtneſs than before; he again ſaid, "I will never go home, unleſs you go with me." I went the third time, when I came to his houſe, the family was in bed. I heard his wife weeping. But he repeated, "I will never go into the chamber again, unleſs you go with me." I ſaid, "O, for ſhame! Your wife is in bed." She cried aloud, "For Chriſt's ſake, do not mind *me*, but bring my huſband up ſtairs." She was ſitting up in bed, in her night gown, bewailing herſelf and her family. After ſeeing him in bed, I kneeled down by the bed ſide, and commended him to God.

13. In the morning he came to my houſe again. But the whole form of his viſage was changed. He walked to and fro with tears dropping from his eyes. I aſked, "How is it with you now? He ſaid, "Glory be to God! all is peace." I deſired him to ſit down and tell me how this change came. He ſaid, "As ſoon as you were gone, I looked up, and it appeared to me, as if the roof of my houſe was taken away, ſo that I ſaw the firmament. While I was wondering at this, a dark cloud aroſe, which I thought was a thunder-cloud. The cloud was drawn aſide, and left in view, Jeſus Chriſt, all beſmeared with blood. He looked down upon me and ſaid, "I have loved *thee* and given myſelf for *thee?* I felt the word in my heart, and all guilt and fear, and ſorrow fled away. Now I know that I *have an Advocate with the Father, Jeſus Chriſt the righteous, who is the propitiation for my ſins.*" We wept together for joy, and praiſed God for his abundant mercies beſtowed upon us.

14. From this time, as the ſouls of David and Jonathan were knit together, ſo were our ſouls knit together in God. We had cloſe fellowſhip with each other, and ſat together as in heavenly places in Chriſt Jeſus. Neither of us were content to eat his morſel alone, but what was imparted to one, the other

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other muſt partake of: we gladly met together every evening, to pray with and for each other, and pour out our ſouls before God in thankſgivings for all his mercies. Meantime our hearts burned with deſire, that all men might know this love of Chriſt that paſſeth knowledge. But how to impart what we had received to others we knew not, or which way to begin.

15. After a while I heard, there was a company of Diſſenters, that met together at a private houſe every Sunday evening. I told my friend, I was in hopes they were partakers of the ſame bleſſing that we were. I wrote a note, to deſire leave for me and my friend to come and ſit behind them. They ſent word, we were welcome to come. When we came, we found about ten of them ſitting round a large table, on which were the Bible and the news-paper, with a decanter and glaſſes. They were quite complaiſant. They all roſe up, and deſired us to ſit in rank with them. But I refuſed; ſaying we will only ſit in the place we named, that is, behind you. They then began their evening exerciſe. Firſt, they ridiculed the Vicar, particularly for his covetouſneſs. Next, they drank one to another, and offered the glaſs to us; but we did not drink. Then they related the faults of the Church-wardens and the Overſeers of the poor: till one read part of the News-paper, which gave occaſion to diſcourſe on the ſtate of the nation. At laſt, one of them read a chapter in the Bible: another looking at his watch, ſaid, "Bleſs me! It is time to go home. It is paſt ten o'clock." But ſaid, one, we ought to go to prayer firſt. But they were not agreed which of them ſhould pray. At laſt one of them ſtood up againſt the back of a chair, ſpoke a few words, and concluded. My friend and I were kneeling together, I was weary with forbearing, and began earneſtly to pray, that God would awaken them, and by his goodneſs lead them to repentance, that they might know the things which belonged to their everlaſting peace. They turned about, and

ſtared

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ſtared at me, as if I had been ſpeaking Greek. However they told us, we ſhould be welcome to come again the next Sunday evening.

16. The next Sunday evening we came again. But one of the company having told his neighbours, that I had preached, I ſuppoſe not leſs than a hundred perſons were ſtanding about the door. The man of the houſe aſked them, "What do you want?" And endeavoured to keep them out. But when he ſtood aſide for me and my friend to come in, they poured in after us. At firſt he ſeemed diſpleaſed, but ſoon after called to his wife, and ſaid, "Bring me the Teſtament." He opened it, ſat with it in his hand ſome time; then ſtarting up came to me, with the book open, ſaying, "If you have a word of exhortation ſay on." The firſt words preſented to my view were Romans viii. 1. *There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Chriſt Jeſus, who walk not after the fleſh, but after the Spirit.* I had had no thought of exhorting or preaching to this hour. But now the power of God came upon me, and enabled me to ſpeak from an experimental knowledge, of freedom from condemnation. Now I was able to teſtify, *By grace I am ſaved through faith*: not for any thing that I have done: it is the gift of God. Many of them that ſtood before me, felt the word and wept much. And from this time, by the help of God, I have continued to preach *repentance toward God, and faith in our Lord Jeſus Chriſt.*

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

An Extract from the JOURNAL *of Mr.* G—— C——.

[*Continued from page* 468.]

THURSDAY January 2, 1751. For ſeveral days I have enjoyed a great meaſure of the preſence of God, with power to reſiſt every temptation. But to-day I grieved the ſpirit

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ſpirit by ſpeaking evil of one perſon to another. It is true, I did it, with a deſign to guard her from danger. But this I might have done without evil-ſpeaking.

February 10. My heart is pained for our Miniſter, fearing leſt the altering his condition, ſhould make him leſs zealous in the cauſe or God. But inſtead of reaſoning, I give myſelf to prayer.

February 27. I am grieved for the corruption of my heart, which wanders from God to the deſire of earthly things. I think too highly of myſelf, I prefer my own will to the will of God. And yet he refreſhes me!

March 4. I came to my Claſs exceedingly tired with carrying heavy loads, ſo that I could hardly walk to the place: but when I came away, all my wearineſs was gone. March 17. I know not a day, in which my heart has been more filled with love and deep humility: convinced by the Spirit that I am nothing, yet bleſſed and happy in Chriſt. My heart does at times vehemently cry after God, yet at other times ſtrangely forgets him. Pride, anger and lightneſs greatly beſet me: eſpecially lightneſs, which cauſes me many a tear.

April 28. How good is God! The former part of this day he prepared me, by giving me a large meaſure of his love, for what I felt in the latter, by the diſcovery of an idol which I had ſet up in my heart: one whom Mr. W. had appointed to join with me, in viſiting the ſick. My deſire was, to converſe with her only for mutual edification and to the glory of God. But my deceitful heart had too great pleaſure in her company. Lord ſave, or I periſh!

June 3. This day my ſpirits were greatly oppreſſed: but ſpeaking to her of it, and praying together, I found liberty. I did not find one unchaſte thought; but I had too great an affection for her. I am pained when ſhe is abſent, and pleaſed when ſhe is preſent. Yet have I found an uncommon degree of the Love of God, through all this temptation.

June 7.

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June 7. I took leave of her, as ſhe was going into the country for ſome time. Juſt then I felt freedom of ſpirit; but the pain I felt in the morning is not to be expreſſed. It ſeemed as if all my happineſs was gone with her, and all day I was ready to faint away. But in the evening the pain was all removed, and my ſoul refreſhed with the Love of God.

Sept. 14. For ſeveral days I have been greatly beſet with pride and lightneſs of ſpirit: but this day I was enabled to cry to the Lord againſt them with many tears. I had a clearer ſenſe of my own vileneſs than ever; but had alſo a great meaſure of his love.

Nov. 19. The Lord my God hath been very near to me this day; elſe I could not have borne to ſee the evil of my heart, in the manner he hath revealed it.

Dec. 19. I had power to wreſtle with God, for meekneſs and humility. But it was with great ſtriving that I kept it, eſpecially when diſputing with one who vehemently maintained particular Redemption.

January 1, 1752. I have, by the mercy of God, ſeen the end of another year; and ſuch is his free mercy, that he ſtill enables me to devote myſelf to his ſervice.

Feb. 1. For ſeveral days I have enjoyed much of the Love of God, and have been much bleſt at the morning preaching: and I can with pleaſure look back on his former mercies, which add ſtrength to my faith.

Feb. 16. Still my ſoul ſeems void of God, and I feel more evil than I can well ſtruggle under. I pray to know myſelf, but nature draws back when my heart is laid open. Yet the Lord gives me power to cleave to him in prayer, and I feel love to my poor child: I think I could lay down my life for her, if it would ſave her ſoul.

Sunday, March 15. The Love of God ſo overcame me this morning, that I was on the point of fainting away. In-

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deed, whatever I ſuffer the week before, the Sabbath is always a delightful day to my ſoul.

But O! how corrupt is my heart! I find the Lord ever ready to impart his Love, which would abide with me, were I humble. But it is not ſo. I ſeldom have freedom in ſpeaking or praying, but I am carried away by pride. And when the loving Spirit is withdrawn, I fret and am angry with God.

April 10. I was at Bedlam, and ſaw a diſconſolate backſlider, for whom my heart mourned. She was put in by her huſband, who did not underſtand her diſorder. But I believe God will appear for her.

Monday, July 13. I had much of the Love of God: on Tueſday abundantly more: my ſoul rejoicing in hope of an entire deliverance from ſelf-will and pride. I enjoyed a cloſer union with his Spirit than ever before, humbling me to nothing. Yet on Thurſday I gave way to the deſire of praiſe, which brought barrenneſs on my ſoul.

October 15. The giving way to pride and lightneſs, brought on me ſuch fear of man, that I was unwilling to go to my employment. But I cried earneſtly to the Lord, who ſoon gave me power to truſt in his protection, together with a ſenſe of his love.

Sunday December 3. The Lord hath dealt very graciouſly with me this week. Tueſday and Wedneſday I had much of his love; and on Thurſday I had power to believe, that I ſhall ſhortly feel the blood of Jeſus cleanſing me from all ſin. My ſleep alſo has been pleaſingly interrupted, by vehement deſires after a further knowledge of him.

Sunday January 14. 1753. The former part of this week I was greatly bleſt with a ſenſe of the preſence and Love of God. But on Friday I grieved the Holy Spirit, by giving way to bitter zeal. This day my ſoul revived. Yet I was greatly tempted by the praiſe of men, and the deſire of women. But I cried unto God and he delivered me from both.

Sunday 28.

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Sunday 28. On Monday and Tuesday last, I seemed stupidly ignorant, not knowing how to speak of any of the things of God. On Wednesday I was in a sore temptation, being in company with one who had set her affection on me, and had sent for me on purpose to disclose it. But she was prevented by my immediately speaking of the things of God. Yet I had a severe conflict with myself, and was truly thankful to God who gave me the victory.

February 9. Yesterday and to-day I have felt much grief of heart, and many tears have I shed, at feeling the strength of my corrupt nature. Unbelief also prevails over me, and fear that I shall not hold out to the end. This and the various temptations I feel make me so peevish, that I am a burden to myself.

Sunday 25. This week I had much of the presence and Love of God, yet was often grieved with lightness of spirit. To-day a gentleman sent for me, and gave me a letter to carry, which I took without considering what I did. But I was afterwards grieved, being afraid, this was a violation of the sabbath.

April 17. Some of my brethren counted me an Enthusiast, for a point which still I cannot give up. I still believe the persuasion which I then felt in my soul, was not of nature but of God.

Sunday May 27. Monday and Tuesday I enjoyed much of the Love of God; on Wednesday night, I was grievously tempted; but the Lord saved me. I slept a little, and suddenly awoke, with a lively sense of my unholiness. At the same time I thought, I was just then going to appear before God. I was unspeakably surprized: I trembled and prayed some time, before my spirit was calm. This was not from a sense of guilt: I had the clear witness of my acceptance in Christ Jesus. But from a conviction, that I was yet unholy. O for faith to be cleansed from all filthiness of flesh and spirit.

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July 17. I was exerciſed with a new temptation. I was waked by the enemy, throwing a heat over my body, as if I had been laid on a bed of fire: and tho' my mind was calm, the ſweat poured out as if I had been in a hot bath.

Thurſday 19. I was pained for one I love, as ſhe was in great temptation concerning me. The next day I felt ſo much ſorrow as to wiſh for death for having given place to the thought of marriage with another. To that perſon I had never ſpoken of it; but I had to her I love. And this had cauſed her much pain, as thereby ſhe found out her inordinate affection.

Sunday Auguſt 5. For ſeveral days my evil nature has given me much pain: yet the Lord hath refreſhed me with his love. But laſt night, ſoon after I went to bed, I heard ſomething knock twice, ſoon after my body felt an uncommon heat, and this ſeveral times in half an hour. It ceaſed for two hours. Then I was waked by ſomething blowing upon my hand. At that inſtant the violent heat returned, and I diſtinctly heard a loud hiſſing very near me. I found no fear, but all within was calm, my ſoul being reclined on Jeſus.

Wedneſday October 3. I was in the night grievouſly diſturbed by evil ſpirits: but I prayed and found deliverance. On Friday night ſoon after I lay down, an inviſible power raiſed up firſt one foot and then the other. Once I heard a voice that made me tremble. Afterwards, with a ſwift and violent motion, it twitched firſt one arm toward my head, then the other: next one leg, then the other: then my head was thruſt ſtrongly toward my breaſt. But in all I found much of the peace and Love of God.

[*To be continued.*]

Miſs

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Miſs HATTON's *account of her* SISTER's *Death.*

DURING the whole of my Siſters's illneſs, (which continued near ten months) ſhe never doubted of her ſalvation; tho' ſhe was not favoured with any bright manifeſtations of her heavenly Father's Love. But when ſhe was conflicting with her laſt enemy, ſhe declared ſhe could ſing the believer's Song, "O Death, where is thy ſting? O Grave, where is thy victory? thanks be to God who giveth us the victory, thro' our Lord Jeſus Chriſt." When ſhe ſaw her Mother and me weeping by her, ſhe modeſtly reproved us; and taking us each by the hand, ſaid, "This is the hour I have long waited for; would you grieve for my happineſs? I have not the leaſt fear of death. I have nothing but a proſpect of happineſs before me! I have not power to utter half what I feel. Mercy! mercy! a ſinner ſaved! I rejoice that I am ſaved by Grace alone! This will heighten my felicity above."

To the perſon who ſat up with her ſhe ſaid, "Strive to make your calling and election ſure. What is the World to me now! If I had not an intereſt in Chriſt, I ſhould be miſerable indeed." The evening before ſhe died, being told, on her enquiry, that it was Saturday, ſhe ſaid, with a ſweet and compoſed countenance, "I believe I ſhall begin to ſpend an eternal Sabbath in Glory on the morrow." A little before her death, ſhe aſked my Brother, "Do you think departed ſpirits know what is done on Earth?" He aſked her why ſhe enquired, "Becauſe (ſaid ſhe) it would give me pleaſure to know that my friends go on in the ways of God."

She has left a ſweet ſavour behind her, and is much lamented, eſpecially by thoſe who have experienced her friendly care and love; whom ſhe had watched over, and who had ſweet communion with her ſpirit. We have ſuſtained a great

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great loſs in her, but I am aſſured, beyond a doubt, our loſs is her unſpeakable gain. My mother and I have been wonderfully ſupported, and made willing to reſign ſo dear a Relation into the hands of that God, who had long engaged all her affections.

F. HATTON.

Salop, Feb. 16, 1767.

An Extract from A SURVEY *of the* WISDOM *of* GOD *in the* CREATION.

REFLECTIONS *on the Generation of* BIRDS.

I Would add a little farther improvement of ſome particulars mentioned before.

What Maſter has taught Birds, that they have any need of Neſts? Who has warned them, to prepare them in time, and not to ſuffer themſelves to be prevented by neceſſity? Who hath ſhewn them how to build? What mathematician has given the figure of them? What architect has taught them to chooſe a firm place and to build a ſolid foundation? What tender mother has adviſed them to cover the bottom with a ſoft and delicate ſubſtance, ſuch as cotton or down, and when theſe fail, who has ſuggeſted to them that ingenious charity, to pluck off as many feathers from their own breaſt, as will prepare a ſoft cradle for their young?

Again. What Wiſdom has pointed out to each kind a peculiar manner of building? Who has commanded the Swallow, to inſtance in one, to draw near to man, and make choice of his houſe for the building her neſt, within his view, without fear of his knowing it, but ſeeming rather to invite him to a conſideration of her labour? Nor does ſhe build like other birds, with bits of ſticks, and ſtubble, but employs cement and mortar: and that in ſo firm a manner, that it requires

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requires ſome pains to demoliſh her work. And yet in all this, it has no other inſtrument to make uſe of but a little beak.

Yet again. Who has made the birds comprehend that they muſt hatch their eggs by ſitting upon them. That this neceſſity is indiſpenſable: that the father and mother could not leave them at the ſame time; and that if one went abroad to ſeek for food, the other muſt wait till it returns? Who has told them the preciſe number of days, this painful diligence is to coſt? Who has taught them to aſſiſt the young in coming out of the egg, by breaking the ſhell for them? Yea, and advertiſed them of the very moment, before which they never come?

Who has taught ſeveral of the birds that marvellous induſtry, of retaining food or water in their gullet, without ſwallowing either, and preſerving them for their young, to whom this preparation ſerves inſtead of milk?

Is it for the birds, O Lord, who have no knowledge thereof, that thou haſt joined together ſo many miracles? Is it for the men who give no attention to them? Is it for thoſe who admire them, without thinking of Thee? Rather is it not thy deſign, by all theſe wonders to call us to Thyſelf? To make us ſenſible of thy wiſdom, and fill us with confidence in thy bounty, who watcheſt ſo carefully over thoſe inconſiderable creatures, two of which *are ſold for a farthing.*

But paſs we from the induſtry of birds, to hearken for a moment to their muſic: the firſt ſong of thankſgiving which was offered on earth, before man was formed. All their ſounds are different, but all melodious, and all together compoſe a choir which we cannot imitate. One voice however more ſtrong and melodious I diſtinguiſh above the reſt. On enquiry I find it comes from a very ſmall bird. This leads me to conſider the reſt of the ſinging birds. They likewiſe are all ſmall: the great ones having a harſh and diſagreeable voice. Such an amends is made to theſe weak, little creatures, for their defect of ſtrength

Some

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Some of these little birds are extremely beautiful, nor can any thing be more rich or variegated than their feathers. But it must be owned, that all ornament must give place to the finery of the Peacock; upon which God has plentifully bestowed all the riches which set off the rest, and lavished upon it with gold and azure, all the shades of every other colour. This bird seems sensible of its advantage, and looks as if it designed to display all its beauties to our eyes, when it stalks along, and expands that splendid circumference, which sets them all in open view.

But this pompous bird has, of all others that are kept tame, the most disagreeable cry, and is a proof, that there may be a shining outside, when there is little substance within.

In examining the feathers of the rest, I find one more circumstance very observable. That feathers of swans and other water fowl, are proof against the water. And accordingly they continue dry, though the creature swims or dives ever so long. And yet neither our eyes, nor all our art can discover, wherein they differ from others.

[*To be continued.*]

EXTRACTS *from* LOCKE *on* HUMAN UNDERSTANDING; *with short* REMARKS.

Of POWER.

[*Continued from page* 478.]

* Sect. 17. HOWEVER the *name Faculty*, which Men have given to this power called the *Will*, and whereby they have been led into a way of talking of the *Will* as acting, may, by an Appropriation that disguises its true

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true Senſe, ſerve a little to palliate the Abſurdity; yet the *Will* in truth, ſignifies nothing but a Power, or Ability, to prefer or chuſe: and when the *Will*, under the name of a *Faculty*, is conſidered, as it is, barely as an Ability to do ſomething, the Abſurdity, in ſaying it is free, or not free, will eaſily diſcover itſelf. For if it be reaſonable to ſuppoſe and talk of *Faculties*, as diſtinct Beings, that can act, (as we do, when we ſay the *Will* orders, and the *Will* is free,) 'tis fit that we ſhould make a ſpeaking *Faculty*, and a walking *Faculty*, and a dancing *Faculty*, by which thoſe Actions are produced; which are but ſeveral Modes of Motion; as well as we make the *Will* and *Underſtanding* to be *Faculties*, by which the actions of Chuſing and Perceiving are produced, which are but ſeveral Modes of Thinking: and we may as properly ſay, that 'tis the ſinging *Faculty* ſings, and the dancing *Faculty* dances; as that the *Will* chuſes, or that the Underſtanding conceives; or, as is uſual, that the *Will* directs the Underſtanding, or the Underſtanding obeys, or obeys not the *Will*: it being altogether as proper and intelligible to ſay, that the Power of Speaking directs the Power of Singing, or the Power of Singing obeys or diſobeys the Power of Speaking.

"Sect. 18. This way of talking, nevertheleſs, has prevailed, and, as I gueſs, produced great confuſion. For theſe being all different Powers in the Mind, or in the Man, to do ſeveral Actions, he exerts them as he thinks fit: but the Power to do one Action, is not operated on by the Power of doing another Action. For the Power of Thinking operates not on the Power of Chuſing, nor the Power of Chuſing on the Power of Thinking; no more than the Power of Dancing operates on the Power of Singing, or the Power of Singing on the Power of Dancing, as any one, who reflects on it, will eaſily perceive: and yet this is it, which we ſay, when we thus ſpeak, that *the Will operates on the Underſtanding, or the Underſtanding on the Will.*

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"Sect. 19. I grant, that this or that actual Thought, may be the Occasion of Volition, or exercising the Power a Man has to chuse; or the actual Choice of the Mind, the Cause of actual thinking on this or that thing: as the actual singing of such a Tune, may be the Occasion of dancing such a Dance, and the actual dancing of such a Dance, the Occasion of singing such a Tune. But in all these, it is not one *Power* that operates on another: but it is the Mind that operates, and exerts these Powers; it is the Man that does the Action, it is the Agent that has Power, or is able to do. For *Powers* are Relations, not Agents: and *that which has the Power, or not the Power to operate, is that alone, which is, or is not free*, and not the Power itself: for Freedom, or not Freedom, can belong to nothing, but what has, or has not a Power to act.

"Sect. 20. The attributing to *Faculties*, that which belonged not to them, has given Occasion to this way of talking: but the introducing into Discourses concerning the Mind, with the Name of *Faculties*, a Notion of their operating, has, I suppose, as little advanced our Knowledge in that part of ourselves, as the great use and mention of the like Invention of *Faculties*, in the Operations of the Body, has helped us in the Knowledge of Physic. Not that I deny there are *Faculties*, both in the Body and Mind: they both of them have their *Powers* of operating, else neither the one nor the other could operate. For nothing can operate, that is not able to operate; and that is not able to operate, that has no *Power* to operate. Nor do I deny, that those Words, and the like, are to have their place in the common Use of Languages, that have made them current. It looks like too much Affectation wholly to lay them by: and philosophy itself, though it likes not a gaudy Dress, yet when it appears in public, must have so much Complacency, as to be cloathed in the ordinary Fashion and Language of the Country, so far as it can consist with Truth and Perspicuity.

But

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But the Fault has been, that Faculties have been ſpoken of, and repreſented, as ſo many diſtinct Agents. For it being aſked, what it was that digeſted the Meat in our Stomachs? It was a ready and very ſatisfactory Anſwer, to ſay, That it was the *digeſtive Faculty*. What was it that made any thing come out of the Body? The *expulſive Faculty*. What moved? The *Motive Faculty:* and ſo in the Mind, the *intellectual Faculty*, or the Underſtanding, underſtood; and the *elective Faculty*, or the Will, willed or commanded: which is in ſhort to ſay, That the Ability to digeſt, digeſted; and the Ability to move, moved; and the Ability to underſtand, underſtood. For *Faculty*, *Ability*, and *Power*, I think, are but different Names of the ſame things: which ways of ſpeaking, when put into more intelligible Words, will, I think, amount to thus much: that digeſtion is performed by ſomething that is able to digeſt; motion by ſomething able to move; and Underſtanding by ſomething able to underſtand. And in truth it would be very ſtrange, if it ſhould be otherwiſe; as ſtrange as it would be for a Man to be free without being able to be free.

"Sect. 21. To return then to the Enquiry about Liberty, I think *the Queſtion is not proper, whether the Will be free, but whether a Man be free.* Thus, I think,

1. That ſo far as any one can, by the Direction or Choice of his Mind, preferring the Exiſtence of any Action, to the Non-exiſtence of that Action, and *vice verſâ*, make it to exiſt, or not exiſt, ſo far he is *free*. For if I can, by a Thought directing the Motion of my Finger, make it move, when it was at reſt, or *vice verſâ*, 'tis evident, that in reſpect of that I am free; and if I can, by a like Thought of my Mind, preferring one to the other, produce either Words, or Silence, I am at liberty to ſpeak, or hold my peace; and *as far as this Power reaches, of acting, or not acting, by the Determination of his own Thought preferring either, ſo far is a Man free.* For how can we think any one freer, than

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to have the Power to do what he will? And ſo far as any one can, by preferring any Action to its not being, or Reſt to any Action, produce that Action or Reſt, ſo far can he do what he will. For ſuch a preferring of Action to its abſence, is the willing of it; and we can ſcarce tell how to imagine any *Being* freer, than to be able to do what he *wills*. So that in reſpect of Action, within the reach of ſuch a Power in him, a Man ſeems as free, as 'tis poſſible for Freedom to make him.

"Sect. 22. But the inquiſitive Mind of Man, willing to ſhift off from himſelf, as far as he can, all Thoughts of Guilt, though it be by putting himſelf into a worſe State, than that of fatal Neceſſity, is not content with this: freedom, unleſs it reaches farther than this, will not ſerve the turn: and it paſſes for a good Plea, that a Man is not free at all, if he be not as free to will, as he is to act, what he wills. Concerning a Man's Liberty, there yet therefore is raiſed this farther Queſtion, *Whether a Man be free to will*; which, I think is what is meant, when it is diſputed, Whether the *Will* be free. And as to that I imagine,

"Sect. 23. 2. That *Willing*, or *Volition* being an Action, and Freedom conſiſting in a Power of acting, or not acting, *a Man in reſpect of willing, or the Act of Volition, when any Action in his Power is once propoſed to his Thoughts, as preſently to be done, cannot be free.* The Reaſon whereof is very manifeſt: for it being unavoidable that the Action depending on his *Will*, ſhould exiſt, or not exiſt; and its Exiſtence, or not Exiſtence, following perfectly the Determination, and Preference of his Will, he cannot avoid willing the Exiſtence, or not Exiſtence of that Action; is is abſolutely neceſſary that he *will* the one, or the other, *i. e. prefer* the one to the other; ſince one of them muſt neceſſarily follow; and that which does follow, follows by the Choice and Determination of his Mind, that is, by his *Willing it*: for if he did not *will* it, it would not be. So that in reſpect of the Act

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of *Willing*, a Man in ſuch Caſe is not free: liberty conſiſting in a Power to act, or not to act, which, in regard of Volition, a Man upon ſuch a Propoſal, has not. For it is unavoidably neceſſary to prefer the doing, or forbearance, of an Action in a Man's Power, which is once ſo propoſed to his Thoughts; a Man muſt neceſſarily *will* the one, or the other of them, upon which Preference, or Volition, the Action, or its forbearance, certainly follows, and is truly voluntary: but the Act of Volition, or preferring one of the two, being that which he cannot avoid, a Man, in reſpect of that Act of *Willing*, is under a Neceſſity, and ſo cannot be free; unleſs Neceſſity and Freedom can conſiſt together, and a Man can be free and bound at once.

"Sect. 24. This then is evident, That in all Propoſals of preſent Action, *a Man is not at liberty to will, or not to will, becauſe he can forbear willing:* liberty conſiſting in a Power to act, or forbear acting, and in that only. For a Man that ſits ſtill, is ſaid yet to be at Liberty, becauſe he can walk if he *wills* it. But if a Man ſitting ſtill has not a Power to remove himſelf he is not at Liberty; ſo likewiſe a Man falling down a Precipice, though in Motion, is not at Liberty, becauſe he cannot ſtop that Motion, if he would. This being ſo, 'tis plain that a Man that is walking, to whom it is propoſed to give off walking, is not at Liberty, whether he *will* determine himſelf to walk, or give off walking, or no: he muſt neceſſarily prefer one, or the other of them; walking or not walking; and ſo it is in regard of all other Actions in our Power ſo propoſed, which are the far greater Number. For conſidering the vaſt Number of voluntary Actions that ſucceed one another every moment that we are awake, in the Courſe of our Lives, there are but few of them that are thought on or propoſed to the *Will*, 'till the time they are to be done: and in all ſuch Actions, as I have ſhewn, the Mind in reſpect of *willing*, has not a Power to act, or not to act, wherein conſiſts Liberty: the Mind in that Caſe has not a Power

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a Power to forbear *willing*; it cannot avoid ſome Determination concerning them, let the Conſideration be as ſhort, the Thought as quick, as it will, it either leaves the Man in the State he was before thinking, or changes it: continues the Action, or puts an end to it. Whereby it is manifeſt, that it orders and directs one in preference to, or with neglect of the other; and thereby either the continuation or change becomes unavoidably voluntary.

[*To be continued.*]

An Account of the PASSIONS, *or* NATURAL AFFECTIONS; *extracted from Dr. Watts.*

Of GRATITUDE *and* ANGER.

20. I Come now to the laſt ſet of Paſſions derived from Love and Hatred, and theſe are Anger and Gratitude. I confeſs Anger is uſually named without any oppoſite: but I think Gratitude ſtands in a proper oppoſition to it. Both theſe have a reference to ſuch Objects as are ſuppoſed to act with ſome Degree of Free-will; for we are not ſaid to be angry with the ſtone that bruiſes us; nor can we properly be grateful to the ointment which heals us.

Anger is generally made up of Diſplicency and ſome degree of Malevolence, or Deſire that the Object of it ſhould ſuffer ſome inconvenience: for if any perſon ſeeks to hinder us from obtaining the good we deſire, if he ſeeks to diſpoſſeſs us of the good we enjoy, or endeavours to bring upon us the evil we would avoid, we are diſpleaſed with him, and we would have ſome evil inflicted upon him, and this is ſometimes eminently called Paſſion. But Anger, does not always mean the wiſhing real miſchief to the offending party; for Parents

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Parents are angry with their children, and wish them no other hurt but some present pain to cure their folly.

If Anger rise to a high Degree, it is Wrath, Fury, and Rage; if it continue so long as to be fixed in the heart, and refuse all Accommodation or Reconciliation, it is Rancour. If the object of our Anger be beneath us, it gains the name of Indignation. We are also fired with Indignation against flagrant impiety toward God, or vile oppression and cruelty toward Men.

Gratitude seems to stand in direct opposition to Anger; for it is made up of Complacence and Benevolence upon the occasion of good received from another. When a person has conferred any benefit upon us, and we have an inclination upon that account to confer some benefit upon him, we call this Gratitude.

[*To be continued.*]

A SERMON

[*By Dr. CUDWORTH.*]

On 1 John ii. 3, 4.

[*Continued from page 482.*]

NOTHING is truly ours but what lives in our Spirits. Salvation itself cannot save us as long as it is only without us; no more than health can cure us, and make us sound, when it is not within us, but somewhere at a distance from us; no more than Arts and Sciences, whilst they lie only in books and papers without us, can make us learned. The Gospel, though it be a sovereign and medicinal thing in itself,

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itself, yet the mere knowing and believing of the history of it will do us no good: we can receive no virtue from it, till it be inwardly digested in our souls; till it be made ours, and becomes a living thing in our hearts.

All that Christ did for us in the flesh, when he was here upon earth, will not save us from our sins unless Christ by his spirit dwell in us. It will not avail us that he was born of a Virgin unless the *power of the Most High overshadow* our hearts, and beget him there likewise. It will not profit us that he died upon the cross for us, unless we be *baptized into his death*, by the mortification of all our sins; unless *the old man of sin be crucified* in our hearts. Christ indeed hath made an expiation for our sins, and the blood of Christ is the only sovereign balsam to free us from the guilt of them; but yet besides the *sprinkling of the blood of Christ* upon us, we must be made partakers also of his Spirit. Christ came into the world, as well to redeem us from the power of our sins, as to free us from the guilt of them. *You know* (saith St. John) *that he was manifested to take away our sins: whosoever therefore abideth in him sinneth not; whosoever sinneth hath not seen or known him.* Lo the end of Christ's coming into the world: Lo a design *worthy of God manifested in the flesh.*

Christ did not take all those pains, to lay aside his robes of glory, and to undergo a reproachful life, and at last to be abandoned to a shameful death; he did not do all this merely to bring in a notion into the world, without the mending and reforming of the world: so that men should still be under the power of the Prince of Darkness: only they should not be thought so: they should still remain as full of all the filthy sores of sin and corruption as before; only, they should be *accounted whole*? Surely Christ did not undergo all this to so little purpose: he would not take all this pains for us, that he might be able at last to put into our hands nothing but a blank. *He was with child, he was in pain and travail*, and hath *he brought forth nothing but wind*? hath he been delivered

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delivered *of the Eaſt-wind?* Is the great deſign that was ſo long carried on in the womb of eternity now proved abortive or elſe nothing but a mere windy birth? No ſurely; the end of the Goſpel is *Life* and *Perfection*, 'tis a *Divine Nature*, 'tis a *Godlike* frame and diſpoſition of Spirit, 'tis to make us partakers of the *Image of God*, in righteouſneſs and true holineſs, without which ſalvation itſelf were but a notion.

Holineſs is the beſt thing that God himſelf can beſtow upon us, either in this world or the world to come. True Evangelical holineſs, that is, *Chriſt formed* in the hearts of believers is the very quinteſſence of the Goſpel. But many of us are like thoſe children, whoſe ſtomachs are ſo vitiated that they think Aſhes, Coal, Mud-wall, or any ſuch traſh, to be more pleaſant than the moſt wholeſome food: ſuch ſickly appetites have we about ſpiritual things, that hanker after I know not what vain ſhews of happineſs, whilſt in the meantime we neglect that which is the only true food of our ſouls, that is able to nouriſh them up to *everlaſting life.*

I mean by holineſs, nothing elſe but God ſtamped and printed upon the ſoul. And we may pleaſe ourſelves with what conceits we pleaſe; but ſo long as we are void of this, we do but dream of heaven and I know not what fond paradiſe, we do but blow up and down an airy bubble of our own fancies, which riſeth out of the froth of our vain hearts; we do but court a painted heaven, and woo happineſs in a picture, whilſt, in the meantime a true and real hell will ſuck in our ſouls into it, and make us ſenſible of a ſolid woe, and ſubſtantial miſery.

[*To be continued.*]

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A true Relation of the chief things which an evil Spirit did and ſaid at Maſcon, *in* Burgundy.

[*Continued from page* 485.]

TO return to what was in our houſe, the Spirit beſpoke aloud great preparations of proviſion, as turkies, partridges, hares, and the like, for the coming of his Maſter. Then he ſung many profane ſongs. He counterfeited the voice of jugglers and mountebanks, and eſpecially that of huntſmen, crying aloud, *Ho levrier! ho levrier!* as hunters uſe to ſhout when they ſtart a hare.

He offered to tempt us to covetouſneſs, (one of the ordinary temptations of the Devil.) Divers times he would peremptorily affirm that there were ſix thouſand crowns hidden in the houſe, and that if any of us would follow him, he would ſhew us where the money was hid. But I can ſay, with a good conſcience, I never ſearched for it, nor employed others about it, nor ever had any will to make benefit by it.

He would try us alſo by curioſity, ſaying, that if we had a mind to ſee him in the ſhape of a man, woman, lion, bear, dog, cat, &c. he would give us the ſport; which motion we much abhorred, ſaying, that we were ſo far from wiſhing to ſee him in any of theſe ſhapes, or any other, that we were very deſirous, if it might be God's pleaſure, never to hear him more, but we hoped that God would ſhortly deliver us from all his temptations.

In the end he began to be very angry, becauſe I had told him, *Go, thou curſed, into everlaſting fire, prepared for the Devil and his Angels.* Whereupon he replied, *Thou lieſt, I am not curſed, I hope yet for ſalvation by the death and paſſion of*

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of Jeſus Chriſt. He told me, in great wrath, that he would do this and that to me; among other things he threatened, that when I ſhould be in bed, he would pull me out of it by the feet. I anſwered, *I will lay me down and ſleep, for the Lord maketh me to dwell in ſafety.* I told him alſo, *Thou haſt no power over me, but what is given thee from above.* Whereupon he anſwered, *It is well for thee, it is well for thee.*

He was alſo very angry with one of the company who had called him a ſtinking he-goat, and ſaid to him, "Thou wouldeſt appear a good man, but thou art but a hypocrite; thou goeſt often to *Pont-devile*, pretending to go to hear ſermons; but when thou goeſt, thou takeſt thy box of bills and bonds along with thee, to exact thine arrears. Thou wouldeſt make no conſcience to hang a man for twenty ſhillings." Then making a noiſe, as if he clapt his hands together, he ſaid again to the ſame man, "Thou makeſt here a ſhew of a valiant man, having brought thy ſword along with thee; but if thou be ſo bold, as to come hither without a light, it ſhall be ſeen which of us two is moſt valiant."

Speaking of thoſe that profeſs the Reformed Religion within the Kingdom of France, he made this exclamation, "O poor Hugenots! you ſhall have much to ſuffer within a few years! O what miſchief is intended againſt you!"

He ſaid of my Wife, who was with child, and near her time, that ſhe ſhould have a daughter. Her ſituation made me fear that ſhe would get ſome harm in child-bearing, by our infernal gueſt; and therefore I deſired her to go out of the houſe. But ſhe excuſed herſelf, courageouſly ſaying, that going away would be miſtruſting the power and mercy of God: that ſince it pleaſed God to viſit us, he might find us as well in another houſe, and that to reſiſt the Devil, we muſt not flee from him.

The Demon ſaid one night, before us all, that I ſhould certainly die within three years. But I anſwered him, *None*

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of theſe things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myſelf, ſo that I might finiſh my courſe with joy, and the miniſtry which I have received of the Lord Jeſus, to teſtify the Goſpel of the Grace of God.

The Demon, having uſed all theſe wiles againſt us, was forced to ſay that he could not prevail, becauſe we called too much upon God. And every time the Devil ſaw we began to kneel, he left talking, many times telling us, "While you are at your Prayers, I will go and take a turn in the ſtreet." And whether he went forth or ſtayed, we had always wonderful ſilence: but no ſooner were the Prayers ended, but he began again as uſual, and ſolicited us to ſpeak with him; and ſo continued provoking us, till the 25th of November, when he uttered theſe laſt words, *Ha, ha, je ne parleray plus*, that is, *Alas, alas, I ſhall ſpeak no more.*

As his words were ſtrange, ſo were his actions; for beſides thoſe already related, he did many more of the ſame kind, as frequently toſſing about a great roll of cloth of fifty ells, which a friend had left at my houſe. Once he ſnatched a braſs candleſtic out of the maid's hand, leaving the candle lighted, in her hand. He would very often take the maid's coats and hang them over the bed-poſts. Sometimes he would hang at thoſe poſts a great ſtarching plate, with cords tied with ſuch a number of knots, that it was impoſſible to unlooſe them, and yet himſelf would untie them in a moment. Once I found my boots ſo entangled within a winding-blade, that they could not be taken off. And many times he hath ſo twiſted radiſhes together, that the like could not be done, unleſs it had been ſtudied with long patience.

One afternoon a friend of mine viſited me; we went together to the chamber where the Demon was moſt reſident. There we found the feather-bed, blankets, ſheets, and bolſter, laid upon the floor. I called the maid to make the bed, which ſhe did in our preſence; but preſently, while we were walking

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walking in the ſame room, we ſaw the bed tumbled down on the floor as it was before.

In my ſtudy, I found ſeveral times, part of my books laid on the floor. As I was once ſitting in my ſtudy, the Demon made a noiſe, as if it had been a great volley of ſhot in the room above. Sometimes he would be the groom of my ſtable, rubbing my horſe, and plaiting the hair of his tail, and main; but he was an unruly groom; for once I found he had ſaddled my horſe with the crupper before, and the pommel behind.

He was a good while in the houſe before we could perceive that he reſorted to my bed-chamber. But one night after all were retired, myſelf and family being all in bed, and the doors and windows well ſhut, he came in and began to whiſtle ſoftly and by intervals; as if he had been afraid to awake us: he knocked as if it had been with his finger upon a trunk near my bed, as he did many times ſince. He would throw our ſhoes about the room: thoſe of the maid eſpecially, who feeling him once taking one of her ſhoes laid hold preſently upon the other, and ſaid ſmiling, *This thou ſhalt not have.* Under the table in the ſame room he once imitated the noiſe of hempdreſſers, who beat the hemp, four together keeping the ſame equal meaſure.

[*To be continued.*]

AN ANECDOTE,

Collected by the Rev. Mr. A—— *of Rocheſter.*

AT about five years of age, a young gentleman of Edinburgh (one Mr. *Sheriff*,) loſt his hearing, and ſoon after his ſpeech: his Father brought him to London, in hopes of relief, but he found none. While he was there, one gave him a book wrote by Dr. *Wallis*, for the uſe of deaf and dumb

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dumb perſons. They returned to Scotland and brought the book with them, which one Mr. *Braidwood* peruſing, judged the method propoſed might be effectual, and offered to make the experiment on Mr. *Sheriff*. He continued with Mr. *Braidwood* eight or nine years, and can now both read and write, and talk though imperfectly, uttering his words very ſlowly, with a ſoft voice, and in one continued tone. He ſhewed early a genius for drawing, and now paints elegantly in miniature, which produces a handſome maintenance. He has alſo learned ſeveral books of Euclid, and is ready at accounts, in which he makes uſe of ſome ſhort methods of his own invention.

Mr. *Sheriff's* Father generally converſes with him by writing, or making the forms of the letters of the Alphabet, with his finger upon a dry table, or even in the air; which his ſon apprehends ſo readily, that even by a few letters he underſtands the word intended, and by a few words the whole ſentence.

Mr. *Braidwood's* ſucceſs with him encouraged him to undertake the teaching of others. And he has eſtabliſhed an Academy at Edinburgh, for deaf and dumb perſons. He has ſeveral pupils, who continue under his care, from three to ſix years, according to their age and capacity, and as their convenience ſerves.

REMARKS *on the Count de* BUFFON'S *Natural Hiſtory.*

[*Continued from page* 492.]

"SOME mountains in *Switzerland* exceed the higheſt of of the Pyrenees 3200 yards. Many mountains in *Aſia* are higher than any in Europe. *Atlas* in *Africa* is at leaſt as high as thoſe of *Aſia*." p. 231.

Nay,

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Nay, Dr. *Shaw*, who meaſured it, informs us, that the height of it is only ſix hundred yards! Does this exceed the *Pyrenees*, or mountains in *Swiſſerland?* It is not half the height of *Snowden hill*.

"Mountains do not furniſh ſprings, except at their bottom." p. 292. They do: often on their ſides, ſometimes at the very top: eſpecially when a higher mountain is near.

"My theory reſts on four facts, 1. That the earth, to a conſiderable depth, conſiſts of parallel Strata, which were once ſoft." I think this is highly probable. 2. "That the ſea did for many ages cover the whole earth." I think this is highly improbable; though it has doubtleſs covered many parts of it for ſome time. 3. "That the tides and other motions of the waters, have produced many inequalities in the bottom of the ſea." This is unqueſtionable. 4. "That the figure and correſponding angles of the Mountains have riſen from the ſame cauſe." p. 243. Probably this is true of ſome Mountains, not of all.

"The ſurface of rivers from bank to bank is not level. When a river ſwells ſuddenly, the middle of it is higher than the ſides, ſometimes two or three feet. But near the mouth, the middle is lower than the ſides."

This is a curious obſervation.

"There are often Currents of Air, directly contrary to each other, one above the other. But this never laſts long; for it's general cauſe is, the reſiſtance of ſome large cloud, which reflects the wind in a direction contrary to it's natural courſe, but is ſoon diſſipated." p. 376. A juſt ſolution of that odd phenomenon.

"In *Cerem*, an Iſland near *Amboyne*, it is winter in the North part, while it is Summer in the South. And the interval between theſe two ſeaſons, is not above three or four leagues." p. 388.

"In *Egypt* a South Wind prevails in ſummer, which is ſo hot as to ſtop reſpiration. It prevails ſtill more terribly

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along the Perſic Gulf, ſuffocating all perſons who fall within it's vortex." p. 389. The ſame blows in ſummer along the Red Sea.

"Whirlpools are occaſioned by contrary currents of water, and Whirlwinds by contrary currents of Air." p. 397.

"*Tufa* is an imperfect ſubſtance, between ſtone and earth, and deriving its origin from both, by the intervention of Rain-water.

"Of the changes of land into ſea, and of ſea into land. I believe theſe changes have been very frequent. p. 482.

The ſum is, 1, "The whole of what is now dry land, was once covered by the ſea: 2. The tides, and other movements of the ſea, perpetually detach from the Coaſts and from the bottom of the ſea, ſhells and matter of every ſort. And theſe are depoſited in other places in the form of Sediments, and give riſe to the horizontal Strata there. 3. Moſt of the inequalities on the ſurface of the globe have ariſen from the motions of the waters of the ſea; and moſt mountains were formed by the ſucceſſive accumulation of theſe ſediments: 4. The currents which followed the direction of theſe inequalities, afterward beſtowed on them their preſent figure, that is, their corresponding angles: 5. Moſt of the matter detached from the coaſts, or the bottom of the ſea, were depoſited in the form of a fine impalpable powder." (This I doubt) "Which entirely filled the cavities of ſhells." 6. The horizontal Strata, which have been formed by theſe accumulations, which were at firſt ſoft, hardened as they dried. And the perpendicular fiſſures aroſe from their drying. 7. The ſurface of the earth has been disfigured by many viciſſitudes, rain, froſt, rivers, winds, ſubterraneous fires, earthquakes, inundations, whereby the ſea has alternately changed places with the dry land, eſpecially in the firſt ages after the Creation.

Vol. II. The Count's Theory of the Earth is wild and whimſical enough, but it is innocent. I cannot ſay ſo much for his Theory of Generation, which I take to be utterly inconſiſtent,

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inconſiſtent, both with reaſon and ſcripture. To prepare the way for it, he firſt endeavours to confound the diſtinction between animals and vegetables: between which, all men but himſelf, know there is an eſſential, unalterable difference: every animal having a degree of ſelf-motion and ſenſation: neither of which any vegetable has. Then he ſubſtitutes for the plain word *Generation*, a quaint word of his own, *Reproduction*, in order to level man not only with the beaſts that periſh, but with nettles or onions.

P. 15. vol. 2. He lays the foundation of his wonderful Theory. "The Creator (I exceedingly doubt, whether he believes there is any ſuch being) has put no fixt limits between animals and vegetables. 2. The production of an animal requires a ſmaller exertion of nature than the producing a vegetable, or rather no exertion at all." Marvellous indeed! 3. "Animation or life is a property belonging to all matter." And is not thought too!

"Every Animal or Vegetable contains in every part of it a germ or embryo of the ſame ſpecies, which may be expanded into a whole of the ſame kind with that of which it is a part." (p. 16.)

This is the nature of a Polypus, but who can ſhew that there is any other ſuch animal in the world? I deny that a worm is ſuch. It is not true, That "*every part* of this contains a whole." Shew me, who can, any animal, but a Polypus, which has "a power of multiplying by *all its parts*." Till then the foundation of this whole Theory totters. Till then we cannot believe, that "there exiſts in nature an infinity of *organic, living particles*, of the ſame ſubſtance with organized beings." (18.) A poſition that directly leads to Atheiſm. So does his denial of any Final Cauſes in the world: (p. 69.) this is Atheiſm barefaced. For if God did not create all things for determinate ends, he did not create them at all.

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All writers upon generation ſuppoſe either ſpermatic worms, or eggs. But both of theſe ſyſtems he thinks impoſſible. His grand objection is, "How inconceivably minute muſt thoſe Animacula have been, when in the loins of of the firſt man!" This may confound our imagination, but is no argument at all, unleſs he could confute that well known demonſtration of Dr. *Keil.* That "any given particle of matter may be ſo extended as to fill any given ſpace (ſuppoſe a million times larger than that occupied by the Solar Syſtem) and yet the pores of it ſhall not exceed any given magnitude." Would not any man of ſenſe who has read and conſidered this, ſee the weakneſs of *Buffon's* main argument?

But, ſays he, "he pre-exiſtent germs in the firſt man are not inanimate embryo's, included within each other, but real animals." p. 137.

Yes, according to his Hypotheſis, but not according to ours. As to difficulties in accounting for the *manner* of Generation, they will not weigh a ſtraw with a man of reflection. For how are we obliged to account for it at all? Let it lie among the inſcrutable ſecrets of our Creator.

All that I learn from his experiments is, to doubt whether the ſuppoſed Seminal Animalcula are alive at all: and indeed to doubt concerning the whole tribe of microſcopic Animalcula whether there be any real life in them. I rather think that "theſe moving bodies are not real animals, as they exiſt in the ſeminal fluids of both ſexes, and in the fleſh of all animals, and in the ſeeds of all plants." p. 212.

"It is then apparent that all parts of animals, and of vegetables are compoſed of *living organic particles.*" 214. Not at all. It is no more apparent, that they are *living*, than that they are *rational.*

At p. 330. The Count totally denies that children are marked, in conſequence of their mother's longing. Is this affectation, or ignorance? But he aims at accounting for it. "The marks

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marks of fruits are always yellow, red or black." No. My own mother longed for Mulberries. In conſequence of this, my eldeſt brother had all his life a mulberry on his neck. And both the ſize and colour varied juſt like thoſe of a real mulberry. Every ſpring it was ſmall and white; it then grew larger, exactly as real mulberries do, being greeniſh, then red, then a deep purple, as large and of as deep a purple as any mulberry on the tree.

"All animals but man are totally void of reaſon." p. 367. You may as well ſay, They are totally deprived of ſight. Only put the plain word *underſtanding*, for the equivocal word *reaſon*; and can you ſay, They are all "totally void of underſtanding?" No man dares affirm it.

"Smiles and tears are peculiar to the human Species." 376. No: Stags and even Oxen, ſhed tears. An Ox will weep much, if ſeparated from his Yoke-fellow.

"According to Simpſon's tables, above a fourth part of Children die in the firſt year; more than a third, in two years; and at leaſt one half, in the firſt three years."

"May we be enabled to write the Hiſtory of the critical period, without exciting any ideas but what are ſtrictly philoſophical: with that philoſophical apathy, which annihilates every looſe deſire." p. 401.

And after this grave declaration, he will enlarge upon virginity, impotence, caſtration, infibulation (never heard of before in England) in ſuch a manner as a modeſt Heathen or Mahometan would be aſhamed of!

It was at firſt my deſign, to go through the whole of the Count's works; but I dare not ſpend my time ſo idly. Altho' the Edinburgh tranſlator has ſhortened it much, it is ſtill intolerably long and tedious. And the Author's Fancy ſo vaſtly out-runs his Judgment, that he aſſerts a hundred palpable falſehoods. But what ſhocks a ſerious Reader moſt, is his Obſcenity and his Atheiſm. The former glares, even where one would leaſt expect it.—In deſcribing, for inſtance,

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a Horſe and a Muſe! I wonder how he miſſed a ſimilar piece of natural Hiſtory, relating to that noble Animal a Sow. As to his Atheiſm, I was for ſome time in doubt, as he often names God, to grace his page. But I can doubt no longer. As he openly profeſſes and defends Materialiſm, and every Materialiſt is an Atheiſt; I cannot ſet him down for any other. But were more proof wanting, that curious ſentance, Vol. iii. p. 505, is plain enough. "In moſt beings, there are fewer uſeful or neceſſary parts, than thoſe which are uſeleſs or redundant. But as we wiſh to refer every thing to a certain end, when parts have no apparent uſes, we either ſuppoſe that their uſes are concealed from us, or invent relations which have no exiſtence." He that aſſerts this, muſt totally deny a wiſe Creator. Conſequently he muſt either believe that Chance created the world, or that it exiſted from Eternity. In either caſe he denies the Being of a God. I cannot therefore but place the Count de Buffon as far beneath Voltaire, Rouſſeau and Hume, (all of whom acknowledge the Being of a God,) in Religion as in Underſtanding.

LETTERS.

LETTER CCLVI.

[From Mrs. S. R. to the Rev. Mr. Weſley.]

Briſtol, March 20, 1758.

Rev. and dear Sir,

FROM the ground of my heart, I thank God and you, for all your tender, fatherly care of my ſoul and body. I take it as an inſtance of the love of God to me: what could he do more for me than he has done? The Lord grant I may bring forth much fruit to his glory!

The things which formerly would have made me fly from him, now

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now make me cleave to him. At preſent, through the tender mercy of my God, I find my ſoul looſe from all below; and the conſtant cry of my heart is, "Father, thy will be done." I often examine, Whether my Affections do not ſtart aſide, to any perſon or thing? But to this hour, (the Lord be praiſed!) I can ſay, to no Creature do I give the Love that belongs to Chriſt. As that was my beſetting ſin, I well underſtand the nature of it. I watch the leaſt occaſion, and were I to find any thing like it, I ſhould give up all pretence of being ſaved from ſin. For if there is a grain, there is a root. And then my abode could not be long here.

I can anſwer the Queſtions you put to me, as before the throne of God. By his power, I do know how to ſteer between extremes, of regarding you too little or too much. As a Miniſter of Chriſt, and my Father and Maſter, I do reverence and love you. Yet if God ſhould ſay, Do not write or converſe any more; if he ſhould ſhew *you* it is not right; I am this moment ready to do his will: it is my meat and drink. If I was not thus free from every creature, I could not enjoy uninterrupted communion with God. I hope my will is brought into entire ſubjection to Chriſt. I find it a great thing to be his Free-man: to be entirely diſengaged from all things here below. With man this is impoſſible: but with God all things are poſſible: ſeeing he has all power in heaven and earth. My heart's deſire and prayer to God is, that I, and all his ſervants, may keep ourſelves from idols. May we always remember, that while we are here below, we are in an enemy's country: that our adverſary the devil, as a roaring lion walketh about, ſeeking whom he may devour. If we keep this always in view, and look to the Lord for help, we ſhall, doubtleſs, be more than conquerers through him who hath loved us.

When I thought I ſhould die, I longed to be gone. But when I found I ſhould live, I was reſigned. I had no power to chuſe any thing; but I was often aſhamed before God, for his

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his Goodneſs to me: moſt of the time I was much tempted, which ſhewed me the freeneſs of his mercy, and my own Unworthineſs.

O how do I thirſt for more Holineſs! I believe we ſhall need all the Grace that God will give, if he ſend his Judgements upon the Land. How thankful am I, that I am free. O Eternity, Eternity! What is any thing worth, but a ſingle and a pure heart: which may God give you and me, and all that ſeek him! This is the Prayer of,

Yours, &c.

S. R.

LETTER CCLVII.

[From the Rev. Mr. J. Chapman, to the Rev. Mr. W.]

Staplehurſt Kent, July 14, 1763.

Rev. Sir,

I Have had it on my heart to write to you: it is my prayer to God, that he may bleſs and keep you.

I am a Miniſter of the Preſbyterian denomination; but my Maſter has enabled me to love real chriſtians of all denominations. I know I am paſſed from death unto life, becauſe I love the brethren.

I have reaſon to bleſs God for my acquaintance with the Methodiſts; they have been great bleſſings to me and my dear wife. The Lord has inclined our hearts to receive the Preachers moſt freely and joyfully. Theſe words, —— who loved me, and gave himſelf for me, often comfort me. Particularly when I receive the Preachers: ſo alſo do theſe, "Verily verily I ſay unto you, he who receiveth *whomſoever* I ſend, receiveth *me*, and he that receiveth *me*, receiveth *him* that ſent me." Aſtoniſhing grace! They are the meſſengers of the Lord: I am ſure the cauſe is the Lord's.

I have a particular circumſtance relating to the late Dr. *Doddridge*, (whoſe memory is very dear to me, and who told

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told me himself that he highly esteemed you.) Having heard of a remarkable answer of prayer, relating to his being chose Pastor at *Northampton*, I wrote to a friend concerning it, and received the following answer. "The account you desire concerning the good woman near *Northampton* is this. Several years before Dr. *Doddridge's* Predecessor died, this woman represents herself as divinely admonished, that the present minister should leave them, and soon after die; but that God would send a young man, who had not begun to preach: that he should come while they were vacant, and would be known to her by preaching the first time from these words, *By whom shall Jacob arise? For he is small.* That by this young man God would revive his work amongst them. This was about 1716. In 1729 the minister left *Northampton*, and died the year after: which brought Mr. *Doddridge* to supply the vacancy. The very first time this woman heard him, he preached from those words."

To confirm this account, take the *Doctor's own words*, as I transcribed them from his private papers." "Just about the time my removal was talked of, I came to preach occasionally at *Northampton*, and had brought over sermons with me, but my mind was in an extraordinary manner impressed with these words, *By whom shall Jacob arise? For he is small.* Accordingly I preached from two or three hints before a great congregation, neglecting others, that I had wrote out at large. The other was, a worthy man, who lived near this woman, told me there was a very pious young woman in that neighbourhood, who told him she was confident I should come amongst them, and continued in a stedfast persuasion of it against all appearance of probability."

The above you may depend on is truth. May God strengthen you for the arduous undertaking; guide you in all things, and bless you more and more!

I am Rev. Sir,

Your very affectionate, Fellow-labourer,

J. CHAPMAN.

LETTER.

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LETTER CCLVIII.

[From T. H—ll, Eſquire; to the Rev. Mr. Weſley.]

Hawkeſtone, October 24, 1768.

Rev. Sir.

SINCE you did me the honour to give me an invitation to write to you, I now embrace the opportunity of ſending you a few lines. If you remember, Sir, I had the pleaſure of ſeeing you at Mrs. Glynnes at Shrewſbury, early in the morning; having travelled part of the night before, expecting to have had the ſatisfaction of hearing you preach. But as your time was ſhort, I was diſappointed of that pleaſure. Your Chriſtian advice, to perſevere in the ways of Godlineſs, gave me great encouragement; and I have found, by bleſſed experience, what the word of God ſays of true religion, that her ways are ways of pleaſantneſs and all her paths are peace. Bleſſed be God, I have two brothers and two ſiſters who experience the truth of what I have been ſaying.

I have great reaſon to hope that much good has been done in and about this neighbourhood of late, by the preaching of the everlaſting goſpel. O may the Lord grant, that all real Chriſtians who have felt the love and peace of God, ſhed abroad in their hearts, by the Holy Ghoſt given unto them, may be bleſſed inſtruments in the Lord's hands, of turning many from darkneſs to light, and from the power of Satan unto God.

When I ſaw you at Shrewſbury, I aſked you whether we could hope to ſee you in this neighbourhood? for many of our people would be glad to hear you at our Society-Room. If you think of coming to Shrewſbury next ſpring, I hope you will favour us with your good company, and take our Society in your way. If you will come amongſt us I do aſſure you, Sir, you will meet with a moſt hearty reception. And if you can conveniently, let me know the time of your coming

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coming, and I will take care to provide for your reception. I hope, Sir, you will not refuſe us this favour. If you cannot come yourſelf, beg of your good Brother, if he comes into theſe parts with you, to come in your ſtead. I wiſh we could have the pleaſure of ſeeing you both. But if we cannot, at leaſt let us have the ſatisfaction of ſeeing one of you. Pardon Sir, the liberty I have taken, and when you favour me with a letter, pleaſe to let me know if we are to have the pleaſure of ſeeing you. Meanwhile I remain ſincerely,

Dear Sir,

Your humble Servant,

T. H—ll.

POETRY.

THOUGHTS *on* PREDESTINATION *and* REPROBATION.

[By Dr. Byrom.]

PART II.

PAGAN— ſaid I— I muſt retract the word,
For the poor Pagans were not ſo abſurd;
Their *Jupiter*, of gods and men the king,
Whenever he ordained a hurtful thing,
Did it becauſe he was obliged to look,
And act as *Fate* had bid him, in a book:
For gods and goddeſſes were ſubject, then,
To dire *neceſſity*, as well as men;
Compelled to cruſh a Hero, or a Town,
As *Deſtiny* had ſet the matter down.

But in your ſcheme, tis *God* that orders ill,
With ſovereign power, and with reſiſtleſs will;
He in whoſe bleſſed Name is underſtood
The one eternal will to every good,

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Is repreſented, though untied by fate,
With a decree of damning, to create.
Such as you term the *Veſſels* of his *wrath*,
To *ſhew his power*, according to your faith:
Juſt as if God, like ſome tyrannic man,
Would plague the world, to ſhew them that he can
While others, (they for inſtance of your ſect)
Are *mercy's Veſſels*, precious and elect;
Who think, God help them! to ſecure their bliſs,
By ſuch a partial, fond conceit as this.

Talk not to me of *Popery* and of *Rome*,
Nor yet foretel its *Babyloniſh* doom;
Nor canonize *reforming* ſaints of old,
Becauſe *they* held the doctrine that *you* hold;
For if they did, although of *Saint-like* ſtem,
In this plain point we muſt *reform* from them:
While freed from *Rome* we are not tied I hope,
To what is wrong in a *Geneva* Pope;
Nor what is right, ſhould firname ſuperſede,
Of *Luther*, *Calvin*, *Bellarmine*, or *Bede*.
Rome has been guilty of exceſs, 'tis true,
And ſo have ſome of the reformers too;
If in their zeal againſt the *Roman* ſeat,
Plucking up tares, they plucked up alſo wheat;
Muſt we to children, for what they have ſaid,
Give this *Predeſtination* ſtone for bread?
Sir, it is worſe, this your Predeſtination,
Ten thouſand times than tranſubſtantiation:
Hard is the point, that Papiſts have compiled,
With ſenſe and reaſon to be reconciled;
But yet it leaves to our conception, ſtill,
Goodneſs in God, and holineſs of Will;
A juſt, impartial Government of all;
A ſaving love; a correſpondent call

For

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For every man, and, in the fitteſt hour,
For him to hear, all offered grace and power;
Which he may want, and have, if he will crave
From him, who willeth nothing but to ſave.

To Mr. —— On reading his Verſes on the Charitable Man:

[By Miſs Th—.]

FAIR Charity attunes thy lyre,
A theme that aptly may inſpire
The gentle and humane:
Her charms the muſes oft have ſung,
And tributary honours hung
Upon her golden fane.

But ſhould we charity define
Only in ſplendid alms to ſhine?
Say, is a part the whole?
True charity is heavenly love,
An Ardor coming from above,
That renovates the ſoul.

From hence as from their genuine ſource,
The virtues run their even courſe:
And hence in tender guiſe,
Benevolence with generous glow,
Haſtens to ſoothe the widows woe,
And wipe the orphans eyes.

Alms-giving is approved of God,
Obtaining the divine applaud:
But does the Poet mean
It can a *real merit* claim?
No!— Let the meritorious name
Of Jeſus intervene.

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Let it not take the Saviour's place:
He purchaſéd heavén, and evéry grace,
That makes us meet for heavén;
He fills the breaſt with Charity,
Then with a grace divinely free
Rewards what he has givén.

The SHEPHERD *and the* KID.

FREED from ſtern winter's icy chain,
The Zephyrs wanton o'er the plain,
Attended by the flowéry ſpring:
The groves with thrilling concerts ring,
Tender the graſs, the ſky ſerene,
The whiténing flocks ſpread o'er the green,
Nature revives; the gladſome day
Invites a wanton Kid to ſtray;
Around the diſtant meads and groves,
Far from the flock, ſhe thoughtleſs roves.

The Shepherd ſoon th' elopement knew,
Starts forth the ſtraggler to purſue:
Fatiguéd at length the angry ſwain
Brings back the fugitive again.
Enragéd he throws her on the ground,
With many a ſtripe, and many a wound;
'Till the ſad victim of his ire
Stretchéd at his feet he ſees expire.
He ſtops—his heart with anguiſh bleeds;
Repentance to his rage ſucceeds.
Good Gods! the frantic Shepherd cries,
What have I done?—poor Kid! ſhe dies.
Ah! wretch, too late thy loſs deplore;
Remorſe is vain; thy Kid's no more.

Learn

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Learn hence thoſe tranſports to ſuppreſs,
That ſpring from anger's dire exceſs:
The riſing guſts in time control,
That raiſe a tempeſt in the ſoul;
Or ſoon you'll mourn your want of care,
Stung with remorſe and black deſpair.

SHORT HYMNS.

James iii. 1. *From whence come wars and fightings among you? Come they not hence, even of your luſts?*

HORRIBLE luſt of fame and power,
How long ſhall it o'er kings prevail;
Who bid the ſword their kind devour,
Lay waſte the earth, and people hell,
And madly for themſelves prepare
The higheſt thrones of torment there!

Father, from every boſom chaſe
The demon of ambitious pride;
In pity to our ſlaughtered race,
For whom thy only Son hath died,
The Saviour-prince, the peace of man,
Send him in all our hearts to reign.

The kingdom of his grace alone
Can make our wars and fightings ceaſe,
Unite our jarring wills in one
Perpetual bond of perfectneſs,
As rivals of that hoſt above,
Where all his harmony and love.

An Extract

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An Extract from the MINUTES *of a* CONFERENCE,

Held at LONDON, in AUGUST 1782.

Between the Rev. Mr. JOHN WESLEY, *and Others.*

Queſtion 1. WHAT Preachers are *admitted* this Year?

Anſwer. J. Ray, J. Ingham, Tho. Tatterſhall, G. Brown, A. Blair, J. Livermore, W. Myles, H. Moore, T. Barber, S. Mitchell, H. Foſter, Tho. Davis, R. Bridge.

Q. 2. Who *remain* on Trial?

A. A. Suter, J. Cole, J. Cricket, T. Ellis, T. Cooper, C. Atmore, R. Hopkins, P. Hardcaſtle, G. Dice, H. Moore, J. Jordan, C. Peacock, W. Weſt, W. M'Cornock, J. Miller, J. Algar.

Q. 3. Who are *admitted* on Trial?

A. R. Scot, W. Hoſkins, E. Rippon, J. Barber, J. Chriſtie, Tho. Bartholomew, J. Glaſcock, S. Botts, Geo. Halder, J. Bogie, J. Ogylvie, J. Carr, G. Armſtrong, Tho. Wride, R. Empringham.

Q. 4. Who *deſiſt* from Travelling?

A. J. Skinner, F. Wolf, J. Floyd, R. Hayward, S. Proctor and J. Walker.

Q. 5. What Preachers have *died* this Year?

A. John Norris, a Lover and a Witneſs of Chriſtian Perfection, who died, as he lived, full of Faith and of the Holy Ghoſt: and *John Morgan*, a plain, rough man, who after various Trials, and a long, painful Illneſs, joyfully committed his ſoul, his Wife, and eight little Children, to his merciful and faithful Creator.

Q. 6. Are there any objections to any of our Preachers?

A. Let them be examined one by one.

Q. 7. How are the Preachers ſtationed this Year?

A. As follows:

1 *London.* J. Weſley, C. Weſley, T. Coke, J. Murlin, T. Lee, J. Broadbent, J. Prickard, J. Atlay.

2 *Suſſex.*

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2 *Suſſex.* J. Wood, W. Horner.
3 *Kent.* Wm. Aſhman, J. Glaſcock.
4 *Colcheſter.* G. Gibbon, R. Hopkins.
5 *Norwich.* James Hindmarſh, T. Cooper, J. Kighley, R. Scot.
6 *Lynn.* R. Whatcoat, J. Ingham.
7 *Bedford.* J. Harper, R. Empringham.
8 *Northampton.* J. Peſcod, J. Walker.
9 *Oxfordſhire.* R. Rodda, J. Cole.
10 *Glouceſter.* G. Story, John Brettel, J. Coſins.
11 *Sarum.* J. Maſon, Wm. Moore, Wm. Hoſkins, N. Ward.
12 *Bradford.* F. Wrigley, J. Pool, E. Rippon, J. Algar.
13 *Briſtol.* T. Ranken, C. Boone, T. Payne.
14 *Taunton.* C. Watkins, W. Church, J. Furz, Sup.
15 *Tiverton.* J. Moon, J. Acutt.
16 *Cornwall Eaſt.* Wm. Green, T. Shaw, Geo. Wadſworth, A. Suter.
17 ——— *Weſt.* J. Taylor, J. Hall, W. Saunders, S. Day.
18 *Glamorgan.* J. Wittam, H. Robins.
19 *Pembroke.* T. Tennant, S. Hodgſon, R. Seed, Sup.
20 *Brecon.* J. Leech, J. Perfect.
21 *Birmingham.* J. Eaſton, T. Hanby, S. Randal.
22 *Macclesfield.* Ja. Rogers, C. Peacock, Wm. Myles, Wm. Simpſon.
23 *Mancheſter.* J. Allen, Jer. Brettel, Jon. Hern.
24 *Cheſter.* J. Fenwick, J. Goodwin, J. Oliver.
25 *Liverpool.* P. Greenwood, R. Coſterdine, G. Button.
26 *Leiceſterſhire.* J. Bradford, T. Warwick, J. Robertſhaw.
27 *Nottingham.* Geo. Snowden, J. Pillmoor.
28 *Derby.* J. Hampſon, Junior, T. Longley.
29 *Sheffield.* T. Taylor, Wm. Percival, J. Booth.
30 *Grimſby.* T. Carlill, J. Ray, S. Botts, T. Wride.
31 *Gainſborough.* T. Corbet, J. Barry, T. Bartholomew.
32 *Epworth.* G. Shadford, B. Thomas, J. Beanland.

33 *Leeds.*

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33 *Leeds.* A. Mather, R. Roberts, J. Shaw.
34 *Birſtal.* J. Valton, C. Hopper, T. Briſco.
35 *Huddersfield.* J. Hampſon, Senior, P. Hardcaſtle.
36 *Bradforth.* S. Bradburn, T. Mitchell, J. Benſon.
37 *Kighley.* I. Brown, W. Hunter.
38 *Coln.* T. Hanſon, T. Johnſon, D. Evans.
39 *Whitehaven.* W. Boothby, J. Watſon.
40 *Iſle of Man.* J. Robinſon, J. Brown, T. Tatterſhall.
41 *York.* J. Pawſon, W. Thompſon, T. Readſhaw.
42 *Hull.* J. Thompſon, N. Manners, E. Jackſon.
43 *Scarborough.* W. Duſton, L. Harriſon, C. Atmore.
44 *Thirſk.* B. Rhodes, M. Moorhouſe, W. Thom.
45 *Yarm.* W. Collins, W. Eells, G. Halder.
46 *Dales.* J. Peacock, R. Swan, T. Vaſey.
47 *Sunderland.* D. Wright, T. Dixon.
48 *Newcaſtle.* D. M'Allum, A. M'Nab, Tho. Ellis, John Pritchard.
49 *Edinburgh.* J. Sanderſon, S. Bardſley, James Bogie.
50 *Dundee.* P. Mill, J. Ogylvie.
51 *Aberdeen.* A. Inglis, H. Moore, W. Warrener.
52 *Dublin.* T. Rutherford, A. Blair.
53 *Waterford.* N. Price, T. Davis.
54 *Cork.* Z. Yewdal, R. Boardman.
55 *Limerick.* R. Watkinſon, R. Blake.
56 *Caſtlebar.* J. Price, G. Mowat.
57 *Athlone.* D. Jackſon, G. Armſtrong.
58 *Sligo.* G. Brown, R. Armſtrong.
59 *Ballyconnell.* S. Mitchell, R. Davis, J. Chriſtie.
60 *Clones.* J. Watſon, Senior, G. Dice, J. Mealy.
61 *Inniſkillen.* R. Naylor, W. Weſt.
62 *Charlemount.* T. Barber, J. Livermore, J. Carr.
63 *Liſleen.* R. Lindſay, J. Miller, J. M'Cornock.
64 *Londonderry.* H. Moore, J. Cricket.
65 *Belfaſt.* H. Foſter, R. Bridge.
66 *Liſburn.* J. Crook, J. Jordan.

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THE Arminian Magazine,

For NOVEMBER 1782.

A DISCOURSE

On ROMANS viii. 29, 30.

[*Concluded from page* 509.]

8. *WHOM he did predeſtinate, them he alſo called.* This is the third ſtep: (ſtill remembering that we ſpeak after the manner of men.) To expreſs it a little more largely. According to his fixt decree, that believers ſhall be ſaved, thoſe whom he foreknows as ſuch, he calls both outwardly and inwardly: outwardly, by the word of his grace; and inwardly, by his Spirit. This inward application of his word to the heart, ſeems to be what ſome term *effectual calling*. And it implies, the calling them children of God, the *accepting* them *in the Beloved*; the juſtifying them *freely by his grace, through the redemption that is in Jeſus Chriſt.*

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9. *Whom he called, thoſe he juſtified.* This is the fourth ſtep. It is generally allowed, that the word *juſtified* here is taken in a peculiar ſenſe; that it means, he made them juſt or righteous. He executed his decree, *conforming them to the image of his Son*, or (as we uſually ſpeak) *ſanctified them.*

10. It remains, *whom he juſtified, thoſe he glorified.* This is the laſt ſtep. Having made them *meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the ſaints in light*, he gives them *the kingdom which was prepared for them before the world began.* This is the order wherein, *according to the counſel of his will* [the plan he has laid down from eternity] he ſaves thoſe whom he foreknew, the true believers in every place and generation.

11. The ſame great work of ſalvation by Faith, according to the foreknowledge and decree of God, may appear in a ſtill clearer light, if we view it backward, from the end to the beginning. Suppoſe then you ſtood with the *great multitude which no man can number, out of every nation, and tongue, and kindred, and people*, who *give praiſe unto him that ſitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever:* you would not find one, among all that were received into glory, who was not a witneſs of that great truth, *Without holineſs no man ſhall ſee the Lord:* not one of all that innumerable company, who was not *ſanctified*, before he was *glorified.* By holineſs he was prepared for glory, according to the invariable will of the Lord, that the crown purchaſed by the blood of his Son, ſhould be given to none but thoſe who are renewed by his Spirit. He is become *the Author of eternal ſalvation* only *to them that obey him:* that obey him inwardly and outwardly; that are holy in heart, and holy in all manner of converſation.

12. And could you take a view of all thoſe upon earth, who are now *ſanctified*, you would find, not one of theſe had been ſanctified, till after he was *called.* He was firſt called, not only with an outward call, by the word and the meſſengers of

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of God, but likewiſe with an inward call, by his Spirit applying his word, enabling him to believe in the only-begotten Son of God, and bearing teſtimony with his ſpirit, that he was a child of God. And it was by this very means they were all ſanctified. It was by a ſenſe of the love of God, ſhed abroad in his heart, that every one of them was enabled to love God. Loving God, he loved his neighbour as himſelf, and had power to walk in all his commandments blameleſs. This is a rule which admits of no exception. God *calls* a ſinner his own, that is, juſtifies him, before he ſanctifies. And by this very thing, the conſciouſneſs of his favour, he works in him that grateful, filial affection, from which ſpring every good temper, and word, and work.

13. And who are they that are thus *called* of God, but thoſe whom he had before *predeſtinated*, or decreed to *conform to the image of his Son?* This decree (ſtill ſpeaking after the manner of men) precedes every man's calling. Every believer was predeſtinated, before he was called. For God calls none, but *according to the counſel of his will*, according to this προθεσις, or plan of acting, which he had laid down before the foundation of the world.

14. Once more. All that are called were predeſtinated, ſo all whom God has predeſtinated he *foreknew*. He knew, he ſaw them as believers, and as ſuch predeſtinated them to ſalvation, according to his eternal decree, *He that believeth ſhall be ſaved*. Thus we ſee the whole proceſs of the work of God, from the beginning to the end. Who are glorified? None but thoſe who were firſt ſanctified. Who are ſanctified? None but thoſe who were firſt juſtified. Who are juſtified? None but thoſe who were firſt predeſtinated. Who are predeſtinated? None but thoſe whom God foreknew as believers. Thus the purpoſe and word of God ſtand unſhaken as the pillars of heaven, *He that believeth ſhall be ſaved: he that believeth not ſhall be damned*. And thus God is clear from the blood of all men; ſince whoever periſhes, periſhes by his own act and deed. *They will not come unto me*, ſays the

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Saviour of men: and *there is no salvation in any other.* They *will not believe*; and there is no other way either to present or eternal salvation. Therefore their blood is upon their own head: and God is still *justified in his saying*, That he *willeth all men to be saved, and to come to the knowledge of his truth.*

15. The sum of all is this. The Almighty, all-wise God, sees and knows from everlasting to everlasting, all that is, that was, and that is to come, through one eternal now. With him nothing is either past or future, but all things equally present. He has therefore, if we speak according to the truth of things, no foreknowledge, no after-knowledge. This would be ill-consistent with the Apostle's words, *With him is no variableness or shadow of turning:* or with the account he gives of himself by the Prophet, *I the Lord change not.* Yet when he speaks to us, knowing whereof we are made, knowing the scantiness of our understanding, he lets himself down to our capacity, and speaks of himself after the manner of men. Thus in condescension to our weakness, he speaks of his own *purpose, counsel, plan, fore-knowledge.* Not that God has any need of *counsel*, of *purpose*, or of *planning* his work before-hand. Far be it from us, to impute these to the Most High; to measure him by ourselves! It is merely in compassion to us, that he speaks thus of himself, as *fore-knowing* the things in heaven or earth, and as *predestinating* or *fore-ordaining* them. But can we possibly imagine, that these expressions are to be taken literally? To one who was so gross in his conceptions, might he not say, *Thinkest thou that I am such a one as thyself?* Not so. *As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than thy ways.* I know, decree, work, in such a manner, as it is not possible for thee to conceive. But to give thee some faint, glimmering knowledge of my ways, I use the language of men, and suit myself to thy apprehensions, in this thy infant state of existence.

16. What is it then that we learn from this whole account? It is this and no more. 1. God knows all believers. 2. Wills that

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that they ſhould be ſaved from ſin. 3. To that end juſtifies them. 4. Sanctifies: and 5. Takes them to glory.

O that men would praiſe the Lord for this his goodneſs! and that they would be content with this plain account of it, and not endeavour to wade into thoſe myſteries, which are too deep for them to fathom!

Armagh, June 5, 1773.

SERMON XII.

On MARK ix. 48.

Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.

1. EVERY truth which is revealed in the Oracles of God, is undoubtedly of great importance. Yet it may be allowed, that ſome of thoſe which are revealed therein, are of greater importance than others; as being more immediately conducive to the grand end of all, the eternal Salvation of men. And we may judge of their importance, even from this circumſtance, that they are not mentioned once only in the ſacred Writings, but are repeated over and over. A remarkable inſtance of this we have, with regard to the awful truth which is now before us. Our bleſſed Lord, who uſes no ſuperfluous words, who makes no *vain repetitions*, repeats it over and over in the ſame chapter, and as it were in the ſame breath. So verſe 43, 44, *If thy hand offend thee*, if a thing or perſon as uſeful as a hand, be an occaſion of ſin, and there is no other way to ſhun that ſin, *cut it off. It is better for thee to enter into life maimed, than having two hands to go into hell: into unquenchable fire, where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.* So again, verſe 45, 46, *If thy foot offend thee cut it off. It is better for thee to enter halt*

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halt into life, than having two feet to be caſt into hell: into unquenchable fire, where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched. And yet again, ver. 47, 48, *If thine eye*, a perſon or thing as dear as thine eye *offend thee*, hinder thy running the race which is ſet before thee, *pluck it out; it is better for thee to enter into the kingdom of God with one eye, than having two eyes to be caſt into hell-fire; where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.*

2. And let it not be thought, that the conſideration of theſe terrible truths, is proper only for enormous ſinners. How is this ſuppoſition conſiſtent with what our Lord ſpeaks to thoſe who were then doubtleſs the holieſt men upon earth? Luke xii. 1. 4, *When innumerable multitudes were gathered together, he ſaid to his diſciples*, (the Apoſtles) *firſt of all I ſay unto you, my friends, fear not them that can kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do: but I ſay unto you, fear him, who after he hath killed, hath power to caſt into hell: yea, I ſay unto you, fear him!* Yea, fear him under this very notion, of having power to caſt into hell: that is, in effect, fear leſt he ſhould caſt you into the place of torment. And this very fear, even in the children of God, is one excellent means of preſerving them from it.

3. It behoves therefore not only the outcaſts of men, but even *you his friends*, you that fear and love God, deeply to conſider what is revealed in the Oracles of God, concerning the future ſtate of puniſhment. How widely diſtant is this from the moſt elaborate accounts which are given by the Heathen Authors? Their accounts are (in many particulars at leaſt) childiſh, fanciful and ſelf-inconſiſtent. So that it is no wonder, they did not believe themſelves, but only related the tales of the vulgar. So *Virgil* ſtrongly intimates, when after the laboured account he had given of the ſhades beneath, he ſends him that had related it out of the Ivory gate, through which (as he tells us) only *dreams* paſs: thereby giving us to know

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know, that all the preceding account is no more than a dream: This he only insinuates; but his brother Poet, *Juvenal*, speaks out, flat and plain.

Esse aliquos manes, & subterranea regna,
Nec pueri credunt, nisi qui nondum ære lavantur.

Even our children do not believe a word of the tales concerning another world.

4. Here on the contrary, all is worthy of God the Creator, the Governor of Mankind. All is awful and solemn; suitable to his wisdom and justice, by whom *Tophet was ordained of old*: although originally *prepared*, not for the children of men, but *for the devil and his angels*.

The Punishment of those who in spite of all the warnings of God, resolve to have their portion with the devil and his angels, will according to the antient, and not improper division, be either *Pœna damni*, what they lose, or *Pœna sensûs*, what they feel. After considering these separately, I shall touch on a few additional circumstances, and conclude with two or three Inferences.

I. 1. And first, let us consider the *Pœna damni*, the Punishment of loss. This commences in that very moment, wherein the soul is separated from the body: in that instant the soul loses all those pleasures, the enjoyment of which depends on the outward senses. The Smell, the Taste, the Touch delight no more: the Organs that ministered to them are spoiled, and the objects that used to gratify them, are removed far away. In the dreary regions of the dead, all these things are forgotten: or if remembered, are only remembered with pain, seeing they are gone for ever. All the pleasures of the imagination are at an end. There is no Grandeur in the infernal region: there

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there is nothing Beautiful in thoſe dark abodes: no light, but that of livid flames. And nothing New, but one unvaried Scene of horror upon horror. There is no Muſic but that of groans and ſhrieks, of weeping, wailing and gnaſhing of teeth; of curſes and blaſphemies againſt God, or cutting reproaches of one another. Nor is there any thing to gratify the ſenſe of Honour: no; they are the heirs of ſhame and everlaſting contempt.

2. Thus are they totally ſeparated from all the *things* they were fond of in the preſent world. At the ſame inſtant will commence another claſs; that of all the *Perſons* whom they loved. They are torn away from their neareſt and deareſt Relations, their Wives, Huſbands, Parents, Children, and (what to ſome will be worſe than all this) the friend which was as their own ſoul. All the pleaſures they ever enjoyed in theſe is loſt, gone, vaniſhed away. For there is no friendſhip in Hell. Even the Poet who affirms (though I know not on what authority)

> " Devil with devil damnèd
> Firm concord holds:"

Does not affirm that there is any Concord among the human fiends, that inhabit the great Abyſs.

3. But they will then be ſenſible of a greater loſs, than that of all they enjoyed on earth. They have loſt their place in Abraham's boſom, in the Paradiſe of God. Hitherto indeed it hath not entered into their hearts to conceive, what holy ſouls enjoy in the garden of God, in the Society of Angels, and of the wiſeſt and beſt men, that have lived from the beginning of the world: (not to mention, the immenſe increaſe of knowledge, which they will then undoubtedly receive.) But they will then fully underſtand the value of what they have vilely caſt away.

4. But

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4. But as happy as the Souls in Paradiſe are, they are preparing for far greater happineſs. For Paradiſe is only the Porch of Heaven; and it is there the ſpirits of Juſt men are made perfect. It is in Heaven only that there is the fulneſs of joy, the pleaſures that are at God's right-hand for evermore. The loſs of this, by thoſe unhappy ſpirits, will be the completion of their miſery. They will then know and feel, that God alone is the Centre of all created Spirits: and conſequently that a Spirit made for God, can have no reſt out of him. It ſeems that the Apoſtle had this in view, when he ſpoke of thoſe, *who ſhall be puniſhed with everlaſting deſtruction, from the preſence of the Lord.* Baniſhment from the preſence of the Lord, is the very eſſence of deſtruction to a ſpirit that was made for God. And if that baniſhment laſts for ever, it is *everlaſting deſtruction.*

Such is the loſs ſuſtained by thoſe miſerable creatures, on whom that awful ſentence will be pronounced, *Depart from me, ye curſed!* What an unſpeakable curſe, if there were no other! But alas! This is far from being the whole: for to the Puniſhment of *Loſs* will be added, the Puniſhment of *Senſe.* What they loſe, implies unſpeakable miſery, which yet is inferior to what they feel. This it is, which our Lord expreſſes in thoſe emphatical words, *Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.*

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

Some Account of Mr. JOHN FURZ, *aged* 65.

[*Continued from page* 519.]

17. THIS ſame Gentleman, in whoſe houſe I began to ſpeak of the things of God, procured a licence for his houſe, that none might moleſt me. I likewiſe preached in my own houſe, to all that came and heard me. Their

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number continually increaſed: many were convinced of their evil ways. And about fourteen converted to God, who met with me daily, to ſpend ſome time in prayer. We loved as brethren, being partakers together of the ſame grace of God. And we began to ſuffer reproach together, to ſhew us that *the ſervant is not above his Lord.* Mr. *Conway*, the Vicar, ſent his footman to me with this meſſage: "My Maſter bids me tell you, You have a ſoft place in your head." I ſaid, "Be pleaſed to tell your Maſter, the ſheep when diſeaſed do not run after the Shepherd, but the Shepherd after the ſheep. Your Maſter paſſes by my door almoſt every day. I wiſh he would call in, and ſearch about my head: and find out what my diſorder is, and preſcribe a remedy." About two hours after, I ſaw him coming. I opened the door and waited for him. But when he ſaw me, he drew farther off, and ſhook his cane at me, and paſſed by. He went ſtrait to the Earl of *Pembroke's* (the old Earl) and told him, "There is a young fellow in the town, who under a pretence of preaching, makes three riots every week, and diſturbs all the inhabitants of the town, from one end to the other." The Earl ſaid, "I will ſend for the young man and talk with him myſelf."

18. But inſtead of ſending for me, he ſent for the Mayor, with whom he uſed to converſe frequently. He had heard me preach himſelf. Afterwards I learned, what paſſed between the Earl and him. "The old Prieſt has been here, ſaid the Earl, but I know not what he would have. He was at firſt a diſſenting Miniſter. But he came to me and ſaid, His conſcience conſtrained him to conform to the Church, and begged I would aſſiſt him to procure ordination. Then he begged me to give him a benefice which was vacant: I did ſo. He came again within the twelvemonth, complaining he could not live on it. I gave him a ſecond of two hundred a year. Still he followed me with the ſame complaint, till I gave him a third: and now he comes to me with a complaint, about ſome young man that preaches. Pray, do you know the

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the man? He said, "My Lord, perfectly well: he lives but three doors from me." His Lordship said, "I said at first, I would send for the man: but I have thought otherwise. Take Lord *Herbert* and your Son, who has taken his degrees at *Oxford*, and all the Aldermen with you: and you will judge whether it is the Preacher who makes the riot, or they that come to disturb him. Afterwards come all of you to dinner with me, and give me your cool judgment."

19. I knew nothing of their coming, till they came; but according to my day, so was my strength. The people seeing the Mayor coming from his own house, attended by Lord *Herbert* and the Aldermen, called one upon another, saying, "My Lord, and the Mayor, and Aldermen, are gone to pull down the Preaching-house." The rabble ran from all quarters, to lend a helping hand. I was praying, when they poured in upon us like a flood. They pushed down some that were on their knees, and trampled on them. Lord *Herbert* rose from his seat and said, "I desire you will let me hear quietly." But instead of regarding it, some of the mob gave him a very impertinent answer. The Mayor then rose up, and with a loud voice, commanded the King's peace. I then said, "My Lord, and Gentlemen, I and those that meet with me are Members of the established Church. We meet together every Sunday, before and after Divine Service, to make prayer and supplication, with and for one another. And I read a portion of Scripture and explain it as God enables me." I paused. His Lordship bowed his head, and I went on, "I will preach now, as well as I can in this confused noise." I then read, *I certify you, brethren, that the Gospel which was preached by me, was not after man. For I neither received it of man, neither was I taught it, but by the revelation of Jesus Christ.* When I had ended, high and low went away, and I, and my friends were left alone.

20. When the Mayor and his Brethren came to the Earl's (I was informed in the evening,) he asked, If they had

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been at the preaching? The Mayor said, "Yes, my Lord." And what have you to say concerning the man that preaches? The Mayor replied, "My Lord, I have known him from a child: he has lived an exemplary life from the beginning." The Earl said, Now that we know the truth of the case, we know how to proceed. If I was Mayor of the town, the next time that young man preaches, I would go and read the Riot Act." The Mayor promised he would: and the next time I preached, he came with the Riot Act in his hand. The Mob gathering together, he bade them come near, and then read the Act. They quickly shrunk back: but one of them cursed the Mayor, and said, he was a Methodist too. He looked upon me and said, "*John*, you see, I have got a bad Character too." I said, "I wish it was true." He said, "So do I: it would be better for me." From this time we had peace.

21. This method not succeeding to his wish, the Vicar thought good to try another. He procured the Rev. Mr. *Harles*, to preach before his Lordship. And he did preach as extraordinary a Sermon, as ever was heard at *Wilton*. His text was, *Take heed brethren, least there should be in any of you an evil heart of unbelief, in departing from the living God*; "that is, said he, from the Church. For there is sprung up among us a new Religion, called Methodism: it is like the plague. They that have it, infect whole families. Now in such a case, if one were to come and warn you, to shut your door, and keep out the man and his distemper, would not you be thankful? I am now come to do you this kind office. I will describe the persons in three particulars. In the first place, they look just like toads, that are crept out from under a faggot-pile. In the second place, they pretend to be led by the Spirit; and when they "are under his guidance" as they call it, they look like toads that are crept out of a dung-heap, and croak just like them. In the third place, they look just like toads, that are dragged from land's end to land's end under

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under a harrow." I was curious to obſerve, what notice his Lordſhip took of the Preacher, who ſtood bowing at his ſide, as he went out of Church. He paſſed by him without making the leaſt motion, or taking any notice of him at all.

22. After he was got home, he ſent a footman to tell the Preacher, "If you pleaſe, you may come and dine with his Lordſhip." When he came, and was ſat down, the Earl aſked his name? He anſwered, "My name is *Joſeph Horler*." His Lordſhip then aſked, "Mr. *Horler*, what have you been doing?" He anſwered, "Preaching, my Lord" "What have you been preaching?" "The Goſpel, my Lord." "I deny that Mr. *Horler*; you have been preaching againſt the Government." He ſaid, "I aſk your Lordſhip's pardon: I do not know that I have." "Nay, ſaid his Lordſhip, have not the King, Lords, and Commons, all agreed that every Engliſhman ſhall worſhip God according to his own conſcience? And are there not licences granted for this very purpoſe? But pray who are thoſe toads who creep out of the dung-heap? I hope they are not your neighbours! Let me hear of it, Sir, no more. I *will* hear no more of it. I will ſend a note immediately to the Vicar, to let me know, when I am in the country, any day that you are to preach. And I will be ſure not to be at church that day."

23 Some time after, that honeſt man, *John Haim*, called upon me, and preached at my houſe. Here our acquaintance and mutual love began, which has continued to this day; he gave me an invitation to come to *Shaftſbury*. I often went, and found much life and love among the people. I was afterwards invited to *Wincaunton*; *Robert Brockway* informing me, that the Diſſenting Miniſter was a pious man, and had promiſed me the uſe of his pulpit. And notice was given on the Market-day, that a Methodiſt was to preach there on Sunday. But when *Robert Brockway* reminded the Miniſter of his promiſe, he ſaid, "My Congregation is not willing." I aſked, "Is there any among you that has courage

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rage to go through the town, and tell the people, there will be preaching on the Common? One anſwered, "I will for once." When we were there, a man brought me a table to ſtand on. Some of my friends from *Shaftſbury* were with me. After ſinging a hymn, and ſpending a little time in prayer, I gave out thoſe words, *Seeing that all theſe things ſhall be diſſolved, what manner of perſons ought we to be in all holy converſation and godlineſs?* The people were as ſtill as night, and gave good heed to what was ſpoken, till the Miniſter of *Brewham*, with an Attorney, and Mr. *Ring*, the Town-Clerk, came to the outſide of the congregation. Some then cried out, "Make way, make way!" But the people ſtood cloſer and cloſer together, till I deſired them to open to the right and left, and let the Gentlemen come forward. Mr. *Ring* then read the Riot Act. I ſaid, "Sir, was there any appearance of a Riot here, till you came?" He looked me in the face, and ſaid with the utmoſt vehemence, "*Thou Raſcal.*" Then the blood ſpouted out in a ſtream from both his noſtrils. He dropt to the earth, crying aloud, "They will ſay this is a judgment." (No wonder if they did.) All poſſible means were uſed to ſtop the bleeding; but in vain. From that time he was lunatic. He was carried to *Bath*, and died ſoon after. In about a fortnight (I was informed) the Miniſter of *Brewham* died alſo.

24. Some time after this, one of Mr. *Whitefield's* Preachers preached in the ſtreet at *Wincaunton*. While he was preaching, a Carrier came with a ſtring of pack-horſes. The fore-horſe had a ſtrap of Bells about his neck. The Carrier took them off, and put them about his own neck. He then ran in among the people, jumping and dancing with all his might. While he was thus employed, the horſe he took the bells from, dropped down. They went to him, but he was ſtone dead. So God, in Judgment mixed with Mercy, took the horſe, but ſpared the man!

25. Some

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25. Some years before I was a travelling Preacher, I was invited to preach on *Salisbury* Plain, near the New Inn. It being on a Sunday, a very great company was gathered together, from the neighbouring villages on both sides the Plain. Here I was met by *John Haim*, with a few of our friends from *Shaftsbury*. As soon as I began to preach, a man came strait forward, and presented a gun at my face; swearing that he would blow my brains out, if I spake another word. However I continued speaking, and he continued swearing; sometimes putting the muzzle of the gun to my mouth, sometimes against my ear. While we were singing the last hymn, he got behind me, fired the gun and burnt off part of my hair. But he did not loose his labour, for he was so soundly beat, that he kept his bed for several weeks.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

An Extract from the JOURNAL *of Mr.* G—— C——.

[*Continued from page* 524.]

FRIDAY, Oct. 19. Satan seemed to have more power given him: but although I shuddered before I went to bed, yet when I lay down, the Lord took me under his protection, so that all fear was now removed. When I felt the approaching of the Enemy, I lay still, and gave myself up to the Lord in Prayer and Praise. Several times he threw my under-jaw with such violence against the upper, as though he would have struck out all my teeth. He caused a wind to pass under me from head to foot; and sometimes raised me up, bed and all. At other times, I felt myself affected, just as if I was falling down a precipice. Once he lifted my head off the pillow. He pinched me several times, and violently prest my lips

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lips together. But having no fear, I roſe up in the bed, and ſaid, "I am hereby more confirmed than ever in the truths of the Goſpel." Being enraged at this, he went away, hiſſing like a ſerpent.

December 20. As I ſtood at noon for employment, a cart drove cloſe to me down the hill. Another coming up, pulled againſt it and forced the wheel directly againſt my breaſt. I was ſo preſt between the wheel and the wall, that I could in no wiſe get clear. At the inſtant the horſes ſtopped, ſo that I received no hurt, but the loſs of a little ſkin off my hand. All the time I felt peace, compoſure of mind, and full reſignation to the will of God.

Sunday, March 10, 1754. The Gentleman ſent for me, for whom I carried the Letter, which gave me ſo much pain, I poſitively refuſed; yet afterwards found ſome fear of loſing my employment. By the grace of God I am kept from outward ſin: yet it is aſtoniſhing how it ſhould be, conſidering the ſtrength of inbred ſin, and the little communion I have with God. Only at ſometimes he is pleaſed to viſit me, and to refreſh my weary ſoul.

Sunday, April 26. I was conſtrained to give myſelf up to God in a more ſolemn manner than ever I had done before. It ſeemed as though I was encompaſt with the heavenly hoſt, as witneſſes to the engagement.

Sunday, Sept. 8. The fore part of the week, I was oppreſt with the evil of my nature. I wondered how I was ſaved, feeling myſelf altogether incapable of reſiſting the evil. On Thurſday night I was greatly comforted by the Spirit of faith and prayer. This day the Lord gave me much love, and a ſtrong deſire for the ſalvation of thoſe that meet in my Claſs; to ſome of whom I was obliged to ſpeak ſharply.

October 10. My ſoul ſuffered greatly through evil deſire, toward one that lodged in the houſe. At firſt I felt with it much of the love of God: yet as ſhe had not even the form of

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of godlineſs, I could not think ſhe was ever deſigned for my wife. So I totally rejected the thought. Yet yeſterday the deſire returned ſtronger than ever. But the Lord enabled me to conquer.

October 24. Surely God never undertook to ſave ſo vile a wretch as me! It is with the greateſt difficulty I lift up my mind to him, and I cannot deſcribe the pain I feel by impatience. He is merciful and reſtrained my ſpirit, or elſe this day I ſhould have curſed him to his face. O that my heart were broken. O that I could leave my heart with him, who alone is able to bring a clean thing out of an unclean!

November 14. Some hours of conſolation the Lord mercifully afforded me; but they are gone as a dream, and my ſoul only knows bitterneſs and pain. I know not that I deſire any thing but Chriſt. Yet my thoughts are almoſt continually hurried away; and ſometimes with ſo violent a force, as I am not able to reſiſt. I have the witneſs of the Spirit that he is mine, and I am his. But at theſe times I find it hard to keep it.

Sunday, Dec. 29. On Monday I felt and deplored a deep ſenſe of inbred ſin. On Tueſday I was ſurpriſed into an unguarded word, little leſs than an oath. I was quickly ſenſible of it, and my ſpirit was weighed down with a ſenſe of my wretchedneſs. Wedneſday the Lord was very gracious, giving me true repentance for my laſt, and every other ſin. I could now praiſe him for his late dealings with me, finding it needful to be thus acquainted with myſelf.

January 30, 1755. Still the Lord takes my part againſt the world; elſe its frowns or flatteries would prevail over me. I had not long been in bed laſt night, when ſomething pulled one of my feet, and at the ſame time I heard a hoarſe voice. Never did I feel ſuch a weight on my body and ſpirit. This continued but a little time: but the aſſaults of the Enemy continued more than an hour. I heard that voice twice after, which made me tremble; but the Lord kept me from fear.

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May 18. Although my ſpirit is ſometimes greatly ſunk under a ſenſe of my evil nature, yet the Lord gives me a conſtant teſtimony, that I walk before him in the integrity of my heart. He alſo lets me ſee, that it is his work to diſcover the myſtery of iniquity, that I may feel the neceſſity of being renewed in the ſpirit of my mind, and of bearing the image of the heavenly Adam, as I have ſo largely borne the image of the earthly.

May 24. Still I cannot wholly truſt the Lord, and reſt my ſoul on his word for ſanctification. Sometimes I can; but when my evil nature appears again, unbelief again takes place.

June 14. For ſome days, I have at times felt my evil nature ſo violent, as to weaken both ſoul and body. I am alſo grievouſly tried with evil reaſonings. Yet my ſoul frequently triumphs in Chriſt, and with joy pronounces the word ſalvation, feeling the power of it in my heart.

July 7. This day was obſerved as a day of Thankſgiving, chiefly for National Mercies; for giving us ſucceſs in the War, and above all, for his ſpiritual Bleſſings beſtowed on theſe Kingdoms. My heart greatly rejoiced in the Lord, and my ſpirit bowed before him, in humble acknowledgment of his love to *me*, and to all who receive the truth in the love thereof.

September 7. I am in general very ſenſible of the preſence of God, and afraid to ſin againſt him. I am much in prayer, and indeed cannot live without it: it is my only refuge, I am ſo tempted, that I ſhould aſſuredly fall, were I not continually to make my requeſt known to God. My heart is grieved for having ſo long ſerved ſin, which I want to be ſtill more penitent for. Not that I feel any guilt: that is waſhed away. Yet, O, I am not holy!

January 11, 1756. My ſoul does greatly rejoice in the knowledge and love of God. I praiſe him for the continuance of his goodneſs, in ſaving me from the guilt and power

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of ſin: alſo for my deadneſs to the world, and the means he hath taken to effect it, namely the reproach, ſcorn, and contempt which I have ſuffered, for adhering to Him and his people!

February 22. How graciouſly doth the Lord deal with his poor, ſinful, helpleſs Creature! O that I may never more grieve his holy Spirit! His goodneſs to me is beyond expreſſion! It is not poſſible to relate what I have this day felt: what cloſe union with Chriſt, what free and entire reſignation of myſelf to Him: what an awful ſenſe of the preſence of God, cauſing me to ſink into nothing before him: what fear of doing my own will: and what a ſtrong deſire to give him my whole heart.

March 27. For ſome days I have been greatly tried by the remains of my corrupt nature. But the Lord has given me the ſpirit of ſupplication, and preſerves me from ſin.

Having other buſineſs, I now left off the buſineſs of a Porter. Ten years I have been in that employment. I came to it with a haughty ſpirit, and a ſtubborn will: but the Lord has made it a means of ſubduing both.

April 7. The night before laſt I was waked by the Enemy, ſtriking me on the forehead. Preſently a heat was poured over me, from my fingers to my toes, which threw me into a violent ſweat. My breaſt alſo was ſo preſſed that I could ſcarce breathe; but God gave me faith, and Satan fled.

May 23. Inexpreſſible was the pain I felt, while God ſhewed me the pride and ſelf will rooted in my ſoul. I cannot deſcribe the conflict between faith and unbelief: but faith at length prevailed. O that I could ſubmit to be ſaved by grace! But I know not how, altogether to forego a dependence on my own endeavours, that I may be ſanctified by faith alone.

Sunday, Sept. 10. Inexpreſſible has been the painful emptineſs I have found for ſeveral days paſt. I try my heart and my ways by the word of God, with fervent prayer, and

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find nothing of actual ſin. But it is pride that tears me. When I have much love, I am lifted up above what I ought to be. And when I am made to poſſeſs my own iniquity, my ſpirit frets againſt God. Yet this day has been a ſabbath of reſt, in which I have enjoyed much love: but I know not how to keep it.

September 25. This has been a day of Faſting and Prayer, which we have kept for our Church and Nation. Faſting and Prayer are always great helps to my ſoul, but this day eſpecially. Never in my life was my ſoul ſo ſubdued to God: he is my Lord, and I am his willing ſervant. How does my ſoul long to ſubmit itſelf wholly to him! To be entirely ſubject to his will!

[*To be continued.*]

JOHN NELSON's *Account of the Death of* JOSEPH LEE.

[JOSEPH LEE *was one of our firſt Society in Fetter-Lane, and received remiſſion of ſins one of the firſt in London. He worked in the ſame ſhop with Gaſcoign Graham and Matthew Errington, and was for ſeveral years a burning and ſhining light. But at Nottingham he turned Antinomian both in principle and practice. What followed, John Nelſon informs us in the following Narrative.*]

THIS town is greatly alarmed by the death of Joſeph Lee. I truſt it will make the Backſliders tremble. I ſuppoſe he has been a profeſſed Antinomian for ſome years. He ſometimes attended our preaching; but it was only to laugh at us. He frequently went to the alehouſe, both working days and Sundays, and told his merry ſtories among the drunken crews. On Monday the 7th of this month he was drinking with his companions, and telling them a merry ſtory,

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ſtory, about eight o'clock at night. He ſeemed to be in as good health as ever he was in his life: and the people that were with him ſay, they never ſaw him ſo full of jokes before. But in the midſt of a ſtory, he ſtopped; laid his hand on his head; ſaid, "I am not well," and never ſpoke more. However, they bled him; but to no purpoſe. He ſeemed to be in a violent agony within, and died in about two hours after he was taken ill. Do not theſe things cry aloud to us, Prepare to meet your God! I hope it will ſtir up all Backſliders, to remember from whence they are fallen, and cauſe them to repent and do their firſt works: leſt, they drinking with the drunken, the Lord comes in an hour they look not for him, and cuts them off at a ſtroke, and they find their portion with hypocrites and unbelievers.

JOHN NELSON.

Nottingham, Nov. 14, 1768.

TWO REMARKABLE DEATHS.

WE have had many ſudden deaths, of notorious ſinners, in this neighbourhood lately, whoſe ſingular exit, in drunkenneſs, ſhould be a warning to ſinful ſurvivors. One of theſe got drunk on a Sabbath-morning, and lay down on his bed, as uſual, to ſleep it away. His daughter, towards the evening, went to call him down to tea, when alas! the poor ſoul was gone into a world of ſpirits!

Another, a Gentleman's gardener, an uncommon blaſphemer, dreamt a few nights ſince, two devils were come for him: a little one, and a great one. He ſeemed a match for the leſſer; but while combating with the other, he awoke. The next day he met with his pot-companions again, and drank down this warning, and joked away his dream, ſaying he would cheat the devil to-morrow, by going to a feaſt. Some hours after, he

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he went into the hot-houſe, where they found him with his face on the fire, his noſe burnt off, his lips preſerved; but his blaſphemous tongue burnt out of his mouth: and the next day his body was carried to the grave to be a feaſt for the worms.

RICHARD WILLIAMS.

Gwennap, May 16, 1782.

An Extract from A SURVEY *of the* WISDOM *of* GOD *in the* CREATION.

Of FISHES.

THE Ocean is the great receptacle of Fiſhes. It has been thought by ſome, that all Fiſhes are naturally of the ſalt element, and that they have mounted up into freſh water, by ſome accidental migrations. A few ſtill ſwim up rivers to depoſit their ſpawn: but the great body of Fiſhes of which the ſize is enormous, and the ſhoals endleſs, keep to the ſea, and would expire in freſh water. In that extenſive and undiſcovered abode, millions reſide, whoſe manners are a ſecret to us, and whoſe very form is unknown. The curioſity of mankind, indeed, has drawn ſome from their depths, and his wants many more: with the figure of theſe at leaſt he is acquainted; but for their purſuits, ſocieties, antipathies, pleaſures, times of geſtation, and manner of bringing forth, theſe all are hidden in the turbulent element that protects them.

1. The Number of Fiſh to which we have given names, and of the figure, at leaſt, of which we know ſomething, are above four hundred. Thus to appearance the hiſtory of Fiſh is tolerably copious; but when we come to examine, it will be found the greateſt part of theſe we know very little of.

2. As moſt animals that live upon land have a covering to keep off the injuries of the weather, ſo all that live in the water

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water are covered with a ſlimy, glutinous matter, that, like a ſheath, defends their bodies from the ſurrounding fluid. This ſubſtance, ſecreted from the pores of the animal's body, ſerves not only to defend, but to aſſiſt the fiſh's eaſy progreſs through the water. Beneath this, in many kinds is found a ſtrong covering of ſcales, that, like a coat of mail, defend it ſtill more powerfully; and under that, before we come to the muſcular parts of the body, an oily ſubſtance, which ſupplies the requiſite warmth and vigour.

3. It is obſervable in all, that though their heads are much larger in proportion to their bodies, yet their Brain is conſiderably leſs than that of other animals. It conſiſts of only two ſmall ventricles, placed in the fore-part of the head.

4. Their Organs of Senſe do not much differ from thoſe of other animals. But in their Eyes this is peculiar, that they are quite ſpherical, and that the optic nerves, in coming from the brain, croſs each other: whereas in other animals they incline a little to each other, but do not meet. A protuberant eye would have been inconvenient for Fiſhes, by hindering their motion in ſo denſe a medium. And their continually bruſhing through the water, would have been apt to wear their eyes. Therefore their cornea is flat. But to make amends for this, and for the refraction of water, different from that of air, the wiſe Creator has made their chryſtalline ſpherical, which in other Animals is more flat. It was formerly believed, they did not *hear* at all. But from later experiments, there is reaſon to believe, that ſeveral ſpecies of them do hear, though but in a low degree. Over the two holes in their head which ſerve for *ſmelling*, a fine membrane is ſpread, by which means they can open and ſhut them at pleaſure: a contrivance highly neceſſary for creatures that live in the water.

The ſenſe of ſmelling, which in beaſts is ſo exquiſite, and among birds is not wholly unknown, ſeems given to fiſhes in a very moderate proportion. It is true, that all fiſhes have one

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one or more noſtrils, and even thoſe that have not the holes perceptible without, yet have the proper formation of the bones for ſmelling within. But as air is the only medium we know, for the diſtribution of odours, it cannot be ſuppoſed that theſe animals reſiding in water, can be poſſeſſed of any power of being affected by them. If they have any perception of ſmells, it muſt be in the ſame manner as we diſtinguiſh by our taſte: and it is probable, the olfactory membrane in fiſh ſerves them inſtead of a diſtinguiſhing palate: by this they judge of ſubſtances, that firſt tincturing the water with their vapours, are thus ſent to the noſtrils of the fiſh, and no doubt produce ſome kind of ſenſation. This moſt probably muſt be the uſe of that organ in thoſe animals; as otherwiſe there would be the inſtruments of a ſenſe provided for them, without any power in them of enjoyment.

Hearing in Fiſhes is found ſtill more imperfect, if it be found at all. Certain it is, that anatomiſts have not been able to diſcover, except in the whale kind, the ſmalleſt traces of an organ of Hearing, either within or without the head. Indeed of what advantage would this ſenſe be to animals that are incapable of making themſelves heard? They have no voice to communicate with each other, and conſequently have no need of an organ for hearing.

Seeing ſeems to be the ſenſe which Fiſhes are poſſeſſed of in the greateſt degree. And yet even this is obſcure, if we compare it to that of other animals. The eye, in almoſt all Fiſh, is covered with the ſame tranſparent ſkin that covers the reſt of the head: and which probably ſerves to defend it from the water, as they are without eye-lids. The globe of the eye is depreſſed before, and is furniſhed behind with a muſcle, which ſerves to lengthen or flatten it, according to the neceſſities of the animal. The chryſtalline humour, which in beaſts is flat, and of the ſhape of a button-mould, in fiſhes is as round as a pea; or ſometimes oblong, like an egg.

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From all this it appears, that fiſhes are extremely near-ſighted; and that, even in the water, they can ſee objects only at a very ſmall diſtance.

Thus Nature ſeems to have fitted theſe animals with appetites and powers of an inferior kind: and formed them for a ſort of paſſive exiſtence, in the obſcure and heavy element to which they are conſigned, to preſerve their own exiſtence, and to continue it to their poſterity, fill up the whole circle of their purſuits and enjoyments.

[*To be continued.*]

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EXTRACTS *from* LOCKE *on* HUMAN UNDERSTANDING; *with ſhort* REMARKS.

Of POWER.

[*Continued from page* 534.]

" Sect. 25. SINCE then it is plain that in moſt caſes a man is not at liberty, whether he will *Will*, or no; the next thing demanded is, *Whether a man be at liberty to will which of the two he pleaſes, Motion or Reſt.* This queſtion carries the abſurdity of it ſo manifeſtly in itſelf, that one might thereby ſufficiently be convinced, that Liberty concerns not the Will. For to aſk, whether a man be at liberty to will either Motion, or Reſt; Speaking, or Silence; which he pleaſes is, to aſk, whether a man can *will*; what he *wills*; or be pleaſed with what he is pleaſed with. A queſtion which I think needs no anſwer; and they who can make a queſtion of it, muſt ſuppoſe one Will to determine the Acts of another, and another to determine that; and ſo on *in infinitum.*

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" Sect. 26. To avoid these and the like absurdities, nothing can be of greater use, than to establish in our minds determined *Ideas* of the things under consideration. If the *Ideas* of Liberty, and Volition, were well fixed in our Understandings, and carried along with us in our Minds, as they ought, through all the questions that are raised about them; I suppose, a great part of the difficulties, that perplex men's Thoughts, and entangle their Understandings, would be much easier resolved; and we should perceive where the confused signification of Terms, or where the nature of the thing caused the obscurity.

" Sect. 27. First then, it is carefully to be remembered, That *Freedom consists in the Dependence of the Existence, or not Existence of any Action, upon our Volition of it, and not in the Dependence of any Action, or its contrary, on our preference.* A man standing on a cliff, is at liberty to leap twenty yards downwards into the sea, not because he has a power to do the contrary action, which is to leap twenty yards upwards, for that he cannot do: but he is therefore free, because he has a power to leap, or not to leap. But if a greater force than his, either holds him fast, or tumbles him down, he is no longer free in that case; because the doing, or forbearance of that particular action, is no longer in his power. He that is a close prisoner, in a room twenty foot square, being at the North-side of his chamber, is at liberty to walk twenty foot Southward, because he can walk or not walk it: but is not, at the same time, at liberty to do the contrary; *i. e.* to walk twenty foot Northward.

In this then consists Freedom, viz. in our being able to act, or not to act, according as we shall chuse, or *will*.

" Sect. 28. Secondly, We must remember that *Volition*, or *Willing*, is an act of the mind directing its thought, to the production of any action, and thereby exerting its power to produce it. To avoid multiplying of words, I would crave leave here, under the word *Action*, to comprehend the forbearance

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forbearance too of any action propoſed; *ſitting ſtill*, or *holding one's peace*, when *walking* or *ſpeaking* are propoſed, though mere forbearances, requiring as much the determination of the *Will*, and being often as weighty in their conſequences as the contrary actions, may, on that conſideration, well enough paſs for actions too: but this I ſay, that I may not be miſtaken, if for brevity's ſake I ſpeak thus.

" Sect. 29. Thirdly, The *Will* is nothing but a Power in the Mind to direct the operative faculties of a Man to Motion or Reſt, as far as they depend on ſuch direction. To the Queſtion, What is it determines the Will? The true and proper anſwer is, The Mind. For that which determines the general power of directing, to this or that particular direction, is nothing but the Agent itſelf exerciſing the power it has, that particular way. If this anſwer ſatisfies not, it is plain the meaning of the queſtion, *What determines the Will?* is this; What moves the Mind, in every particular inſtance, to determine its general Power of directing, to this or that particular Motion or Reſt? And to this I anſwer, the motive, for continuing in the ſame ſtate or action, is only the preſent ſatisfaction in it; the motive to change, is always ſome view of pleaſure or pain? Nothing elſe ſetting us upon the change of ſtate, or upon any new action.

[*To be continued.*]

An Account of the PASSIONS, *or* NATURAL AFFECTIONS; *extracted from Dr. Watts.*

Of the general Deſign and Uſe of the PASSIONS.

WHILE we inhabit this ſenſible world, and are united to fleſh, the Paſſions were given us to aſſiſt the feeble influences of our Reaſon in the practice of duty.

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Reaſon is too often called away from a due attention to a preſent neceſſary idea, by ſenſible objects: but Paſſion ſerves to fix the Attention. Reaſon is too ſlow, and too weak, to excite a ſudden and vigorous activity in many caſes; but Paſſion is ſudden and ſtrong for this purpoſe.

The general uſes of the Paſſions may be comprehended in theſe five Remarks.

I. Since the Paſſions are certain Principles in human Nature, which include in them ſome commotions of fleſh and blood, as well as ſome operations of the mind, we may reaſonably ſuppoſe, that the deſign of our Creator in working them into our original conſtitution, was for the ſervice both of our Minds and Bodies: though it muſt be confeſt, in our fallen and degenerate ſtate, they often prove our ſnares and our torments.

1. They were deſigned for the Service of the Body, becauſe they awaken not only all the animal Powers, but the Thoughts of the Mind, to eſcape whatſoever is hurtful to the body, and to procure what is pleaſant and uſeful for its ſupport or ſafety.

While our Body is in ſuch a feeble ſtate, ſurrounded with dangers, and liable to ſo many troubleſome accidents, God has not only furniſhed us with the Senſations of Pleaſure and Pain, to give us ſpeedy notice of what hurts or relieves the body, and with Appetites for the ſupply of our natural wants, but he has alſo given us the Paſſions of Joy and Sorrow, of Deſire and Averſion, to aſſiſt in this work, that the body may be better provided with what is neceſſary to its health and life, and may be better guarded againſt the danger of wounds and bruiſes, diſtempers and death. Mere Reaſon would not awaken us to avoid danger ſo ſpeedily as the paſſion of Fear, nor would it rouze us to ſelf-defence with ſuch ſudden and vigorous efforts as Anger does.

2. The Paſſions may be of conſiderable ſervice to the Mind, while it dwells in this embodied ſtate: for though they

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they do not inform us what is good for the ſoul, and what is evil; yet when Reaſon has judged what is evil and what is good, the Paſſions lend their vigorous aſſiſtance. They are as the wings of the ſoul to purſue our true happineſs, and to eſcape miſery: and it is of vaſt importance to have theſe wings directed aright. They keep the natural Spirits and the Thoughts ſtrongly intent upon thoſe objects which excite them, and awaken all the powers of nature, to act agreeably to them. If the object has any thing in it rare and wonderful, Admiration fixes the mind to conſider it with ſtrong attention. If it appear to be goood, Love determines the mind to purſue it with vigour; if evil, Hatred excites us to uſe our utmoſt ſkill and force to avoid it; and this not only in things which relate to this bodily life, but in things ſpiritual and eternal.

II. The painful Paſſions have their uſe in human life as well as the pleaſant ones. Indeed Paſſions fixt on wrong objects or in wrong degrees, may be properly called vicious; and theſe are of no uſe, but ought to be rooted out; as Malice, Envy, Revenge: theſe could never belong to man in a ſtate of innocence. There are other Paſſions, ſuch as Fear, Shame, Sorrow, and Anger, which are painful: and how far theſe might be found among innocent men I will not now enquire. Yet while we dwell in this fallen ſtate, beſet with ſo many evils, dangers, enemies, and temptations, theſe painful Affections will be found neceſſary to our welfare in this life, and to our preparation for a better.

While we live amongſt numerous dangers, Fear is a neceſſary principle to keep us always upon our guard; while we abide in a world where there are ſo many of our fellow-creatures ready to oppreſs or injure us, the great Author of our beings ſaw it proper to mix Anger and Reſentment with our conſtitution, that we might be awakened to defend ourſelves againſt injury, and make oppreſſors fear to aſſault us. While we are ready to expoſe ourſelves to many diſtreſſes by our

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our own folly, God has ordained Sorrow to attend all theſe diſtreſſes, and Shame to attend ſome of them; partly that we might be awakened to renounce thoſe follies, and partly that under every affliction we might be excited with more earneſtneſs to ſeek to God and man for relief.

Sorrow may abaſe our Pride and Vanity, tame the wildneſs of our Spirits, bring us to think and reflect, ſoften the heart, and make it impreſſible, and ready to receive inſtruction.

And while we are in a ſtate of probation for eternity, and heaven and hell are ſet before us, Fear is neceſſary as well as Hope, to keep us from ſinful practices. While we have the ſeeds of ſin dwelling in us, and are ſo often guilty of the commiſſion of it, Sorrow, and Shame, are proper means towards our recovery of the divine favour, and renewed holineſs: and it is reaſonable that we ſhould be angry with ourſelves when we have yielded to ſin, as well as with others who have tempted us to it; that ſo our treſpaſſes may be made bitter and grievous to us, and to thoſe who ſeduced us: and that thereby we may be better ſecured from the repetition of ſin, and the influence of new temptations.

III. As Fear, and Anger, and Sorrow, and other troubleſome Paſſions are deſigned to ſecure us from evil; ſo the more pleaſing Affections, ſuch as Hope, and Love, and Joy, may be uſefully indulged; for they not only make us active and vigorous in the purſuit of what appears good, but render our life more comfortable, make the troubles of it more tolerable, they cheer our drooping ſpirits, and ſupport nature from ſinking. They have alſo a happy tendency to make many of the duties of civil Life and of Religion eaſy and delightful. So that both the pleaſant and the painful Paſſions may be happily engaged in the intereſts of God and Religion.

IV. The Paſſions are deſigned not only to ſubſerve our own welfare both of ſoul and body, but the great Author of Nature intended them alſo for the benefit of our fellow-creatures.

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creatures. Man muſt not be conſidered merely as a ſingle Creature fitted with powers to ſeek his own ſafety and happineſs; but he is deſigned by his Maker for a ſociable Creature, and muſt do good to his Fellows.

With this view there are ſome Affections wrought in the nature of man which plainly refer to the welfare of his neighbour. There is a natural principle of Benevolence in man; where it is not overpowered by vicious principles or habits, there is ſuch a principle as Compaſſion to thoſe that are miſerable, or Sympathy with thoſe that ſuffer: there are the natural Affections as of Huſband, Wife, Father, Mother, Son, Daughter, Brother, and Siſter. Now the very deſign of theſe Affections is to do good to our fellow-creatures: and moſt or all theſe ſocial principles in mankind have their proper Deſires and Averſions, Hopes and Fears, Joys and Sorrows, and Reſentments attending them, as well as the Paſſions which ſeek only our own good.

And indeed as mankind are brought into the world they become ſocial creatures from their very birth. They are born and grow up into numerous unions and relations, both natural, civil and religious, and have perpetual need of each others aſſiſtance, and naturally ſeek it. It was therefore wiſely ordered by the God of Nature, that there ſhould be principles in us of the affectionate kind, in order to make our mutual ſervices eaſy and delightful, and to awaken us to the vigorous and unwearied practice of thoſe duties towards our fellow-creatures, for which perhaps Reaſon and Conſcience might have too feeble influence.

V. Though the Affections have much to do in the active parts of human Life, yet they have very little to do in matters of Judgment. Since it is the very nature of our Paſſions to fix all our natural powers with the ſtrongeſt attention to the object of them; and particularly to thoſe properties that raiſed them, they generally increaſe the firſt apprehenſion we had of the object, whether it be true or falſe. It is evident

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dent that Fear, Anger, Hatred, Sorrow, all tend to impreſs our minds more powerfully with a ſenſe of the evil contained in the object, and to repreſent it in its worſt colours; and in the ſame manner, Hope, Love, Deſire, and Joy, perſuade us powerfully that the object of them is good, and add new excellencies to it. Even the paſſion of Admiration ſometimes makes us think the object of it to be more conſiderable than it is: and all the Paſſions derived from Love or Hatred tend to repreſent the good or evil of the object to be greater than really it is; I mean chiefly in temporal things.

Hence it follows, that the Paſſions are not fit to be our Guides in determining Truth and Falſehood; they were not given us to ſearch out the true nature of things, or to judge concerning their qualities, or the degree of them. For in order to judge right, we muſt conſider all the properties and circumſtances of any object, and attend to all the reaſonings that belong to it, both on one ſide and on the other; whereas every Paſſion confines our Thoughts to one ſide of the queſtion. It is the nature of Paſſion to fix our minds to thoſe properties and circumſtances that firſt raiſed it. And indeed it ſuffers us not to attend with impartiality to any thing elſe. Paſſion generally tends to make us blind and deaf to all reaſonings, but thoſe which confirm itſelf.

Here we find how it comes to paſs, that thoſe who follow the dictates of their Paſſions, ſcarce ever judge right, or reaſon well; for they put themſelves under the biaſs of theſe powerful commotions of Nature, which lean all to one ſide, and thereby fall into perpetual miſtakes.

Upon the whole, the Paſſions are of admirable uſe in the life of a Man, and a Chriſtian: for though they were not given to tell us what is good, and what is evil, yet when our Reaſon, upon a calm ſurvey, has paſſed a juſt judgment concerning things, whether they are good or evil, the Paſſions animate us to purſue the good, and avoid the evil; and that with vaſtly greater ſpeed and diligence than the mere

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mere calm and indolent dictates of Reason would ever do. By this means, when the Passions are once set right, they become exceeding serviceable to us, in things that relate to God and our neighbour, as well as to ourselves: it is on this account they are so useful in affairs of the utmost importance that concern this life, and the life to come.

[*To be continued.*]

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A SERMON

[*By Dr. CUDWORTH.*]

On 1 John ii. 3, 4.

[*Continued from page 537.*]

ARE there not many of us, that pretend much to Christ, that are plainly in our lives as proud, ambitious, vainglorious as any others? Are not many of us as much under the power of unruly passions; as cruel, revengeful, malicious, censorious as others? That have our minds as deeply engaged in the world, and as much enslaved to Riches, Gain, Profit, those great admired deities of the sons of men, and their souls as much overwhelmed and sunk with the cares of this life? Do not many of us give ourselves to the pleasures of the Flesh, and though not without remorse of conscience, yet every now and then secretly soak ourselves in them? Are there not many of us that have as deep a share in Injustice and Oppression, *in vexing the fatherless and the widows?* I wish it may not prove some of our cases at the last day, to use such pleas as these unto Christ in our behalf: *Lord, I have prophesied in thy Name*; I have preached many a zealous Sermon for thee; I have kept many a long Fast; have been very active for thy Cause in Church and State;

 nay,

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nay, I never made any queſtion but that my name was written in the Book of Life: when yet, alas! we ſhall receive no other return from Chriſt but this, *I know you not, depart from me ye workers of iniquity.* I am ſure there are too many of us, that have long pretended to Chriſt, which make little or no progreſs in true Chriſtianity, that is, Holineſs of Life; that ever hang hovering in a Twy-light of Grace, and never ſeriouſly put ourſelves forward into clear Day-light, but eſteem the glimmering Crepuſculum which we are in, and like that faint Twy-light better than broad, open Day: whereas, *The path of the juſt* (as the Wiſeman ſpeaks) *is as the ſhining light, that ſhineth more and more unto the perfect day.* I am ſure there are many of us that are perfect dwarfs in our ſpiritual ſtature, like thoſe *filly women* (that St. Paul ſpeaks of) *laden with ſins, and led away with divers luſts*, that are *ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth*; that are not one jot taller in Chriſtianity than we were many years ago; but have ſtill as ſickly, crazy, and unſound a temper of ſoul as we had long before.

Indeed we ſeem to do ſomething: we are always moving and lifting at the ſtone of Corruption that lies upon our hearts, but yet we never ſtir it notwithſtanding, or at leaſt never roll it off from us. We are ſometimes a little troubled with the guilt of our ſins, and then we think we muſt thruſt our luſts out of our hearts; but afterwards, we ſprinkle ourſelves over with, I know not what, *holy water*, and ſo are contented to let them ſtill abide quietly within us. We do every day truly confeſs the ſame ſins, and pray againſt them; and yet ſtill commit them as much as ever, and lie as deeply under the power of them. We have the ſame water to pump out in every prayer, and ſtill we let the ſame leak in upon us again. We make a great deal of noiſe, and raiſe a great deal of duſt with our feet; but we do not move from off the ground on which we ſtood; we do not go forward at all: or if we do ſometimes make a little progreſs, we quickly loſe

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loſe again the ground which we had gained: as if Religion were nothing elſe but a dancing up and down upon the ſame piece of ground, and making ſeveral motions and friſkings on it; and not a ſober journeying and travelling onwards to ſome certain place. We do and undo. We weave ſometimes a *web of Holineſs*, but then we let our luſts come and undo and unravel all again. Like *Siſyphus* in the Fable, we roll up a mighty ſtone with much ado, ſweating and tugging up the hill: and then we let it go and tumble down again to the bottom: and this is our conſtant work.

What is it that thus cheats and gulls us out of our Religion? that makes us thus conſtantly tread the ſame ring and circle of Duties, where we make no progreſs at all forwards, and the farther we go, are ſtill never the nearer to our journey's end? What is it that thus ſtarves our Religion, and makes it look like thoſe *kine* in Pharaoh's dream, *ill-favoured and lean fleſhed*, that it hath no colour in its face, no blood in its veins, no life nor heat at all in its members? What is it that thus be-dwarfs us in our Chriſtianity? What low, ſordid, unworthy Principles do we act by, that they hinder our growth, and make us ſtand at a ſtay, and keep us always at the very porch and entrance where we firſt began? It is a ſleepy, ſluggiſh conceit, That it is enough for us if we be but once in a *ſtate of grace*; if we have but once ſtepped over the threſhold, we need not take ſo great pains to travel any farther? Or is it another damping, choaking, ſtifling Opinion, That Chriſt hath done all for us already, *without us*, and nothing need more to be done *within us*? No matter how wicked we are in ourſelves, for we have holineſs *without us*; no matter how ſickly and diſeaſed our ſouls are within, for they have health without them. Why may we not as well be ſatisfied and contented to have happineſs without us to all eternity, and ſo ourſelves for ever continue miſerable? *Little children, let no man deceive you: he that doth righteouſneſs is righteous*, but *he that committeth ſin is of the devil.*

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Let us not only talk and diſpute of Chriſt, but let us indeed *put on the Lord Jeſus Chriſt.* Having thoſe *great and pretious promiſes*, which he hath given us, let us ſtrive to be made *partakers of the divine Nature, eſcaping the corruption that is in the world through luſt*, and being begotten again to *a lively hope* of enjoying Chriſt hereafter, *let us purify ourſelves as he is pure.*

Let us expreſs a ſweet harmonious affection in theſe jarring times: that ſo if it be poſſible, we may tune the world into better muſic. Eſpecially in matters of Religion, let us ſtrive with all meekneſs to inſtruct and convince one another. Let us endeavour to promote the Goſpel of peace: the Dove-like Goſpel, with a Dove-like ſpirit. This was the way by which the Goſpel was at firſt propagated in the world: *Chriſt did not cry, nor lift up his voice in the ſtreets; a bruiſed reed he did not break, and the ſmoking flax he did not quench*; and yet *he brought forth judgment unto victory.* He whiſpered the Goſpel to us from Mount Sion, in a ſtill voice; and yet the ſound thereof went out quickly throughout all the earth. The Goſpel at firſt came down upon the world gently and ſoftly like the dew upon Gideon's fleece; and yet it quickly ſoaked quite through it: and doubtleſs this is ſtill the moſt effectual way to promote it farther. Sweetneſs or Ingenuouſneſs will more command men's minds, than Paſſion, Sourneſs and Severity: as the ſoft pillow ſooner breaks the flint than the hardeſt marble, let us follow Truth in Love; and of the two indeed, be contented rather to miſs in the conveying of a ſpeculative Truth, than to part with Love. When we would convince men of any Error, by the ſtrength of Truth, let us withal pour the ſweet balm of Love upon their heads. Truth and Love are two the moſt powerful things in the world; and when they both go together, they cannot eaſily be withſtood. The golden beams of Truth, and the ſilken cords of Love, twiſted together, will draw men on with a ſweet violence whether they will or no.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

A true

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A true Relation of the chief things which an evil Spirit did and ſaid at Maſcon, *in* Burgundy.

[*Concluded from page* 541.]

HE made us hear for a long time, a harmony not unpleaſant, of two little bells tied together, which he had taken from among ſome ruſty irons in my houſe. When I heard them firſt, I knew by their ſound that they were mine, and went to the place where I had laid them, but did not find them. Neither did the Demon uſe theſe bells in my houſe only, but he carried them about to many places. Upon a Lord's-Day morning, as I was going to officiate at *Urigny*, with ſome elders of my Church, we heard the ſound of thoſe bells very near. Mr. *Lullier*, one of our company affirmed unto me that he had heard them many times at his houſe. Many others have heard them very near, but could never ſee them. Neither did that Demon play his tricks only at my houſe, Mr. *Lullier* hath told me of many of his actions in his houſe and ſhop. As the taking and hiding his jewels, &c. and then putting them where they were before. While Mr. *Lullier* was telling me of this, he laid a gold ring, which he had then in his hand, upon the table, with the tool that he held it with; but preſently he found them miſſing, and in vain ſought them half an hour, wherefore he betook himſelf to other work; but then he and I ſaw both the ring and the tool fall upon the table again. One night that *Lullier* had not ſet up with us as he uſed to do, two that came from my houſe very late ſtaid by *Lullier's* ſhop to give him an account of the Demon's actions and words that night. While they were talking, the Demon three times knockt very hard upon a ſhed of boards that was over the ſhop. The next night after, *Lullier* and *Repay* coming from my houſe

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houſe, met a woman alone at the corner of a ſtreet, in a country habit, ſpinning by moon ſhine. But when they came near to know who ſhe was, ſhe vaniſhed from their ſight.

His laſt actions in my houſe, and the moſt troubleſome of all, was, he threw ſtones about the houſe continually, the ten or twelve laſt days from morning to evening, and in great quantities, ſome of them of two or three pounds weight.

On one of thoſe days Mr. *Tornus* coming to my houſe, would know whether the Devil was there ſtill, and whiſtled in ſeveral tones; and each time the Devil whiſtled to him again in the ſame tone. Then the Demon threw a ſtone at him which being fallen at his feet without any harm to him, he took it up and marked it with a coal, and threw it into the back ſide of the houſe, but the Demon threw it up to him again; that it was the ſame ſtone he knew by the mark: *Tornus* taking up that ſtone found it very hot, and ſaid he believed it had been in hell ſince he handled it laſt.

All the time the Demon haunted my houſe, God permitted him not to do us any harm, neither in our perſons nor in our goods. Thoſe bells which he did ſo toſs and carry about, he hanged on a nail over the chimney of the room where he was moſt converſant, the day that he left the houſe. He had not ſo much power given him as to tear one of my books, or to break one glaſs, or put out the candle, which we kept lighted all the night long. Wherefore I bow my knees, and will as long as I live, unto my gracious God to give him thanks for that great mercy.

The Biſhop of *Maſcon*, upon the common report of theſe paſſages, ſent for Mr. *Tornus* to know the truth; and for more certainty ſent his own ſecretary Mr. *Chamber*, to learn the particulars from my own mouth; to whom I related all without concealing and diſguiſing any thing. Theſe two gentlemen, *Tornus* and *Chamber* have told me ſince that the Biſhop had heard that ſtory with great admiration, and had ſome records of the ſame.

APPROBATION

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APPROBATION of the AUTHOR by the Synod of *Burgundy*.

WE Paſtors and Elders of the Reformed Churches of the Province of *Burgundy*, aſſembled in a Synod at *Buſſy*, in the *Balliage* of *Chalons* upon *Stone*, certify to all, that Mr. *Perreaud*, Miniſter of the holy Goſpel, hath exerciſed the charge of the holy Miniſtry in his Province, for the ſpace of fifty years, firſt in his town of *Buſſy*, where he was born, being deſcended of the moſt ancient family of the town, and ſince in the Church of *Maſcon*, and afterwards in the Churches of the *Balliage* of *Gez*, where he is now, ſerving the Church of *Thoiry*: in all that time, and in all Churches doing the office of a good Paſtor, and a faithful Servant of God, both in doctrine and life: of which he had an eſpecial teſtimonial given him by the Church of *Maſcon* in the laſt Synod of this Province held at *Piſſiſtile*, in the year 1649, the ſaid Church expreſſing much ſatisfaction of his godlineſs and ſingular charity.—To which we add, that although it hath pleaſed God to bring him into many, and ſome very extraordinary trials, eſpecially while he ſerved the Church of *Maſcon*, yet the ſame God hath ſtrengthened him with conſtant health of body and godly tranquility of mind, and hath endued him with virtue to bear and overcome all his afflictions. We therefore beſeech the Lord daily to fill his ſervant with more and more ſtrength in his old age, and that after he hath finiſhed his courſe, he may depart in peace, and obtain the crown of glory reſerved for thoſe that perſevere faithful unto the end.

Done at Buſſy, Oct. 29, 1651.

Signed { FRANCIS REYNAUD, Moderator.
G. BRUYS, Adjunct.
H. MOLRET, Secretary.

THOUGHTS

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THOUGHTS *on the Character and Writings of* Mr. PRIOR.

1. A Very ingenious Writer has lately given us a particular account of the Character and Works of Mr. *Prior*. But it was not likely to be a juſt one, as he formed it chiefly on the teſtimony of very ſuſpicious Witneſſes. I mean Mr. *Pope*, and Mr. *Spence*: I object both to one and the other. They depretiated him, to exalt themſelves. They viewed him with no friendly eye; looking upon him (particularly Mr. *Pope*) as a rival: whom therefore they rejoiced to depreſs.

2. Mr. *Pope* gives it as his opinion, That "he was fit only to make verſes." What can be more unjuſt? He was fit for tranſactions of the moſt difficult and delicate nature. Accordingly he was entruſted with them at *Paris*, and acquitted himſelf to the full ſatisfaction of his employers. He was really fit for every thing; for writing either in Verſe or Proſe; for Converſation, and for either public or private Buſineſs.

3. But Mr. *Spence* ſays, "His life was irregular, negligent and ſenſual. He deſcended to the meaneſt company. The woman with whom he cohabited was a deſpicable drab of the loweſt ſpecies. One of his wenches, perhaps Chloe, ſtole his plate and ran away with it."

I do not believe one word of this: although I was often in his neighbourhood, I never heard a word of it before. It carries no face of probability. Would Biſhop *Atterbury* have kept up an acquaintance with a man of ſuch a character? Would that accompliſhed Nobleman, the then Earl of *Oxford*, have given him a place even in his friendſhip? I am well aſſured, my eldeſt Brother would have had no acquaintance with him, had he been ſuch a wretch as Mr. *Spence* deſcribes.

4. Others

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4. Others say, "His Chloe was ideal." I know the contrary. I have heard my eldest Brother say, "Her name was Miss *Taylor*, that he knew her well: and that she once came to him (in Dean's Yard, *Westminster*) purposely to ask his advice. She told him, "Sir, I know not what to do. Mr. *Prior* makes large professions of his love: but he never offers me marriage." My Brother advised her to bring the matter to a point at once. She went directly to Mr. *Prior*, and asked him plainly, "Do you intend to marry me, or no?" He said many soft and pretty things: on which she said, "Sir, in refusing to answer, you *do* answer. I will see you no more." And she did see him no more to the day of his death. But afterwards she spent many hours, standing and weeping at his Tomb in Westminster Abbey.

5. As to his Writings, I cannot but think Mr. *Prior* had not only more learning, but a stronger natural understanding, than Mr. *Pope*. But this is the less observable, because Mr. *Prior* always wrote, *currente calamo*, having little time to correct any thing. Whereas Mr. *Pope* laboured every line, and polished it with the utmost exactness. *Prior's* praise is by no means "that of correctness." He has many unpolished, hasty, half formed lines, which he would not (or did not) take the pains to correct. I can therefore by no means subscribe to that sentence, "What he obtains above mediocrity, seems to be the effort of struggle and travail." Surely no. What he frequently obtains, as far above *Pope's* Messiah, as that is above *Quarle's* Emblems, seems to be the effort of a genius not inferior in strength to any beside *Milton*. But "his words are put by constraint into their places, where they do their duty, but do it sullenly." Nay I reply, most of his words are so natural and unconstrained, as even those of *Waller*: though they would certainly have done their duty better, had he taken more pains with them. "He extends his sense from one couplet to another; but without success." I think with great success. I will give the first instance that occurs to my memory,

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Happineſs, object of that waking dream,
Which we call life miſtaking; fugitive theme
Of my purſuing verſe; ideal ſhade,
Notional good, by fancy only made,
And by tradition nurſt; falacious fire
Whoſe dancing beams miſlead our fond deſire:
Cauſe of our care and error of our mind!
O hadſt thou ever been by heaven deſigned
For Adam and his mortal race, the boon
Entire had been reſerved for Solomon.——

Were ever lines extended from couplet to couplet with more ſucceſs than theſe? Is there any *conſtraint* here? What lines can flow more free? More eaſy? More natural?

6. But "his numbers commonly want Eaſe, Airineſs, Lightneſs and Facility." I cannot poſſibly be of this opinion. Wherever this is proper, as in all his tales, and in Alma, his numbers have certainly the greateſt airineſs, lightneſs, and facility. Nay, "but even what is *ſmooth* is not *ſoft*." No? What think you of the Lady's Looking-Glaſs (to take one inſtance out of fifty.) Where will you ſhew me any *ſofter numbers* than theſe?

Celia and I the other day
Walkéd o'er the ſand-hills to the ſea:
The ſetting ſun adorned the coaſt,
His beams entire, his fierceneſs loſt;
And on the boſom of the deep
The waves lay only not aſleep.
The nymph did like the ſcene appear,
Serenely pleaſant, calmly fair:
Soft fell her words, as flew the air."

In truth, the general fault of *Prior's* poetry is this; it is not too much, but too little laboured. *Pope* filed and poliſhed every line: *Prior* ſet his words down as faſt as he could write, and ſcarce poliſhed any of them, with any accuracy, at leaſt

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leaſt only here and there. And the reaſon is plain: *Pope* lived by his writings; *Prior* did not. And again: *Pope* was a man of much leiſure: *Prior* a man of much buſineſs.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

LETTERS.

LETTER CCLIX.

[From Mrs. S. R. to the Rev. Mr. Weſley.]

Briſtol, Sept. 26, 1758.

Rev. and dear Sir,

IT is true, Sir, I do ſtand on ſlippery ground, and have done ever ſince I have been here. But the mighty power of God hath kept me, and will keep me. Nothing but believing it is his will, could make me content to ſtay. But I have and will give my ſoul, body, and ſpirit, a ſacrifice to God. I deſire to live for no other end. O help me by your Prayers!

I am your affectionate Child,

LETTER CCLX.

[From Mr. Samuel Wells, Jun. to the Rev. Mr. Weſley.]

Eveſham, May 23, 1764.

Reverend Sir,

MY Father deſires me to ſend you a Copy of the following Letter. —— "I read the Plain Account of the Methodiſts twice; the laſt time to Mrs. C. who was much pleaſed

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pleaſed with it, and mourns the great declenſion amongſt the Diſſenters. My prejudice is entirely removed againſt Mr. W's Œconomy, and I hope Providence will point out my way, to be a Member of ſuch a Society. I find a mind open to conviction, and a deſire to live the remainder of my days more devoted to the Lord. My School wants reformation, and I can ſee no way for it, but by the aſſiſtance of one of Mr. W's Preaching-Schoolmaſters: I would part with any worldly intereſt for ſuch a Partner; and when Mr. W. is well informed of my preſent diſpoſition, I think he will ſee a Call of Providence, to encourage ſome one to help me to ſettle a Society in this place. I am now reading the Serious Call. The grand Truth inculcated therein is nothing leſs than this, "Whether we eat or drink, &c." This is Chriſtianity! Lord reſtore to me the joys of thy ſalvation! My buſineſs is ſo much increaſed, that I am under the neceſſity of an able Aſſiſtant; twenty-five Boarders, and fifty other Scholars, is more than work enough for one man, and will bring in more money than is ſufficient for my own family; and I am convinced that the overplus ought not to be uſed according to *Fancy*, but as our *Lord* directs. And I find a reſolution to uſe it ſo."——

God has done great things for Nurſe S. She is paſt any fear that hath torment. She deſires nothing but the Will of God. She has the full Aſſurance of Hope. She feels no ſin. Her bodily weakneſs is great. But ſhe is ſtrong in Faith. Her heart is full of Love. What hath God wrought!

Laſt Monday was twelvemonth the Lord was pleaſed to reveal his pardoning love to my ſoul;—but alas, I forgat it! I found Anger, Deſire, &c. return and overpower me. I neglected to watch and be ſober, and ſoon fell from God.— But I now feel God loves me, yet I am not ſatisfied. Indeed how can I, for I ſee my hidden parts are very wickedneſs.

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nefs. My ſoul thirſteth for God, even for the living God. I am ready to ſay,

"No croſs no ſuffering I decline,
Only let all my heart be thine."

I find God begins to try me, and it is hard work. My ſelf-will ſo oppoſes, that, to withſtand it, is as hard as to move a mountain. I have need to cry for ſtrength, and to make the beſt uſe I can of what is given. May God grant me the power I want. I believe God continues to bleſs your labours of love in the Goſpel. I pray God your latter Fruits may exceed your former. May thy dear kingdom come! I bluſh for what I have written: forgive my folly. The Lord bleſs you!

I remain, with much reſpect,
Your humble Servant,
SAMUEL WELLS, Junior.

LETTER CCLXI.

[From Nathaniel Gilbert, Eſq; to the Rev. Mr. Weſley.]

Antigua, Sept. 18, 1764.

Rev. and dear Sir,

ON the 7th and 8th of May, I was brought to the brink of the grave, by a diſcharge of blood from my lungs. I was ſeized with it four times in thoſe two days, and including what was taken from my arm, loſt between forty and fifty ounces. You could hear the blood rattle in my throat, and the laſt time, the ſpitting continued ſo ſevere, after trying ſeveral different remedies, that I deſpaired of its being ſtopped, otherwiſe than by death. My breath began to grow ſhort, and

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and I did not expect to live a quarter of an hour. In this condition, my peace with God was not made. One would imagine that I ſhould have found great diſtreſs; but on the contrary, the Lord was gracious to me; for though I had my wife ſtanding by me frightened; one of my children crying before me, and ſeveral of my houſe-negroes runing bawling into my room; yet I do not remember that I found any fear or diſtraction of mind, but rather a calm waiting on God, with a meaſure of truſt and reſignation. This in an unjuſtified perſon is very particular. I have been very ungrateful ſince for ſo great mercies, but I hope to taſte his pardoning love: and that the day of liberty is not far off. At preſent, both my wife and myſelf go on heavily, and now that our friends have left us, we are like a pelican in the wilderneſs.

When my Brother left this Iſland, I determined to meet the people twice or thrice a week: but after meeting them a few times, I was hindered by ſickneſs. Before I had entirely recovered, I went twice to St. John's, where I ſtayed ſeveral days each time, and endeavoured to get a houſe, and deſigned to continue meeting the Society three times a week. But I was not able to get ſuch a houſe as I wanted. However, whilſt I was in town I met them frequently, but was ſo extremely ſhut up that I could not ſpeak above two or three times, and was obliged to read at the other Meetings. This, and my not ſucceeding in procuring a Houſe, rendered it probable that I was not called to meet the Society. For this reaſon I ſhould not have thought of meeting them if there had been any other perſon. But a recollection that our Lord ſent out his Diſciples, before they received the Holy Ghoſt, with a charge not to go in the way of the Gentiles; they being not qualified to preach to Heathens, I was doubtful whether, as there was a ſmall congregation gathered by my Brother, I might not be called to ſpeak to them. In this ſtate I determined to go to town a third time and to ſtay there two days; and if I could not within that time fix upon a houſe,

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a houſe, to give up all thoughts of it. I accordingly went, and had no better ſucceſs than before. I alſo opened the Bible, with prayer, on thoſe words, Eccleſ. iii. 1, *To every thing there is a ſeaſon, and a time to every purpoſe, under the heaven.* The ſenſe of this (conſidered with regard to the matter for which I opened) being ambiguous, I prayed the Lord that if he had directed me thereto, he would alſo direct me to ſome other Scripture which would enable me to underſtand this rightly: and then opened upon the ſame chap. ver. 6, *A time to get, and a time to loſe; a time to keep, and a time to caſt away.* This rendered it plain that my buſineſs at preſent was to ſeek grace for myſelf inſtead of preaching to others; that I was firſt to caſt the beam out of my own eye. For theſe reaſons I have declined meeting the Society for ſeveral weeks paſt, but they meet among themſelves thrice a week; and as far as I can underſtand, they are going on much in the ſame manner, as when my Brother left them. Thoſe who were in earneſt, ſtill continue to be ſo; but the happieſt perſon in this Iſland is a Genelewoman, who has been ill ſeveral years, of the black ſcurvy. She ſeems to be always as healthy and ſtrong in ſpirit, as ſhe is ſick and weak in body; but ſhe has had ſo many ſevere attacks lately, that ſhe will not I imagine live long. She waits for her diſſolution with patience, though her deſire is to die if it were the will of God.

May the Lord ſtill continue to ſtrengthen you! And grant, that having turned many to righteouſneſs, you may ſhine as the ſun in his kingdom! I beg your prayers for myſelf and family, and am

Rev. and dear Sir,

Your moſt affectionate, humble Servant,

NATHANIEL GILBERT.

LETTER.

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LETTER CCLXII.

[From the Rev. Mr. Wesley, to Mrs. A. F—.]

October 12, 1764.

My dear Sister,

THAT great Truth, "That we are saved by Faith," will never be *worn out:* and that sanctifying as well as justifying Faith, is the free gift of God. Now, with God one day is as a thousand years. It plainly follows, that the quantity of time is nothing to him: centuries, years, months, days, hours and moments are exactly the same. Consequently, he can as well sanctify in a day after we are justified, as a hundred years. There is no difference at all, unless we suppose Him to be such a one as ourselves. Accordingly we see in fact, that *some* of the most unquestionable witnesses of sanctifying grace, were sanctified within a *few days* after they were justified. I have seldom know so devoted a soul, as S— H——, at Macclesfield, who was sanctified within nine days after she was *convinced of sin.* She was, then twelve years old, and I believe was never afterwards heard to speak an *improper word,* or known to do an *improper thing.* Her look struck an awe into all that saw her. She is now in Abraham's Bosom.

Although therefore it *usually* pleases God to interpose *some* time between Justification and Sanctification; yet (as is expressly observed in the Farther Thoughts) we must not fancy this to be an invariable Rule. All who think this, must think we are sanctified by works, or (which comes to the same) by sufferings. For otherwise what is *Time* necessary for? It must be either to do or to suffer. Whereas if nothing be required but simple Faith, a moment is as good as an age.

The truth is, We are continually forming *general Rules* from our own *particular* Experience. Thus S— R——, having

having gone about, and about, herſelf, which took up a conſiderable time, might very naturally ſuppoſe, all who are Sanctified muſt ſtay for it near as long a time as ſhe did. Again, if God has ſo rooted and grounded her in love (which I neither affirm nor deny) that ſhe *cannot* now fall from Him, ſhe very naturally thinks, this is the caſe with *all* that are Sanctified. Formerly S. C. drew the ſame inference from her own Experience, and was as poſitive that ſhe *could not fall* from that ſtate, or ſin, as S. R— can be now.

But "none can be ſanctified without a deep knowledge of themſelves, and of the devices of Satan." They may, without the latter; which God will give them in due time. And the former, he can give in a moment: and frequently does, of which we have freſh inſtances almoſt every day.

In the "Thoughts on Perfection," it is obſerved, that before any can be aſſured, they are ſaved from ſin, they muſt not only feel no ſin, but "have a direct Witneſs" of that Salvation. And this ſeveral have had as clear as S. R— has, who afterwards fell from that Salvation: although S. R—, to be conſiſtent with her Scheme, muſt deny they ever had it; yea, and muſt affirm, that Witneſs was either from Nature or from the Devil. If it was really from God, is he well-pleaſed with this?

I know not how to reconcile ſpeaking *ſharply or roughly*, or even a ſeeming want of *meekneſs* with Perfection. And yet I am fearful of condemning whom God has not condemned. What I cannot underſtand I leave to Him.

How is it, that you make me write longer letters to you then I do almoſt to any one elſe? I know not how, I find a greater concern for your welfare. I want you to be exactly right. This occaſions my not thinking much of any pains, that may give you help or ſatisfaction. The Lord touch your heart *now*, that all your Tempers, Thoughts, Words and Works may be Holineſs unto our God!

I am yours, &c.

JOHN WESLEY.

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LETTER CCLXIII.

[From Mrs. E. M. to the Rev. Mr. Wesley.]

Potto, Nov. 4, 1769.

Rev. and dear Sir,

I Find the greateſt reaſon to adore my dear Redeemer, for his love towards me, who gives me the ſweet experience of the increaſe of his life in my ſoul. I find the Lord always before me; yet by different operations of his Spirit. I ſee an infinite fulneſs in Jeſus, and feel my heart drawn out with a ſtrong deſire for greater degrees of his love. I ſee myſelf the moſt unworthy, weak, and ignorant of all his creatures. My path is exceeding narrow, and my dangers daily great, yet the Lord is always ſufficient, and I can truſt him at all times. At other times I find my ſpirit loſt in his fulneſs, and ſwallowed up in the ocean of his love. My ſoul lies in the duſt before him, while I deſire all his creatures to praiſe his Name. After ſuch ſtrong conſolations I often find myſelf much aſſaulted with men and devils. In which moments I hear my Saviour whiſper to me, "It is given to thee not only to believe, but to ſuffer for my ſake." I then feel ſuch a patient reſignation of myſelf, and all things, into his hand, that I do not find a wiſh in my heart, but what I can ſacrifice to him, which gives me conſtant happineſs, and a power to rejoice in all things. I often find the greateſt danger in my moſt proſperous moments, both for body and ſoul; at which times the Enemy is ſure to whiſper, Now take thy eaſe; but I look to Chriſt for ſtrength, to deſpiſe, and fight, and conquer all my enemies. As to my conduct, I deſire to ſhun every appearance of evil, both in word and work. I thank the Lord who ſo keeps me, that I know nothing by myſelf; yet by this I am not juſtified: for I look to be daily plunged into that fountain which is opened for ſin and uncleanneſs; to be waſhed from all my pollution

I call

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I caſt myſelf entirely upon *him*, who ſaves me for his own Name's ſake, and truſt to be ſwallowed up in his fulneſs every moment, for I know no end thereof.

I am, Rev. and dear Sir, yours, &c.

E. M.

POETRY.

THOUGHTS *on* PREDESTINATION *and* REPROBATION.

[By Dr. Byrom.]

PART III.

WHEREAS, this *Reprobation* Doctrine, here,
Not only Senſe and Reaſon would caſhier;
But take, by its pretext of ſovéreign ſway,
All goodneſs from the Deity away;
Both heavén and hell confounding with the cant,
Virtue and Vice, the Sinner and the Saint;
Leaving (by irreſiſtible decree,
And purpoſe abſolute what man ſhall be,)
Nothing in Sinners to deteſt ſo much
As God's contrivance how to make them ſuch.

That ever Chriſtians bleſt with Revelation,
Should think of his *decreeing* men's damnation!
The God of Love! the Fountain of all good!
Who made, ſays *Paul*, *all Nations of one blood*,
To dwell on earth; *appointed time* and *place*,
And for what end this *pre-ordaining* grace?
That they might *ſeek*, and *feel*, and ſurely *find*,
The life in God, which God for man deſigned.

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We are his offspring——for in that Decree,
The *pagan* Poet and St. *Paul* agree:
We are his offspring——now, Sir, put the caſe
Of ſome great man, and his deſcending race;
Conceive this common Parent of them all,
As willing ſome to *ſtand*, and ſome to *fall*:
Maſter, ſuppoſe of all their future lot,
Decreeing ſome to happineſs, ſome not;
In ſome to bring his kindneſs into view,
To ſhew in others what his wrath can do;
To lead the choſen children by the hand,
And leave the reſt to fall——who *cannot* ſtand.

I might proceed, but that the ſmalleſt ſketch
Shows an abſurd, and arbitrary wretch;
Treating his offspring ſo, as to forbid
To think that ever *God Almighty* did;
To think that creatures, who are ſaid to be
His *offspring*, ſhould be hurt by his decree;
Which had they always minded, Good alone,
And not a ſpark of *Evil*, had been known:
For his Decree, Appointment, Order, Will,
Predeſtinating Goodneſs, Power, and Skill,
Is, of itſelf, the unbeginning Good,
The pouring forth of an un-ending flood:
Of ever-flowing bliſs, which only rolls,
To fill his veſſels, his created ſouls.

Happy Himſelf the true divine deſire,
The love that flames through that eternal fire;
Which generates in him the eternal light,
Source of all bleſſing to created light,
Longs with a holy earneſtneſs to ſpread,
The boundleſs glories of its Fountain-head;
To raiſe the poſſibilities of life,
Which reſt, in *him*, into a joyful ſtrive;

Into

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Into a feeling ſenſe of *him*, from whom
The various gifts of various bleſſings come.

EPIGRAM I.

[*By the ſame.*]

NOR Steel, nor Flint alone produces fire;
No ſpark ariſes till they both conſpire:
Nor Faith alone, nor work without is right;
Salvation riſes, when they both unite.

EPIGRAM II.

[*By the ſame.*]

ZEAL without Meekneſs, like a ſhip at ſea,
To riſing ſtorms may ſoon become a prey;
And Meekneſs without Zeal is ſtill the ſame,
When a dead calm ſtops every ſailor's aim.

EPIGRAM III.

[*By the ſame.*]

A Heated Fancy, or Imagination,
May be miſtaken for an Inſpiration——
True; but is this Concluſion fair to make,
That Inſpiration muſt be all miſtake?
A pebble Stone is not a Diamond——true;
But muſt a Diamond be a Pebble too?

EPIGRAM

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EPIGRAM IV.

[*By the ſame.*]

HE is a Sinner, you are pleaſéd to ſay;
Then love him for the ſake of Chriſt, I pray,
If on his gracious Words you place your truſt,
——"I came to call the ſinner; not the juſt,"——
Second his Call; which if you will not do,
You'll be the greater ſinner of the two.

PROCRASTINATION.

[*By the Rev. Mr. G.*]

WRETCH that I am! what friendly powér
Shall fix my wavéring ſoul,
Teach me to ſeize the preſent hour,
And cuſtom's charms control?

Why thus perſiſt, from day to day,
To err, in Wiſdom's ſpite?
I ſee my path——why then delay
What Reaſon tells, is right?

The *preſent* day thé attempt is vain:
We've *ſomething* ſtill to do:
But when to-morrow comes, 'tis plain,
That will be *preſent* too:

And

And then the ſame reluctant will,
To' attend the ungrateful theme,
Will thwart our reſolutions ſtill,
And fruſtrate every ſcheme.

How ſoon, amidſt theſe faint reſolves,
The ſpring of life is o'er!
How quick each annual ſun revolves,
But——youth returns no more.

Manhood to youth, and ſoon old age
To manhood's ſtrength ſucceeds:
O! then let each ſucceſſive ſtage
Be marked by virtuous deeds.

Whilſt yet your ſtrength of mind remains,
Reſiſt the riſing ſtorm:
Break looſe from paſſion's irkſome chains,
And every vice reform.

Dare to be wiſe! begin to-day,
Nor truſt uncertain Fate:
Your long-planned reformation may
To-morrow come too late.

To-morrow, oh! how oft you ſwore
To change your courſe, my friend!
Thus 'twill be always one day more,
Ere you begin to mend.

"When once I've finiſhed *this* affair,
My actions I'll review:
And when I've brought *that* ſcheme to bear,
Begin my life anew."

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The Idiot thus, who ſaw his way
Acroſs the Severn lie,
Reſolvéd upon its banks to ſtay,
Till all the ſtream ran by.

But torrents with united force,
Augment the copious river;
Which proudly ſtill purſues its courſe,
And murmuring flows for ever.

On the Death of an EPICURE.

AT length my friends, the *feaſt* of life is o'er:
I've ate ſufficient——and I'll drink no more:
My night is come: I've ſpent a jovial day;
'Tis time to part: but oh!—What is to pay?

A SHORT HYMN.

James v. 15. *The prayer of faith ſhall ſave the ſick.*

WHERE is that Faith, whoſe fervent prayer
Body and ſoul at once can heal?
The oil? The gifted Elders where?
Father, if ſuch thy gracious will,
Thou canſt reveal thine arm of power,
Thy truth in every age the ſame,
And with Almighty faith reſtore
The wonders wrought by *Jeſu's* Name!

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THE Arminian Magazine,

For DECEMBER 1782.

SERIOUS CONSIDERATIONS *concerning the Doctrines of* ELECTION *and* REPROBATION: *extracted from Dr.* Watts.

THAT there is a ſufficiency of grace, provided for all mankind, through Jeſus Chriſt, which they may accept or refuſe, may be proved by the following conſiderations:

I. It is hard to vindicate the *Sincerity* of God, or his Son, in their univerſal offers of ſalvation, and their ſending miniſters with ſuch invitations to accept of mercy, if there be no ſalvation provided for them.

His miniſters indeed may be ſincere in offering ſalvation to all, according to their general commiſſion, *Go ye into all the world, and preach the goſpel to every creature.* But how can God be ſincere in ſending them with this commiſſion, to offer his grace to all, if he has not provided ſuch grace for any but the Elect?

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It is hard to ſuppoſe that the Great God, who is Truth itſelf, ſhould call upon dying men to truſt in a Saviour for eternal life, when this Saviour has not eternal life to give them. It is hard to conceive how the great Governor of the world can be ſincere, in inviting ſinners to caſt themſelves upon an empty word of invitation, if there be nothing to bear them up from the deeps of deſtruction. Can we think that the holy God would encourage his miniſters to call men to reſt the weight of their immortal concerns upon a goſpel, which is nothing to them? When our bleſſed Redeemer charges the Jews with aggravated guilt, for refuſing his grace, can we ſuppoſe, he had no grace for them? Or when he conſigns them over to death, becauſe (ſays he,) *Ye will not come unto me, that ye may have life*; that he has no eternal life for them?

To avoid theſe conſequences, ſome roundly aſſert, There are *no calls* of grace *but to the Elect.* But this runs counter to many plain Scriptures, where pardon and ſalvation are propoſed to all. And it is the deſign of the whole Scripture, to call ſinners to repentance, by promiſes of mercy, and to enforce what Iſaiah ſpeaks, (chap. lxv. 6, 7,) *Seek ye the Lord while* he may be found: *call ye upon him while he is near. Let the wicked forſake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.*

II. It is hard to defend the *Sincerity* of the holy Spirit, in awakening thoſe who are not elected, and in ſtirring them up to think of receiving the ſalvation of Chriſt upon goſpel-terms, if there be no ſalvation for them on any terms. It is hard to ſuppoſe he ſhould excite the conſciences of ſuch ſinners to any repentings for ſin, if there was no pardon provided for them. It is hard to ſuppoſe he ſhould give them any excitations, to truſt in the merit of a Saviour, if that merit has obtained no ſalvation for them.

III. It

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III. It is equally difficult to vindicate the *Equity* of God, in condemning unbelievers for not accepting the offers of pardon, if no pardon was provided for them; and in punishing them for not resting on the merit of Christ, if there was no such merit for them to rest upon. Surely it will appear in that day, that the condemnation of sinners, was merely the fruit of their refusing to receive the grace of God provided for them; and not of any want of provision made for them, by him who calls them to receive it. The language of Christ, in his ministry is, *Come, for all things are now ready. This is the condemnation*, that when light *came into the world, men loved darkness rather than light.* They are expressly condemned, because *they would not come unto Christ, that they might have life.* And (as the Apostle John often represents) therefore *they die in their sins.* And surely the Lord Jesus would never be sent *in flaming fire to take vengeance on them that obey not the gospel*, if there was no provision made, whereby they might obey it!

It will render this consideration more forcible, when we observe, there is a severer condemnation to those who have heard of this gospel, and not embraced it. It shall be *less tolerable* for these, *than for Sodom and Gomorrah, in the day of judgment.* And can we think that the righteous Judge will send forth words of grace and salvation, when there is no grace or salvation in those words, on purpose to make his creatures more miserable? It is very hard indeed to vindicate the sentence of their condemnation, for refusing pardon and salvation, if there was not any pardon or salvation provided for them!

IV. The word of God, by the general commands, promises, and threatenings given to all men, represents mankind as in the way to eternal rewards or punishments, according to their behaviour. Now it is very hard to suppose, all this should be no just representation, but a mere amusement: that all these proposals of mercy, should be an empty show, with re-

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gard to all the millions of mankind, beſides the few choſen to happineſs. It is hard to ſuppoſe that they ſhould be ſo fixed in a hopeleſs ſtate, under the ſin of the firſt man, as to be utterly irrecoverable from the ruins of it: yea, as unalterably loſt, as the very devils are, whom God has not treated in this way of precept, promiſe, and threatening. God giveth to all men time and ſpace for repentance, means of grace, offers of pardon, conditional promiſes of ſalvation, with a command to accept it? What can manifeſt the bleſſed God to be upon terms of mercy with them, if this does not?

V. This ſeems to be a fair and eaſy way, to anſwer thoſe texts of Scripture, which repreſent God as *the Saviour of all men*, 1 Tim. iv. 10.—Which aſſert that *God commands all men, every where to repent*, Acts xvii. 30.—That *Chriſt taſted death for every man*, Heb. iii. 9.—That *he gave himſelf a ranſom for all*, 1 Tim. ii. 6.—That *he died for all*, 2 Cor. v. 14.—That *he gave himſelf to be a propitiation for the ſins of the whole world*, 1 John ii. 2.—That *the Father ſent the Son to be the Saviour of the world*, chap. iv. 14.—That *God ſo loved the world, that he ſent his Son, not to condemn the world, but that through him the world might be ſaved: and that whoſoever believeth in him, ſhould not periſh, but have everlaſting life.* John iii. 16.

Mr. *Calvin's* words, on Matt. xxvi. 5. 8, are, *This is my blood of the New Teſtament, which was ſhed for many, for the remiſſion of ſins.* "Sub *multorum* nomine non partem mundi tantum deſignat, ſed *totum humanum genus*. Under the name of *many*, he ſignifies not a part of the world only, but *all mankind*." And in many other parts of his writings, (particularly in his comment on Rom. v. 18. 1 John ii. 2. 2 Peter ii. 1.) he clearly expreſſes the ſame ſentiment, viz. That Chriſt *died for all.*

I think it clear from theſe conſiderations, that there is a conditional ſalvation provided for all men, and through the merits of Chriſt offered to them in the goſpel.

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The doctrine of Abſolute Reprobation, ſtands in ſuch a direct contradiction to all our notions of kindneſs and love to others, in which the bleſſed God is ſet forth as our example, that we cannot tell how to receive it. Yet, if it were never ſo true, it would only be a doctrine which might require our *ſilent ſubmiſſion* to it, with awful reverence of the majeſty of the great God. But it is by no means a doctrine in which we ſhould rejoice, becauſe it has ſo dreadful an aſpect on far the greateſt part of our fellow-creatures. Nor do I think the bleſſed God would require us, ſo far to diveſt ourſelves of humanity, as to take a ſecret ſatisfaction in the abſolute and eternal appointment of ſuch numbers of our kindred fleſh and blood, to everlaſting perdition.

And ſince ſo many Scriptures aſſert, that Chriſt lived and died as a common Mediator of mankind, methinks this doctrine of the extenſive goodneſs of God, ſhould be more cheerfully received by us; as it is ſo agreeable to our charity to all men, and ſo neceſſary for vindicating the juſtice, goodneſs, and ſincerity of God, in his tranſactions with mankind.

When therefore I hear men talk of the doctrine of Reprobation, with a ſpecial guſt and reliſh, as a favourite doctrine, I cannot but ſuſpect their good temper, and doubt, whether they love their neighbour as themſelves.

I would alſo aſk, What great advantages can be derived from Religion, by endeavouring to limit the extent of the death of Chriſt, and conſequently to take away all hopes, endeavours, and prayers, from thoſe who are ſuppoſed not to be elected? By this doctrine, many who are awakened, and are ſeeking Chriſt for ſalvation, may be terribly diſcouraged from receiving his offers of grace, when they are taught to doubt whether there be any grace provided for them. It may be a means to drive ſome to deſpair, when they hear that unleſs they are elected, they may ſeek ſalvation by Chriſt in vain.

Now

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Now if many inconveniences may arise from thus limiting the virtue of the blood of Christ, and if no valuable advantage to Religion can be obtained by this opinion: what should make men so zealous to get the greatest part of the world utterly excluded from all hopes of salvation?

The great objection against what I have said, is this: "If there be only a salvation provided for them on condition that they believe, but no *inward sufficiency of grace* to change their hearts, and enable them to believe; the event will be the same, as if no salvation were provided: since they themselves cannot believe, being by nature *dead in sin*."

Sinners are not under such an impossibility of believing, as if they were *naturally dead*. For if they were, there would be no need or use of commands, promises, threatenings, and exhortations: these would all be impertinent and absurd. For they could have no more influence on sinners, than if we commanded or exhorted a dead body to rise or move. Since therefore the blessed God does use these means to call sinners to faith and repentance, it is certain, there is *power sufficient* given them, to hear and obey the call: and that they are not under any *necessity of continuing in sin*, and of being destroyed.

With regard to faith, our Saviour thus explains his own words. *No man* can *come unto me, except my Father draw him.* And in another place he charges the Jews, with this as their fault, *Ye* will *not come unto me that ye may have life.*

Let this then be maintained, that there is an *inward sufficiency of power* given to every one, to hearken to the calls of God, and receive salvation. And thus much is sufficient to maintain the sincerity of God, in his universal offers of salvation through Christ, and his many commands to all men every where to repent and believe the gospel: as well as to vindicate his equity at the great day, in condemning the impenitent and unbeliever. For since there was a sufficiency of grace provided for their recovery, their death lies at their own door, being wholly owing to their wilful, obstinate rejection of Christ and his salvation.

I have

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I have only this to add. If ſerious chriſtians are deſirous to come as near each other as they can, may they not heartily embrace one another, notwithſtanding ſome difference in their ſentiments? Surely, the deſire to do this, will take away a thouſand cavils and contentions, and a thouſand unchriſtian reproaches from the lips and pens of thoſe who profeſs to worſhip the ſame God, to believe in the ſame Saviour, to hope for the operations of the ſame bleſſed Spirit; and who deſire to aſcribe their ſalvation to the ſame grace of God who is bleſſed for evermore! Amen.

SERMON XII.

On MARK ix. 48.

[*Concluded from page* 569.]

II. 1. FROM the time That ſentence was pronounced upon man, *Duſt thou art, and unto duſt thou ſhalt return*, it was the cuſtom of all nations, ſo far as we can learn, to commit duſt to duſt: it ſeemed natural to reſtore the bodies of the dead, to the general Mother Earth. But in proceſs of time another method obtained, chiefly among the rich and great, of burning the bodies of their relations, and frequently in a grand magnificent manner. For which purpoſe they erected huge funeral piles, with immenſe labour and expence. By either of theſe methods the body of man was ſoon reſtored to its parent duſt. Either the worm or the fire ſoon conſumed the well-wrought frame; after which the worm itſelf quickly died, and the fire was entirely quenched. But there is likewiſe a worm that belongs to the future ſtate; and that is a worm that never dieth. And there is a fire, hotter than that of the funeral pile: and it is a fire that will never be quenched.

2. The

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2. The firſt thing intended by the worm that never dieth, ſeems to be a guilty Conſcience, including Self-condemnation, Sorrow, Shame, Remorſe, and a ſenſe of the wrath of God. May not we have ſome conception of this, by what is ſometimes felt even in the preſent world? Is it not of this chiefly that Solomon ſpeaks, when he ſays, *The ſpirit of a man may bear his infirmities*, his infirmities or griefs of any other kind: *but a wounded ſpirit who can bear?* Who can bear the anguiſh of an awakened Conſcience, penetrated with a ſenſe of Guilt, and the arrows of the Almighty ſticking in the ſoul and drinking up the ſpirit! How many of the ſtout-hearted have ſunk under it, and choſe ſtrangling rather than life? And yet what are theſe wounds, what is all this anguiſh of a ſoul while in this preſent world, in compariſon of thoſe they muſt ſuffer when their ſouls are wholly awakened, to feel the wrath of an offended God! Add to theſe, all unholy paſſions, fear, horror, rage; evil deſires, deſires that can never be ſatisfied. Add all unholy tempers, envy, jealouſy, malice, and revenge: all of which will inceſſantly gnaw the ſoul, as the vulture was ſuppoſed to do the liver of Tityus. To theſe if we add hatred of God and all his Creatures, all theſe united together may ſerve to give us ſome little, imperfect idea of the worm that never dieth.

3. We may obſerve a remarkable difference in the manner wherein our Lord ſpeaks concerning the two parts of the future puniſhment. He ſays, *Where* THEIR *worm dieth not*, of the one; *where* THE *fire is not quenched*, of the other. This cannot be by chance. What then is the reaſon for this variation of the expreſſion?

Does it not ſeem to be this? *The fire* will be the ſame, eſſentially the ſame, to all that are tormented therein: only perhaps more intenſe to ſome than others, according to their degree of guilt. But *their worm* will not, cannot be the ſame. It will be infinitely varied, according to the various kinds, as well as degrees of wickedneſs. This variety will ariſe

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arise partly from the just judgment of God, *rewarding every man according to his works*. For we cannot doubt but this rule will take place, no less in hell than in heaven. As in heaven, *every man will receive his own reward*, incommunicably his own, according to *his own labours*, incommunicably his, that is, the whole tenor of his tempers, thoughts, words and actions: so undoubtedly every man in fact will receive his own bad reward, according to his own bad labour. And this likewise will be incommunicably *his own*, even as his labour was. Variety of punishment will likewise arise from the very nature of the thing. As they that bring most holiness to heaven, will find most happiness there, so on the other hand it is not only true, that the more wickedness a man brings to hell, the more misery he will find there; but that this misery will be infinitely varied according to the various kinds of his wickedness. It was therefore proper to say *the fire*, in general; but *their worm* in particular.

4. But it has been questioned by some, "Whether there be any Fire in Hell? That is, any Material Fire." Nay, if there be any Fire, it is unquestionably material. For what is Immaterial Fire? The same as immaterial Water or Earth? Both the one and the other is absolute nonsense, a contradiction in terms. Either therefore we must affirm it to be material, or we deny its existence. But if we granted them there is no fire at all there, what would they gain thereby? Seeing this is allowed on all hands, that it is either fire or something worse. And consider this: does not our Lord speak *as if* it were real Fire? No one can deny, or doubt of this. Is it possible then to suppose, that the God of truth would speak in this manner, if it were not so? Does he design to fright his poor creatures? What, with scarecrows? With vain shadows of things that have no being? O let not any one think so! Impute not such folly to the most High!

5. But others aver, "It is not possible that Fire should burn always. For by the immutable law of nature, it con-

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ſumes whatever is thrown into it. And by the ſame law, as ſoon as it has conſumed its fewel, it is itſelf conſumed; it goes out."

It is moſt true, that in the preſent conſtitution of things, during the preſent Laws of Nature, the element of fire does diſſolve and conſume whatever is thrown into it. But here is the miſtake: the preſent Laws of Nature are not immutable. When the heavens and the earth ſhall flee away, the preſent ſcene will be totally changed: and with the preſent conſtitution of things, the preſent laws of nature will ceaſe. After this great change, nothing will be diſſolved, nothing will be conſumed any more. Therefore if it were true, that Fire conſumes all things now, it would not follow that it would do the ſame, after the whole frame of nature has undergone that vaſt, univerſal change.

6. I ſay, "If it were true, that Fire conſumes *all things* now." But indeed it is not true. Has it not pleaſed God, to give us already ſome proof of what will be hereafter? Is not the *Linum Aſbeſtum*, the Incombuſtible Flax, known in moſt parts of Europe? If you take a towel or handkerchief made of this (one of which may now be ſeen in the Britiſh Muſeum,) you may throw it into the hotteſt fire, and when it is taken out again it will be obſerved, upon the niceſt experiment, not to have loſt one grain of its weight. Here therefore is a ſubſtance before our eyes, which even in the preſent conſtitution of things, (as if it were an emblem of things to come) may remain in fire without being conſumed.

7. Many Writers have ſpoken of other bodily torments added to the being caſt into the lake of fire. One of theſe, even pious Kempis, ſuppoſes that Miſers, for inſtance, have melted gold poured down their throats: and he ſuppoſes many other particular torments, to be ſuited to men's particular ſins. Nay, our great Poet himſelf ſuppoſes the inhabitants of hell to undergo variety of tortures: not to continue always in the lake of fire, but to be frequently, "by harpy-footed furies

haled"

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hailed" into regions of ice; and then back again through "extremes by change more fierce." But I find no word, no tittle of this, not the leaſt hint of it in all the Bible. And ſurely this is too awful a ſubject, to admit of ſuch play of imagination. Let us keep to the written word. It is torment enough, to dwell with everlaſting burnings.

8. This is ſtrongly illuſtrated by a fabulous ſtory, taken from one of the Eaſtern Writers, concerning a Turkiſh King, who after he had been guilty of all manner of wickedneſs, once did a good thing: for, ſeeing a poor man falling into a pit, wherein he muſt have inevitably periſhed, and kicking him from it, ſaved his life. The ſtory adds, that when, for his enormous wickedneſs, he was caſt into hell, that foot wherewith he had ſaved the man's life, was permitted to lie out of the flames. But allowing this to be a real caſe, what a poor comfort would it be? What if both feet were permitted to lie out of the flames, yea and both hands, how little would it avail? Nay, if all the body were taken out, and placed where no fire touched it, and only one hand or one foot kept in a burning fiery furnace; would the man meantime be much at eaſe? Nay, quite the contrary. Is it not common to ſay to a child, "Put your finger into that candle: can you bear it even for one minute? How then will you bear hell-fire!" Surely it would be torment enough to have the fleſh burnt off from only one finger. What then will it be, to have the whole body plunged for ever, into a lake of fire burning with brimſtone!

III. It remains now only to conſider two or three circumſtances attending the never-dying worm and the unquenchable fire.

1. And firſt conſider the company wherewith every one is ſurrounded in that place of torment. It is not uncommon to hear even condemned criminals, in our public priſons ſay, "O! I wiſh I was hanged out of the way, rather than to be

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plagued with theſe wretches that are round about me." But what are the abandoned wretches upon earth, compared to the inhabitants of hell? None of theſe are as yet perfectly wicked, emptied of every ſpark of good: certainly not till this life is at an end; probably not till the day of judgment. Nor can any of theſe exert without control their whole wickedneſs on their fellow-creatures. Sometimes they are reſtrained by good men: ſometimes even by bad. So even the torturers in the Romiſh Inquiſition, are reſtrained by thoſe that employ them, when they ſuppoſe the ſufferer cannot endure any more. They then order the executioners to forbear: becauſe it is contrary to the rules of the houſe, that a man ſhould die upon the rack. And very frequently, when there is no human help, they are reſtrained by God, who hath ſet them their bounds which they cannot paſs, and ſaith, Hitherto ſhall ye come, and no farther. Yea, ſo mercifully hath God ordained, that the very extremity of pain, naturally cauſes a ſuſpenſion of it. The ſufferer faints away, and ſo (for a time at leaſt) ſinks into inſenſibility. But the inhabitants of hell are perfectly wicked, having no ſpark of goodneſs remaining. And they are reſtrained by none from exerting to the uttermoſt their total wickedneſs. Not by men; none will be reſtrained from evil by his companions in damnation. And not by God; for he hath forgotten them, hath delivered them over to the tormentors. And the devils need not fear, like their inſtruments upon earth, leſt they ſhould expire under the torture. They can die no more: they are ſtrong to ſuſtain, whatever the united Malice, Skill and Strength of Angels can inflict upon them. And their Angelic tormentors have time ſufficient to vary their torments a houſand ways. How infinitely may they vary one ſingle torment, Horrible Appearances? Whereby, there is no doubt, an evil ſpirit, if permitted, could terrify the ſtouteſt man upon earth to death.

2. Conſider,

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e. Conſider, Secondly, that all theſe torments of body and ſoul, are without any intermiſſion. They have no reſpite from pain; but *the ſmoke of their torment, aſcendeth up day and night.* Day and night! That is ſpeaking according to the conſtitution of the preſent world; wherein God has wiſely and graciouſly ordained, that day and night ſhould ſucceed each other: ſo that in every four and twenty hours there comes a

" Daily Sabbath made to reſt
Toiling man and weary beaſt."

Hence we ſeldom undergo much labour, or ſuffer much pain, before

" Tiréd Nature's kind reſtorer, balmy ſleep"

ſteals upon us by inſenſible degrees, and brings an interval of eaſe. But although the damned have uninterrupted night, it brings no interruption of their pain. No ſleep accompanies that darkneſs: whatever either antient or modern Poets, either *Homer* or *Milton* dream, there is no ſleep, either in Hell or Heaven. And be their ſuffering ever ſo extreme, be their pain ever ſo intenſe, there is no poſſibility of their fainting away; no not for a moment.

Again. The inhabitants of earth are frequently diverted from attending to what is afflictive, by the cheerful light of the ſun, the viciſſitudes of the ſeaſons, " The buſy hum of men," and a thouſand objects that roll around them with endleſs variety. But the inhabitants of hell have nothing to divert them from their torments even for a moment,

" Total Eclipſe: no Sun, no Moon!"

no change of ſeaſons or of companions. There is no buſineſs, but one uninterrupted ſcene of horror, to which they muſt be all attention. They have no interval of inattention or ſtupidity: they are all-eye, all-ear, all-ſenſe. Every inſtant of their duration, it may be ſaid of their whole frame, that they are

" Tremblingly

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" Tremblingly alive all o'er,
And ſmart and agonize at every pore."

3. And of this duration *there is no end!* What a thought is this? Nothing but Eternity is the term of their torment! And who can count the drops of rain, or the ſands of the Sea, or the drops of Eternity? Every ſuffering is ſoftened, if there is any hope, though diſtant of deliverance from it. But here

" Hope never comes, that comes to all"

the inhabitants of the upper world! What, Sufferings never to end!

" Never! Where ſinks the ſoul at that dread ſound?
Into a gulph how dark, and how profound!"

Suppoſe millions of days, of years, of ages elapſed, ſtill we are only on the threſhold of Eternity! Neither the pain of body or of ſoul is any nearer at an end, than it was millions of ages ago. When they are once caſt into τὸ πῦρ, το ἀσβεστον. (How emphatical!) *The fire, the unquenchable*, all is concluded: *Their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched!*

Such is the account which the Judge of all gives of the Puniſhment which he has ordained for impenitent ſinners. And what a counter-balance may the conſideration of this be, to the violence of any temptation? In particular to the Fear of man. the very uſe to which it is applied by our Lord himſelf. *Be not afraid of them that kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do: but fear Him who after he hath killed, hath power to caſt into hell*, Luke xii. 4, 5.

What a guard may theſe conſiderations be, againſt any temptation from Pleaſure? Will you loſe, for any of theſe poor, earthly pleaſures, which periſh in the uſing, (to ſay nothing of the preſent ſubſtantial pleaſures of Religion,) the pleaſures

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pleaſures of Paradiſe, ſuch *as eye hath not ſeen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into our hearts to conceive?* Yea, the Pleaſures of Heaven, the Society of Angels, and of the Spirits of juſt Men made perfect, the converſing face to face with God your Father, your Saviour, your Sanctifier, and the drinking of thoſe rivers of pleaſure that are at God's right-hand for evermore?

Are you tempted by Pain either of Body or Mind? O compare preſent things with future. What is the pain of Body which you do or may endure, to that of lying in a lake of fire burning with brimſtone? What is any Pain of mind, any Fear, Anguiſh, Sorrow, compared to *the worm that never dieth? That never dieth!* This is the ſting of all! As for our Pains on earth, bleſſed be God, they are not eternal. There are ſome intervals to relieve, and there is ſome period to finiſh them. When we aſk a Friend that is ſick, how he does, "I am in pain now, ſays he; but I hope to be eaſy ſoon." This is a ſweet mitigation of the preſent uneaſineſs. But how dreadful would his caſe be if he ſhould anſwer, "I am all over Pain, and I ſhall never be eaſed of it. I lie under exquiſite torment of body, and horror of ſoul. And I ſhall feel it for ever." Such is the caſe of the damned ſinners in hell. Suffer any pain then, rather than come into that place of torment.

I conclude with one more reflection, taken from Dr. *Watts.* "It demands our higheſt gratitude, that we who have long ago deſerved this miſery, are not yet plunged into it. While there are thouſands who have been adjudged to this place of puniſhment, before they had continued ſo long in ſin as many of us have done, what an inſtance is it of divine goodneſs, that we are not under this fiery vengeance? Have we not ſeen many ſinners, on our right and our left, cut off in their ſins? And what but the tender mercy of God, hath ſpared us week after week, month after month, and given us ſpace for repentance? What ſhall we render unto the Lord, for all his

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his patience and long-ſuffering, even to this day? How often have we incurred the ſentence of condemnation by our repeated rebellion againſt God? And yet we are ſtill alive in his preſence, and are hearing the words of hope and ſalvation. O let us look back and ſhudder at the thoughts of that dreadful precipice, on the edge of which we have ſo long wandered! Let us fly for refuge to the hope that is ſet before us, and give a thouſand thanks to the divine mercy, that we are not plunged into this perdition."

Newport, Iſle of Wight, Oct. 10, 1782.

Some Account of Mr. JOHN FURZ, *aged* 65.

[*Concluded from page* 575.]

THE occaſion of my leaving *Wilton* was this. Hearing that Mr. *Hall*, after all the good he had done, had brought a huge reproach upon the Goſpel, and was removed from *Sarum*; I went to Mr. *Marſh*, to know the truth of it. He ſaid, "He is gone; but he has not carried away with him, what we have received." We hid ourſelves awhile; the world rejoiced, and we ſorrowed. When the ſtorm was a little over, I went often to *Saliſbury*, and converſed, and prayed with ſome of the poor people. After ſome time, I was deſired to preach in Mr. *Hall's* Chapel. More and more came, till we had a good Congregation. Mr. *Marſh* then took part of the houſe adjoining to it, for me to live in, and to receive any of Mr. *Weſley's* Preachers that could find time to call. Here I continued about five years. But ſome of the people being afraid, leſt I ſhould follow Mr. *Hall's* example, I left the houſe, and left off preaching, till being afflicted both in ſoul and body, and knowing it was the hand of the Lord upon me, I made my mind known to Mr. *Weſley*, who

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who adviſed me to go into the Weſt of *Cornwall*. I did ſo: I took up my croſs, left my Wife, and Children, and went without delay. I was very kindly received by the people. My labours were bleſt among them. My bodily ſtrength returned. And great was the comfort that I felt in my ſoul.

Mr. *Weſley* ſent me next into the York Circuit. I went in the ſimplicity of the Goſpel, being only afraid, leſt I ſhould not be uſeful. But it pleaſed God to give me ſome fruit here alſo; which engaged me to go on, and made me willing to ſpend and be ſpent for the ſouls of men. Afterwards I ſpent two years in *Cheſhire* and *Lancaſhire*, where was the moſt rapid work of God that I ever ſaw. At a Love-feaſt in *Mancheſter*, we had eighteen perſons juſtified in an hour. And many experienced a higher work of God, being cleanſed from all ſin. After deeply hungering and thirſting for righteouſneſs, they were ſatisfied with it. Some of them agonizing in prayer, fell to the ground, and cried out, "It is enough, Lord! My cup runs over! With-hold thy hand, or enlarge my heart." Our Leaders feeling the weightineſs of his preſence, and the exceeding greatneſs of his power, were filled with zeal for the glory of God, and the good of ſouls. They diſperſed themſelves on Sundays, went into the country villages, ſung and prayed, and exhorted the people to turn to God. Many came from thoſe villages to hear the word, and great good was done.

A poor woman that lived about ten miles from *Mancheſter*, hearing ſome ſay, "We have been there, and have found the Lord," told it to a neighbour, and ſaid, "I wiſh I could go to *Mancheſter* and find the Lord." Her neighbour ſaid, "Then why do not you go?" She ſaid, "O dear Child, I have no ſhoes." Her neighbour ſaid, "I will lend you mine." She ſaid, "Then I will go." She came to *Mancheſter* on a Sunday; but knew not where to go. Seeing a Gentleman walking in the market-place, ſhe went to him, and aſked, "Where is it that people go to find the Lord?" He ſaid,

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"Among the Methodiſts, as far as I know." She aſked, "Where are they?" He anſwered, "Come, and I will ſhew you." He brought her to the paſſage that lead to the Preaching-houſe, and ſaid, "Go in there." *Thomas Woolfinden* came to her, and aſked, what ſhe wanted? She ſaid, "Is this the place where people find the Lord?" He went and called *John Morris*, one of the Leaders, to whom ſhe told all that had happened. He took her in and placed her near the middle of the room, and adviſed her to look at none but the Preacher. She took his advice, and about the middle of the ſermon cried out, "Glory be to God, I have found the Lord!" which ſhe repeated over and over, being filled with joy unſpeakable.

There was likewiſe a glorious work of God at *Liverpool*. Many were enabled to repent and belive the Goſpel: and many believed that the blood of Jeſus Chriſt had cleanſed them from all unrighteouſneſs. The ſame flame broke out at *Bolton*, at *Macclesfield*, at *Congleton*, and at *Borſlem*. One inſtance of the goodneſs of God at *Congleton* deſerves a particular notice. Two men were there, pot-companions, *David* and *Samuel*. *David* made it his buſineſs to ſtand in the ſtreet near the time of preaching, and ſwear at thoſe that were going to it. About this time we had many remarkable Converſions. At this he ſeemed much perplexed: and aſked his companion, "What can this be? What the d—l is it that they do to the people to convert them? I have a good mind to go and ſee." Accordingly both of them came. But after they had ſat about a quarter of an hour, *David* ſtarted up and ſaid, "I will ſtay here no longer." He attempted to run, but quickly dropped down. However he roſe, and with ſome difficulty got home. He went ſtrait to his chamber, and got to bed. He turned himſelf a few times; then leaped up, ſaying, "I will lie here no longer." He ran into the fields, and then wandered up and down all the night. In the morning he came home, went into his ſhop, and thought

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forge, and lifted up his hammer over his head. But he imagined, the Devil was juſt behind him, ready to carry him away. He let fall his hammer, ran out of the ſhop, and went to the fields, where he wandered all day. In the evening a farmer paſſing by, ſaid, "*David*, why are you not at your work! I have been three times at your ſhop to-day; but you were not to be found." *David* anſwered, "I think I ſhall work no more." The former aſked, Why ſo? He ſaid, "I am afraid I ſhall be converted." It quickly ſpread throughout the town, that *David* was going to be converted. But *David* proteſted he would not; he would go and get drunk directly. Accordingly he went into a public-houſe, and with all ſpeed drank two quarts of Ale, with half a pint of Brandy. Three men ſitting by, one of them ſaid, "*David*, you will be converted for all this." *David* ſaid, "I will convert thee," knocked him down, took him by the heels, and threw him out of the door. He did the ſame to the ſecond and the third. Then he caught up the woman of the houſe, ran with her into the ſtreet, threw her into the kennel, ſaying, "Lie thou there." He went back to the houſe, tore down the door, broke it in pieces, and threw it into the ſtreet. Then he went home: but he was no ſooner laid down in bed, than he thought, "Now I am ſure the devil will have me." He leaped out of bed, took to the fields, and wandered about all the day. At laſt he went to his companion and told him, "Ever ſince I heard that old fellow preach, I can neither eat nor ſleep." Then, ſaid *Sam*, take it for a warning, or I will keep thy company no more; elſe the devil will have us both." *David* ſaid, "Then what ſhall we do?" He anſwered, "Whatever thou doſt, I will join the Society." *David* fell a weeping, and ſaid, "If thou doſt, ſo will I, if they will let me." As ſoon as their deſign was known, many came running to me, and deſired, I would not receive either of them. I ſaid, "If they come, I will act according to the

beſt judgment I have." A little before preaching they came. "Sir, ſaid *Samuel*, we are a couple of deſperate wicked fellows. But we want to be better. And we beg you, for Chriſt's ſake, to receive us into your Society." I ſaid, "Yes, for Chriſt's ſake I will receive you." They looked one at the other, with tears flowing from their eyes, and ſaid, "For Chriſt's ſake receive us *now*, and let us come in at the Love-feaſt." I ſaid, "I do receive you now, for Chriſt's ſake." After preaching, one deſired me to look at *David*. His body, was writhed many ways, and his cries and groans were ſuch as ſtruck terror into thoſe that were near him. I kneeled down and prayed: while I was praying, *David* ſtarted up, and cried aloud, "Glory be to God! my ſins are forgiven." At the ſame time *Samuel* ſaid, "O precious Lamb of God! all in a gore of blood for *me!*" *David* then broke through the people, and caught *Sam* in his arms, ſaying, "Come, let us ſing the Virgin *Mary*'s ſong. I could never ſing it before; but now my ſoul doth magnify the Lord, and my ſpirit doth rejoice in God my Saviour!"

Is any thing too hard for thee,
Almighty Lord of all?

I married while I was at *Wilton*. When I was young, I was frequently at the Earl of *Pembroke's*. Here I came acquainted with one of the Houſe-maids. We met frequently, and always parted with prayers. She ſeemed very religious; but when we were married, I ſoon found my miſtake. She was fond of dreſs, and loved to walk about for pleaſure on the Lord's-Day. She refuſed to kneel down when I prayed, ſaying, "I do not love ſuch Preſbyterian Prayers. I took a book in my hand; but prayed as I did before. Then ſhe kneeled. One evening ſhe was much affected, and roſe early in the morning and ſearched the book to find the prayer. But ſhe could not find it; and afterwards ſhe would not kneel down, whether I had a book or not.

One

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One Sunday morning, a little before Church-time, being about to go to the Sacrament, I came down the ſtairs. She ſtood ſilent at the ſtair-foot, and then ſtepped down, ſtruck me in the face, and beat out one of my teeth. She ſtepped back, ſat down in a chair, and wept aloud, ſaying, "Lord, I cannot help it, I am ſo tempted by the devil." I went to her, put my tooth into her lap, and went into my chamber again without ſpeaking. It was a ſorrowful day with her. The next morning ſhe roſe before me. When I came down, I found her weeping. She ſaid, "Can you forgive me?" I made towards the door. "She ſaid, "For God's ſake, do not leave me." I ſaid, "It is God againſt whom you have ſinned." She wept aloud. I went out, and walked in the fields three hours, praying for her: and when I returned home, I found God had ſpoke peace to her ſoul. Nothing would ſatisfy her, but I muſt ſit on her knees, and hear her praiſe God. I believe ſhe never loſt his love from that hour, but was daily growing in grace. When I ſet out as a travelling Preacher, leaving my Children to her care, ſhe never once aſked me, When I ſhould come home? But in all her Letters ſaid, "I find difficulties: but let not That diſtreſs *you*. I am content. Go ſtrait forward in the work God has called you to."

When I was informed ſhe was very ill, I rode ſeventy miles in one of the ſhorteſt days, to ſee her. I found two young women with her, who came to ſee her at the beginning of her illneſs, and never left her after. One of them aſked, if they ſhould let her know that I was come? I ſaid, No; and went in ſoftly to her. She looked at me, and ſaid, "My dear huſband, I am going to *Abraham*, to *Iſaac* and *Jacob*. I am going to all the Prophets, and to the ſpirits of juſt men made perfect. I am going to my dear Jeſus; and added,

"No

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" Not a doubt can ariſe,
To darken the ſkies,
Or hide for a moment my Lord from my eyes."

No, not for a moment! She then pauſed awhile and ſaid,

" Hark! hark how they ſhout
All heaven throughout!

Lord, let me come up!" And ſo departed. I found her clothes had been ſold, to procure her neceſſaries in time of affliction. So that naked as ſhe came into the world, naked did ſhe return.

As to my mother, I was her youngeſt ſon, and ſhe was the kindeſt of mothers. Yet it was not till I had preached a whole year that ſhe would come to hear me. After ſhe had heard, ſhe was all prayer, and ſoon found peace; which ſhe enjoyed without the leaſt interruption, to her life's end. Living and dying, ſhe was poſſeſt of that quietneſs of ſpirit, which in the ſight of God is of great price. Her laſt dying words were, " Lord Jeſus! into thy hands I commend my ſpirit."

Many years ago, when I was at *Hornby* in *Yorkſhire*, I had a violent illneſs. None about me expected I ſhould ever recover. When to all appearance I was near death, Mr. *Olivers* ſent Mr. *Minethorp* to *Hornby* with a letter, to inform me, he would come and preach my Funeral Sermon, and rejoice over me. The good women that ſat round my bed ſaid, " We never had a Preacher died here before. We ſhall have a great company of people to hear the Funeral Sermon." I heard one of them ſay, " Now he is going." Mean time the cry of my heart was, " Lord ſanctify me now or never." In that inſtant I felt the mighty power of his ſanctifying Spirit. It came down into my ſoul as a refining fire, purifying and cleanſing from all unrighteouſneſs. And from that inſtant I began to recover. But O how ſlow of heart

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heart have I been to believe, and how hard to underſtand the deep things of God! Before my converſion I thought, if I repented all my days, and was pardoned at laſt, it would be a great bleſſing. But when it pleaſed God to pardon me, I knew, "*Now* is the accepted time: *now* is the day of ſalvation." But I had the ſame conceptions of Sanctification, that I had before of Juſtification. I preached it as a ſlow, gradual work. And while I did ſo, I gained no ground: I was eaſily provoked, which made me fear leſt after I had preached to others, I myſelf ſhould be a caſt-away. But now, glory be to God, I feel no anger, no pride, no ſelf-will: old things are paſt away. All things are become new. Now I know, he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God and God in him!

An Extract from the JOURNAL *of Mr.* G—— C——.

[*Continued from page* 580.]

DECEMBER 6. That I am a baſe, vile, ungrateful creature, I continually feel; yet I am ſaved both from the guilt and power of ſin. And I have a clear teſtimony of my integrity and upright conduct with regard to her I have peculiarly loved. Since her huſband died, I have not found one thought towards her contrary to purity. The morning he died, he ſent for me with a heart full of joy and gratitude, to tell me what the Lord had done for him: ſoon after which he cheerfully reſigned his ſoul into the hands of his Redeemer.

January 2, 1757. I am now entered into a new ſcene of temptations. I cried to the Lord with many tears. And he gave me a full purpoſe of heart, to be entirely devoted to him.

Jan. 19. I am greatly diſtreſt, with regard to the widow of my friend. I love her, and believe ſhe loves me. I deſire a

cloſer

closer union with her, but have no liberty to proceed. This has been a day of such inward conflict, as I never felt before. I laid before the Lord all my sins, griefs and fears, and besought him with bitter tears, that I might be enabled to submit to his will, and might give place to no love but his. I was afterwards persuaded, that she would soon die, and expected every moment to hear she was dead or dying. My grief is not to be expressed. I seemed to be left without a friend, without any one to whom I could unbosom my soul. Mean time shame, fear and anguish seized my spirit, to feel my heart thus cleave to any creature. I cried, prayed and intreated the God of mercy, that I might love and delight in him only!

Jan. 20. O who knows but they that feel it, what this bondage is, and what this struggle for liberty! Liberty, not from the guilt of sin, but to love the Lord and him only: I know, guilt is gone: but I also know, that my heart does not always cleave to Jesus: the sense of which so affected me this day, that I was in tears all the day long.

February 3. The Lord gives me an evidence of his love, and much comfort in the means of grace. Yet have I a constant sense of my unlikeness to God, which makes me in a measure unhappy.

March 16. I was more than recompensed for all my past sufferings, being strongly affected with the love of God, and having a lively sense of my soul's union with the Father, Son, and Spirit.

April 10. I at times feel love to the creature; but not long: my soul seeks a better good. I live in no known sin; I cherish no idol. But O! the pride of my heart?

May 12. I was in company with some who feel nothing contrary to love, and who have constant communion with God. Hereby my hope was much strengthened of an entire deliverance from sin, that I might be truly holy, totally renewed in the image of my mind, by the powerful working of the Spirit of Jesus.

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July 23. How myſterious is this? I know not that I give place to ſin. I uſe every means of grace, and am much in prayer: yet am I diſtreſt by reaſon of this ſinful nature. I would love God, live to his glory, and altogether ſubmit to his will. But I cannot: this evil heart will not let him reign. Yet I feel, I muſt be holy, or unhappy.

Auguſt 2. I am grievouſly afflicted with nervous weakneſs, which perhaps I partly brought upon myſelf. After I attained the knowledge of God, I uſed more abſtinence than my nature would bear. Potatoes were my only food four days in the week, two of which I ate nothing till tea-time. On Sunday I ate nothing till dinner. In Lent I took no fleſh, but on the Lord's-Day. Mean time I was accuſtomed to very hard labour, and allowed myſelf but ſix hours ſleep, going to bed at ten, and riſing at four, and for years ſeldom miſſing the morning-preaching. The good effects of this I found in my ſoul; but my body was much weakened.

Nov. 17. Is not this a token, that I ſhall overcome my evil heart at laſt, that I am ſeldom turned aſide from prayer? I conſtantly open the ſecrets of my ſoul to the Lord, and am hereby ſtrengthened to endure and to conquer. Indeed I find great help in the means, particularly my Band and Claſs; for which I cannot ſufficiently bleſs God.

[*To be continued.*]

An Account of the Death of Mr. RICHARD BLACKWELL.

MR. *Richard Blackwell* went to the joy of his Lord yeſterday morning about half an hour after ten. He was only confined one week to his room. On Sunday the 13th he preached at five in the evening, to a crowded audience, from the words of *David* to his ſon *Solomon*, "Ariſe and be doing, and the Lord be with you;" and indeed it was a farewel Sermon; and I truſt it will be remembered by many for their

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good. He was not able to meet the Society; but as he had complained of a Cold for ſome days, we thought little of it. On Monday we ſent for Doctor *Memis* to bleed him, who ſent a civil excuſe: then a Surgeon was called, who finding his pulſe low, thought it improper to bleed him. On Tueſday Mr *Blackwell* ſent for him again, and was bled. On Wedneſday he kept his bed, and complained much of pain all over his body; and was uneaſy that the Phyſician, who then viſited him twice a day, preſcribed nothing but a ſimple diet-drink. At his deſire I read over Mr. *Weſley's* Receipts, and he thought fit to continue the Apple-Water, which he had uſed from the beginning, which the Doctor alſo approved of. On Thurſday he had great diſtreſs both in body and mind, occaſioned by the buffetings of Satan. On Friday he was afraid he ſhould loſe the uſe of his Reaſon; and early on Saturday morning was ſeized with a delirium, which continued till three o'clock on Monday morning; during which time he never ſhut his eyes till a little before his death. At intervals he ſpoke of the glory and majeſty of Jehovah, and of the things of God in general, with great complacency; and retained the lovely ſmile on his countenance to the laſt.

He is to be buried on Thurſday next, in the Burial-place of *Principal Blackwell*, one of the Miniſters of this town: where he will lie in the midſt of many of our late Miniſters. Lord enable us to lay to heart thy Will in this ſevere and unexpected chaſtiſement!

W. SMITH.

Aberdeen, Dec. 22, 1767.

An Account of the Death of Mrs. DOYLE.

MRS. *Doyle* was delivered of a daughter the 28th of July, and continued, to appearance, as well as any woman could be, till the tenth of this month, when ſhe was ſeized

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ſeized with a bilious Cholic, which carried her off on Wednesday the twelfth. For ſome time before her delivery, ſhe had an impreſſion upon her mind that ſhe ſhould die ſoon. To a friend that was converſing with her a few days before, ſhe ſaid, "I have been aſking for wiſdom to act in my family, and he tells me the time of my departure is at hand." At the time of her travail ſhe bore her pain with remarkable patience. To one that remarked it, ſhe ſaid, "I bleſs the Lord, I am not afraid of the ſtrongeſt pain." When I went to ſee her, on the night ſhe was delivered, ſhe ſaid, "My dear, I was ſo ſupported, and my ſoul was kept ſo joyous, that I could have ſung in the midſt of my pain." The day before ſhe was taken for death, we converſed freely on chriſtian experience. She ſaid, "When the Lord firſt ſet my ſoul at liberty, I thought there was nothing to do: ſince then he has ſhowed me, every grace is to be called forth to exerciſe. I long, ſaid ſhe, to be that Chriſtian ſpoken of in the thirteenth of the Corinthians." Her pain was violent, but ſhe bore it with great compoſure; frequently ſaying, "Lord, I know that in one moment thou canſt remove it if it is for thy glory. But I aſk neither eaſe nor pain, neither life nor death; thy Will be done, and thy Name be glorified." About an hour before her death I was by her bed-ſide, when ſhe ſhewed marks of grief. She ſaid, "*Molly*, the Lord cannot err in his diſpenſations; though they may be painful." Soon after this ſhe ſweetly fell aſleep.

MARY JAMES.

Briſtol, Aug. 20, 1767.

An Extract from A SURVEY *of the* WISDOM *of* GOD *in the* CREATION.

Of FISHES.

THE Air-Bladder in Fiſhes is deſcribed as a bag filled with air, ſometimes compoſed of one, ſometimes of two, and ſometimes of three diviſions, ſituated towards the back of the fiſh, and opening into the maw or the gullet. It is commonly ſuppoſed, by its ſwelling at the will of the animal, to increaſe the ſurface of the fiſh's body, and ſo to enable it to riſe to the top of the water, and keep there at pleaſure. On the contrary, when the fiſh wants to deſcend, it is ſuppoſed to empty this bladder of its air, and ſo ſinks to the bottom.

But many fiſhes have an Air-bladder, that continually crawl at the bottom; ſuch as the eel and the flounder: and many more are entirely without it, that ſwim in every depth; ſuch as the anchovy and the freſh-water gudgeon. Indeed, the number of fiſhes that want this organ, is alone a ſufficient proof that it is not neceſſary for the purpoſes of ſwimming; and the ventral fins, which in all fiſhes lie flat upon the water, are fully ſufficient to keep them at all depths.

The Stomach is in general placed next the mouth, and though not ſenſibly hot, is endued with a ſurpriſing faculty of digeſtion. Its digeſtive power ſeems in ſome meaſure to increaſe with the quantity of food it is ſupplied with; a ſingle pike having been known to devour a hundred roaches in three days. Its faculties alſo are as extraordinary, for it digeſts not only ſoft fiſh, but prawns, crabs and lobſters, ſhells and all. Theſe the cod or the ſturgeon will not only devour, but diſſolve, though their ſhells are ſo much harder than the ſides of the Stomach which contains them. This amazing faculty in the cold Stomach of fiſhes has juſtly excited the curioſity of philoſophers; and has effectually over-

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overturned the ſyſtem of thoſe who ſuppoſe the heat of the Stomach is alone a ſufficient inſtrument for digeſtion. The truth ſeems to be, that there is a power of animal aſſimulation lodged in the ſtomach of all creatures, which we can neither deſcribe nor define, converting the ſubſtances they ſwallow into a fluid, fitted for their own peculiar ſupport. This is done neither by tieturation, nor by warmth, nor by motion, nor by a diſſolving fluid; but by ſome principle yet unknown, which acts in a different manner from all kinds of artificial maceration.

'Yet though fiſh are thus hungry, and for ever prowling, no animals can ſuffer the want of food for ſo long a time. The gold and ſilver fiſh which we keep in vaſes, ſeem never to want any nouriſhment at all; whether it be that they feed on the water-inſects, too minute for our obſervation, or that water alone is a ſufficient ſupply. Even the pike, the moſt voracious of fiſhes, will live in a pond where there is none but himſelf, and what is more extraordinary, will be often found to thrive there.

Air however is ſo neceſſary to all fiſh, that they can live but a few minutes without it: yet nothing is more difficult to be accounted for, than the manner in which they obtain this neceſſary ſupply. Thoſe who have ſeen a fiſh in the water, muſt remember the motion of its lips and its gills, or at leaſt of the bones on each ſide that cover them. This motion in the animal is without doubt, analogous to our breathing, but it is not air, but water, that the fiſh actually takes in and throws out through the gills at every motion.

The manner of its breathing ſeems to be this. The fiſh firſt takes a quantity of water by the mouth, which is driven to the gills, theſe cloſe and keep the water ſo ſwallowed from returning by the mouth, while the bony covering of the gills prevents it from going through them, until the animal has drawn the proper quantity of air from the body of the water thus impriſoned; then the bony covers open and give it a free paſſage:

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paſſage: by which means alſo the gills again are opened, and admit a freſh quantity of water. Should the fiſh be prevented from the free play of its gills, or ſhould the bony covers be kept from moving, by a ſtring tied round them, the animal would ſoon fall into convulſions, and die in a few minutes.

[*To be continued.*]

EXTRACTS *from* LOCKE *on* HUMAN UNDERSTANDING; *with ſhort* REMARKS.

Of POWER.

[*Continued from page* 587.]

P. 204. "WHAT is it determines our Will with regard to our Actions? Some Uneaſineſs a man is under." Not always: Pleaſure determines it as often as Pain. But "*Deſire* is *Uneaſineſs*." It is not: we deſire to enjoy Pleaſure, as much as to avoid Pain. But Deſire differs *toto genere*, both from one and the other. Therefore all that follows (about Pain alone determining the Will) is wrong from end to end.

P. 210. "If it be aſked, What it is moves *Deſire?* I anſwer, *Happineſs and that alone.*" How flatly does that contradict all that went before? Where it is ſaid, "*Uneaſineſs alone* cauſes Deſire?"

"Sect. 47. The Mind having in moſt caſes, as is evident in experience, a power to *ſuſpend* the execution and ſatisfaction of any of its Deſires, and ſo all, one after another, is at liberty to conſider the objects of them; examine them on all ſides, and weigh them with others. In this lies the liberty man has: and from the not uſing of it aright, comes all that variety of miſtakes, errors, and faults which we run into, in the conduct

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conduct of our lives, and our endeavours after happiness; we precipitate the determination of our *Wills*, and engage too soon before due *examination*. To prevent this, we have a power to *suspend* the prosecution of this or that desire, as every one daily may make the experiment in himself. This seems to me the source of all liberty: in this seems to consist that which is (as I think improperly) called *Free-Will*. For during our *suspension* of any desire, before the *Will* be determined to action, and the action (which follows that determination) is done, we have opportunity to examine, view, and judge, of the good or evil of what we are going to do; and when upon due *examination*, we have judged, we have done our duty, all that we can, or ought to do, in pursuit of our happiness; and it is not a fault, but a perfection of our nature to desire, will, and act according to the last result of a fair *examination*.

"Sect. 48. This is so far from being a restraint or diminution of *Freedom*, that it is the very improvement and benefit of it; it is not an abridgment, it is the end and use of our *Liberty*; and the farther we are removed from such a determination, the nearer we are to misery and slavery. A perfect indifferency in the mind, not determinable by its last judgment of the good or evil, that is thought to attend its choice, would be so far from being an advantage and excellency of any intellectual nature, that it would be as great an imperfection, as the want of indifferency to act, or not to act, till determined by the *Will*, would be an imperfection on the other side. A man is at liberty to lift up his hand to his head, or let it rest quiet: he is perfectly indifferent in either; and it would be an imperfection in him, if he wanted that power, if he were deprived of that indifferency. But it would be as great an imperfection, if he had the same indifferency, whether he would prefer the lifting up his hand, or its remaining in rest, when it would save his head or eyes from a blow he sees coming: *it is* as much *a perfection that Desire, or the power of preferring, should be determined by Good*, as that the power of

Acting

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Acting ſhould be determined by the *Will*, and the certainer ſuch determination is, the greater is the perfection. Nay, were we determined by any thing but the laſt reſult of our own minds, judging of the good or evil of any action, we were not free. The very end of our freedom being, that we might attain the good we chuſe. And therefore every man is put under a neceſſity, by his conſtitution, as an intelligent being, to be determined in *willing* by his own thought and judgment, what is beſt for him to do: elſe he would be under the determination of ſome other than himſelf, which is want of liberty. And to deny, that a man's *Will*, in every determination, follows his own judgment, is to ſay, that a man *wills* and acts for an end that he would not have at the time that he *wills* and acts for it. For if he prefers it in his preſent thoughts before any other, it is plain he then thinks better of it, and would have it before any other, unleſs he can have, and not have it; *will* and *not will* it at the ſame time; a contradition too manifeſt to be admitted!

An Account of the PASSIONS, *or* NATURAL AFFECTIONS: *extracted from Dr. Watts.*

UNIVERSAL DIRECTIONS *about the* PASSIONS.

23. I Have only to add a few Directions, which relate to all the Paſſions. I ſhall divide theſe into two ſorts: the firſt, Moral; the ſecond, Religious.

The Moral are theſe: "1. Let the regulation of your Paſſions be the care of your younger years, and carry on the work through your whole life, without intermiſſion. If you are ſo happy as to have begun this ſelf-government in childhood, you will make the remaining work much more eaſy, and the following parts of life more peaceful and honourable.

Root

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Root up the foul weeds of Pride, Malice and Envy, as ſoon as ever you find them ſpringing: let them be nipt in their very bud, leſt they fix their roots too deep in the heart to be removed.

Bend the uſeful Paſſions of Love, Deſire, Joy, Fear, Anger, and Sorrow, like young trees, into a beautiful and regular form, and prune off all their luxuriant branches. Begin to bring them to obey the laws of Reaſon betimes. Keep a conſtant and an early watch againſt the wanderings, and the out-breakings of every affection. Let wiſdom put a bridle on them before they are grown head-ſtrong and unruly, that you may guide them uſefully like a managed horſe, through the various paths of human life, and that they may bear you on to duty and happineſs.

And I would earneſtly recommend it to Parents and Teachers, to inſinuate the advantage of ruling the Paſſions to all the young people under their care. Let them be taught theſe leſſons in the morning of life. Otherwiſe you may expect that a young Humouriſt will grow up to an intolerable Peeviſhneſs, and become a ſour old Wretch: a wrathful Child, untaught to bridle his rage, will grow to an incurable Fury. Spite and Envy, uncurbed between ten and twenty years of age, will be in danger of making a devil at fifty.

" 2. Learn and practiſe the art of Self-denial, with regard to your Appetites, and you will gain an eaſier government of your Paſſions. Rule the Fleſh well, in order to rule the Spirit. Paſſion has its chief ſeat in animal nature, and if the animal be brought under the yoke betimes, it will be more obedient to Reaſon, and leſs ſuſceptive of irregular commotions. Temperance is one of the firſt of Virtues; but a pampered Appetite ſupplies new force, vigour and obſtinacy to unruly Paſſions.

" 3. Reſtrain your curioſity, and all ſolicitous inquiries into things which were better unknown. How many

plentiful ſprings of Fear, Sorrow, Anger and Hatred, have been found out by this laborious digging? Have a care of a curious ſearch into ſuch things as might have ſafely remained for ever ſecret, and the ignorance of them had prevented many fooliſh and hurtful paſſions. A fond ſolicitude to know all that our friends or our foes ſay of us, is often recompenſed with diſquietude and anguiſh of ſoul.

" 4. Never let your Paſſions determine your eſteem or opinion of things or perſons: theſe always bias the judgment to their own ſide, and often lead it aſtray. Whatſoever Paſſion makes any repreſentations of a thing, you muſt always make ſome grains of allowance: for if it happen to be right in the main, yet it generally colours every thing too high and ſtrong.

It is therefore a matter of great importance to form and ſettle your judgment of things and perſons which you have to do with, in the calmeſt and ſereneſt hours of life. And let theſe judgments be reſerved as Rules for your conſtant conduct, that whenſoever Paſſion makes efforts to riſe and reign, you may have ſome ſettled Truths and Rules ready at hand to govern it.

" 5. Obſerve what are the Paſſions to which you are moſt liable, or to which you are moſt diſpoſed by your age, or any other circumſtance. Conſider what Paſſions have the deepeſt root in your natural conſtitution, and watch againſt them: enquire which are thoſe affections to which your temper is moſt inclined, or to which you are moſt expoſed by your ſtation and circumſtances in the world, and ſet a ſpecial guard upon them.

" 6. Watch againſt all thoſe ſeaſons and temptations, thoſe dangerous hours, thoſe occurrences, or that company, which in time paſt have been moſt provoking to any of your evil Paſſions.

" 7. Have a care of indulging the dangerous Paſſions, ſuch as Fear, Sorrow, Anger, leſt by too frequent repetition,

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by too intenſe a degree, or too long a continuance, they ſhould grow into a ſettled habit and temper.

" 8. Whenever you feel the more kindly ſort of Paſſions, (thoſe which flow from the love of God or your neighbour) working in you, encourage and promote them that they may fix in your heart more firmly the principles of goodneſs, and form your very nature and temper to Virtue and Religion.

" 9. Sometimes one unruly Paſſion is ſuppreſt by raiſing another which is more harmleſs or uſeful. So when a ſtupid Inactivity ariſes from exceſſive Sorrow, it may be corrected by awakening the Paſſion of Fear.

Or if any particular Paſſion prevail we may change the object of it, and thereby prevent its exceſs. If a timorous Chriſtian avoid his duty, for fear of the reproach of the world, ſet the wrath of God and hell fire before him, that the *Fear of divine vengeance* may cure him of the *Fear of man.* This was the practice of our bleſſed Lord, Luke xii. 4, 5. *Fear not them who kill the body: but fear him who can caſt into hell.*

[*To be continued.*]

An ANSWER *to a* REPORT.

I Have lately heard to my no ſmall ſurpriſe, that a perſon profeſſing himſelf a Quaker, and ſuppoſed to be a man of ſome character, has confidently reported, That he has been at *Sunderland* himſelf, and enquired into the caſe of *Elizabeth Hobſon*: that ſhe was a woman of a very indifferent character: that the ſtory ſhe told was purely her own invention, and that *John Weſley* himſelf was now fully convinced that there was no truth in it.

From what motive a man ſhould invent and publiſh all over *England* (for I have heard this in various places) a whole

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train of abſolute, notorious falſehoods, I cannot at all imagine. On the contrary, I declare to all the world, 1. That *Elizabeth Hobſon* was an eminently pious woman: that ſhe lived and died, without the leaſt blemiſh of any kind, without the leaſt ſtain upon her character: 2. That the relation could not poſſibly be her own invention, as there were many witneſſes to ſeveral parts of it: as Mr. *Parker*, the two Attorneys whom ſhe employed, Miſs *Hoſmer* and many others: and 3. That I myſelf am fully perſuaded, that every circumſtance of it is literally and punctually true.

I know that thoſe who *faſhionably* deny the exiſtence of ſpirits are hugely diſguſted at accounts of this kind. I know that they inceſſantly labour, to ſpread this diſguſt among thoſe that are of a better mind: becauſe if one of theſe accounts be admitted, their whole ſyſtem falls to the ground. But whoever is pleaſed or diſpleaſed, I muſt teſtify what I believe to be the truth. Indeed I never myſelf ſaw the appearance of an unbodied ſpirit. And I never ſaw the commiſſion of a murder. Yet upon the teſtimony of unexceptionable witneſſes, I can firmly believe both one and the other.

Frome, Sept. 12, 1782. J. WESLEY.

A SERMON *preached by Mr.* DODD, *of Dedham, (commonly called,* Old Dodd,) *to ſome Students of Oxford, who met him on the road to London, and inſiſted on his preaching to them there in an old hollow Tree, from the word* MALT. *Having remonſtrated a while to no purpoſe, he got into the hollow Tree and ſaid,*

Beloved,

LET me crave your attention; for I am a Little Man, come at a Short Warning, to preach a Brief Sermon, upon a Small Subject, to a Thin Congregation, in an Unworthy Pulpit. And

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And now my Beloved, my Text is MALT, which I cannot divide into Sentences, becauſe it is none; nor into Words, becauſe (upon the whole matter) it is but a Monoſyllable: therefore I muſt, as neceſſity enforces me, divide it into Letters, which I find in my Text to be theſe four only, M, A, L, T.

M, my beloved, is Moral; A, is Allegorical; L, is Literal; and T, is Theological. The Moral is ſet forth, to teach you Drunkards good manners: therefore, M, my Maſters; A, all of you; L, liſten; T, to my Text. The Allegorical is, when one thing is ſpoken, and another meant: now the thing ſpoken of is, MALT, but the thing meant is ſtrong Beer, wherein you Drunkards make, M, Meat; A, Apparel; L, Liberty; T, Treaſure. The Literal is according to the Letter; M, Much; A, Ale; L, Little; T, Thrift; Much Ale, Little Thrift. The Theological, is according to the effects which it works, which I find in my Text to be of two kinds, 1ſt. In this world. 2d. The world to come. In this world, the effects are, in ſome, M, Murder; in others, A, Adultery; in ſome, L, Looſeneſs of Life; in others, T, Treaſon. 2d. In the world to come: in ſome, M, Miſery; in others, A, Anguiſh; in ſome, L, Languiſhing; in others, T, Torment. Wherefore, my firſt Uſe ſhall be Exhortation. M, my Maſters; A, all of you; L, Leave; T, Tipling: or elſe, 2d. By way of Commination, I ſay, M, my Maſters; A, all of you; L, look for; T, Torment. So much for this time and Text. Only by way of Caution, take this: a Drunkard is, an Annoyance of Modeſty; the Trouble of Civility; the Spoil of Wealth; the Deſtruction of Reaſon; the Brewer's Agent; the Ale-wive's Benefactor; the Beggar's Companion; the Conſtable's Trouble; his Wife's Woe; his Children's Sorrow; his Neighbour's Scoff; his own Shame: a walking Swill-tub; the Picture of a Beaſt; and a Monſter of a Man.

Say well and do well, end both with a letter;
Say well is good, but do well is better.

A Ser-

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A SERMON *preached by an old Miniſter to three Highwaymen.*

To the *Editor* of the *Arminian Magazine.*

Sir,

I Have had this Curioſity by me for near forty years: it is genuine. I hope it will be received well by your Readers, and I truſt, prove a bleſſing to ſome of them.

Four Gentlemen and an old Miniſter riding along the road, met three Highwaymen, who diſmounting, plundered them: the old Miniſter begged very hard to have a little money, as he was going to pay a Bill in *London*; ſo they, being generous fellows, gave him all his money back again, on condition of his preaching them a Sermon: ſo taking them off the highway, he ſaid,

Gentlemen,

YOU are the moſt like the old Apoſtles of any men in the world, for they were wanderers upon the earth, and ſo are you: they had neither lands nor tenements that they could call their own; neither, as I preſume, have you. They were deſpiſed of all, but thoſe of their own profeſſion, and ſo I believe are you: they were unalterably fixed in the principles they profeſſed, and I dare ſwear ſo are you: they were often hurried into gaols and priſons; were perſecuted by the people, and endured great hardſhips; all of which ſufferings I preſume have been undergone by you: their profeſſion brought them all to untimely deaths; and if you continue in your courſe, ſo will yours bring you. But in this point, Beloved, you differ mightily; for the Apoſtles aſcended from the tree into heaven, where I am afraid you will never come; but as their deaths were compenſated with eternal glory, yours will be rewarded with eternal ſhame and miſery, unleſs you mend your manners.

A SER-

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A SERMON

[*By Dr. CUDWORTH.*]

On 1 John ii. 3, 4.

[*Concluded from page* 596.]

LET us take heed we do not ſometimes call that Zeal, for God, and his Goſpel, which is nothing but our own tempeſtuous and ſtormy Paſſion. True Zeal is a ſweet, heavenly and gentle flame, which makes us active for God, but always within the ſphere of love. It never calls for fire from heaven to conſume thoſe that differ from us in their apprehenſions. It is like that kind lightning that melts the ſword within, but ſingeth not the ſcabbard: it ſtrives to ſave the ſoul, but hurteth not the body. True Zeal is a loving thing and makes us always active to Edification, and not to Deſtruction. If we keep the fire of Zeal within the chimney, in its own proper place, it never doth any hurt; it only warmeth, quickeneth, and enliveneth us: but if once we let it break out, and catch hold of the thatch of our fleſh, and kindle our corrupt nature, it is no longer Zeal, it is no heavenly fire, it is a moſt deſtructive and devouring thing: true Zeal is a ſoft and gentle flame, that will not ſcorch one's hand: it is no predatory or voracious thing. But carnal and fleſhly Zeal is like the ſpirit of gun-powder ſet on fire, that tears and blows up all that ſtands before it. To conclude, we may learn what kind of Zeal it is that we ſhould make uſe of in promoting the goſpel, by an emblem of God's own giving, in the Scripture, even thoſe fiery tongues, that upon the day of Pentecoſt ſat upon the Apoſtles: which ſure were harmleſs flames, for we cannot read that they did any hurt, or that they did ſo much as ſinge a hair of their heads.

I will

I will ſhut up this with that of the Apoſtle, *Let us keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.* Let this ſoft and ſilken knot of Love, tie our hearts together: though our heads and apprehenſions cannot meet. Our Zeal, if it be heavenly, if it be true veſtal fire kindled from above, will not delight to tarry here below, burning up the ſtraw and ſtubble, and ſuch combuſtible things, and ſending up nothing but groſs earthly fumes to heaven; but it will riſe up, return back pure as it came down, and will be ever ſtriving to carry up men's hearts to God along with it. It will be only occupied about the promoting of thoſe things which are unqueſtionably good: and when it moves in the iraſcible way, it will quarrel with nothing but ſin. Here let our Zeal buſy and exerciſe itſelf, every one of us beginning firſt at our own hearts. Let us be more zealous than ever we have yet been in fighting againſt, and pulling down the *ſtrong holds of ſin and Satan in* our hearts. Here let us exerciſe all our courage, and reſolution, and manhood, and magnanimity.

Let us truſt in the Almighty arm of our God, and doubt not but he will as well deliver us from the power of ſin in our hearts, as *preſerve us from the wrath to come.* Let us go out againſt theſe uncircumciſed Philiſtines, I mean our ſins, not with ſhield or ſpear, not in any confidence of our own ſtrength, but in the Name of the Lord of Hoſts, and we ſhall prevail, we ſhall overcome them: *for greater is he that is in us than he that is in them. The eternal God is our refuge, and underneath are the everlaſting Arms; he ſhall thruſt out theſe enemies before us, and he ſhall ſay, Deſtroy them.*

There are ſome that diſhearten us in this ſpiritual warfare, and would make us let our weapons fall out of our hands, by working in us a deſpair of victory. There are ſome evil Spies, that weaken the hands and hearts of the chilldren of Iſrael, and bring an ill report upon that land that we are to conquer, telling of nothing but ſtrange Giants, the *ſons of Anak* there, that we ſhall never be able to overcome. *The Amalakites,*

(ſay

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(ſay they) *dwell in the South*; *the Hittites, Jebuſites, Amorites, in the mountains*; *and the Canaanites by the ſea-coaſt*: huge armies of tall invincible Luſts: *we ſhall never be able to go againſt this people*: we ſhall never be able to prevail againſt our Corruptions. Hearken not unto them, but hear what *Caleb* and *Joſhua* ſay, *Let us go up at once, and poſſeſs it, for we are able to overcome them*; not by our own ſtrength, but by the power of the *Lord of Hoſts*. There are indeed *ſons of Anak* there, there are mighty *Giant-like Luſts* that we are to grapple with; nay, there are principalities and powers too that we are to oppoſe: but the great *Michael, the Captain of the Lord's Hoſt* is with us; he commands in chief for us, and we need not be diſmayed. *Underſtand therefore this day that the Lord thy God is he which goeth before thee as a conſuming fire*; *he ſhall deſtroy theſe enemies, and bring them down before thy face*. If thou wilt be faithful unto him, and put thy truſt in him, *as the fire conſumeth the ſtubble, and as the flame burneth up the chaff*, ſo will he deſtroy thy luſts in thee: *their root ſhall be rottenneſs, and their bloſſom ſhall go up as the duſt*.

But leſt there ſhould yet haply remain any prejudice, againſt that which I have all this while heartily commended to you, true Holineſs, and the *keeping of Chriſt's commandments*, as if it were a legal and a ſervile thing, that would ſubject us to a ſtate of bondage: I muſt needs here add a word or two, either for the prevention or removal of it. I do not therefore mean by holineſs, the mere performance of the outward duties of Religion, coldly acted over as a taſk; nor our habitual prayings, hearings, faſtings, multiplied one upon another (though theſe are all good, as ſubſervient to a higher end:) but I mean an inward ſoul, and principle of divine life that ſpiriteth all theſe, that enliveneth and quickeneth the dead carcaſe of all outward performances whatſoever. I do not here urge the dead law of outward works, which indeed, if it be alone, ſubjects us to a ſtate of

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bondage; but the inward law of the gospel, the *Law of the spirit of life*, than which nothing can be more free and ingenuous: for it doth not act us by principles without us, but is an inward, self-moving principle, living in our hearts.

They that are actuated only by an *outward law*, are but like those little puppets that skip nimbly up and down, and seem to be full of quick and sprightly motion; whereas they are all the while moved artificially by certain wires and strings from without.

But they that are acted by the new law of the Gospel, by the law of the Spirit, they have an inward principle in them, that from the centre of itself, puts forth itself freely and constantly into all obedience to the will of Christ. This new law of the gospel is a kind of musical Soul, informing the dead Organ of our hearts, that makes them of their own accord delight to act harmoniously, according to the rule of God's word.

The law that I speak of is a law of Love which is the most powerful law in the world, and yet it freeth us in a manner from all law without us, because it maketh us become a law to ourselves. The more it prevaileth in us, the more it eateth up and devoureth all other laws without us; just as *Aaron's living Rod* did swallow up those Rods of the Magicians that were made only to counterfeit a little life.

Love is at once a freedom from all law, a state of purest liberty, and yet a law too, of the most constraining and indispensable necessity.

The Law of the Letter without us sets us in a condition of little liberty, by restraining us from many outward acts of sin; but yet doth not disenthral us from the power of sin in our hearts.

But *the Law of the Spirit of Life, the Gospel Law of Love*, it puts us into a condition of most pure and perfect liberty: and whosoever really entertains this law, he hath *thrust out Hagar*

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Hagar quite, he hath *caſt out the Bond-woman and her children:* from henceforth Sarah the Free-woman ſhall live for ever with him, and ſhe ſhall be to him a mother of many children: her ſeed ſhall be *as the ſand of the Sea-ſhore for number*, and *as the ſtars of heaven.* Here is Evangelical-liberty, here is Goſpel-freedom, when the Spirit of life in Chriſt Jeſus hath made us free from the law of ſin and death: when we have a liberty from ſin, and not a liberty to ſin; for our dear Lord and Maſter hath told us, that *Whoſoever committeth ſin, is the ſervant of ſin.*

He that lies under the power and vaſſalage of his baſe luſts, and yet talks of Goſpel-freedom, is but like a poor condemned priſoner that in his ſleep dreams of being ſet at liberty, and of walking up and down whereſoever he pleaſeth, whilſt his legs are all the while locked faſt in fetters and irons. To pleaſe ourſelves with a notion of Goſpel-liberty, whilſt we have not a Goſpel-principle of holineſs within us, to free us from the power of ſin, is nothing elſe but to gild over our bonds and fetters, and to fancy ourſelves to be in a golden cage. There is a ſtraitneſs, ſlavery, and narrowneſs in ſin; ſin crowds and crumples up our ſouls, which if they were freely ſpread abroad, would be as wide and as large as the whole univerſe.

No man is truly free but he that hath his will enlarged to the extent of God's will, by loving whatſoever God loves, and nothing elſe. Such a one doth not fondly hug this and that particular created good thing, and envaſſal himſelf unto it: but he loveth every-thing that is lovely, beginning at God, and deſcending down to all his creatures, according to the ſeveral degrees of perfection in them. He enjoys a boundleſs liberty, and a boundleſs ſweetneſs, according to his boundleſs love. He enclaſpeth the whole world in his outſtretched arms; his ſoul is as wide as the whole univerſe, as big as yeſterday, to-day and for ever. Whoſoever is once acquainted with this diſpoſition of ſpirit, he never defiles any

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thing elſe, and he loves the life of God in himſelf dearer than his own life. To conclude, if we love Chriſt and *keep his commandments, his commandments will not be grievous unto us: his yoke will be eaſy, and his burthen light.* For it is moſt true of Evangelical Obedience, what the wiſe man ſpeaketh of Wiſdom, *Her ways are ways of pleaſantneſs: and all her paths are peace: ſhe is a tree of life to all that lay hold upon her: and happy are all they that retain her.*

THOUGHTS *on the Character and Writings of Mr.* PRIOR.

[*Concluded from page* 603.]

7. BUT to deſcend from generals to particulars. His tales are certainly the beſt told of any in the Engliſh tongue. And it matters not, whether they were ever told before or no. They never were in the Engliſh language. I inſtance only in two of them, "The Lady's Looking-glaſs, (mentioned before,) and the Engliſh Padlock. In both, the diction is pure, terſe, eaſy and elegant in the higheſt degree. And the Moral both of one and the other, may be of excellent uſe: particularly that of the latter:

"Be to her virtues very kind:
Be to her faults a little blind:
Let all her ways be unconfined,
And clap your Padlock—on her mind."

8. But "his amorous effuſions have neither gallantry, nor tenderneſs. They are the dull exerciſes of one trying to be amorous by dint of ſtudy. When he tries to act the Lover, his thoughts are unaffecting and remote. In his armorous Pedantry he exhibits the College."

Surely

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Surely never was any thing more diſtant from the truth! "Neither gallantry, nor tenderneſs! For gallantry, I know not well what it means. But never man wrote with more *tenderneſs*. Witneſs the preface to *Henry* and *Emma*, with the whole inimitable Poem: witneſs the ſtory of *Abraham*. Are theſe "the dull exerciſes of one trying to be amorous by dint of ſtudy?" Are the thoughts in theſe "unaffecting and remote?" Yea, "amorous Pedantry of a College?" O no! They are the genuine language of the heart. "Unaffecting?". So far from it, that I know not what man of ſenſibility can read them without tears.

9. But it is ſaid, "*Henry* and *Emma* is a dull and tedious dialogue, which excites neither eſteem for the man, nor tenderneſs for the woman." Does it not? Then I know not with what eyes, or with what heart a man muſt read it! "dull and tedious!" See how Doctors differ! One who was no bad Poet himſelf, and no bad judge of Poetry, deſcribing Love, ſays,

> "The immortal glories of the nut-brown maid,
> Emblazoned lively on his ſhield appear:"

and always ſpoke of this very Poem as one of the fineſt in the Engliſh language.

10. However, "*Alma* never had a plan, nor any drift or deſign." The drift and deſign of it is tolerably plain. It is a ſtrong ſatire on that ſelf-conceited tribe of men, who pretend to philoſophize upon every thing, natural or ſpiritual. It keenly expoſes thoſe who continually obtrude their own ſyſtems upon the world, and pretend to *account* for every thing. His deſign is, if poſſible to make theſe men leſs wiſe in their own conceit, by ſhewing them how plauſibly a man may defend, the oddeſt ſyſtem that can be conceived: and he intermixes many admirable reflexions, and cloſes with a very ſtriking concluſion; which points out, where one would leaſt expect it, that *all is vanity*.

11. The

11. The ſtrangeſt ſentence of all, is that which is paſt upon Solomon. "It wants the power of engaging attention. Tedioufneſs is the moſt fatal of all faults. The tedioufneſs of this Poem."—Did any one ever diſcern it before? I ſhould as ſoon think of tedioufneſs, in the ſecond or ſixth Æneid! So far from it, that if I dip in any of the three books, I ſcarce know where to leave off. No! This Poem does not "want the power of engaging the attention of any that have a taſte for Poetry: that have a taſte for the ſtrongeſt ſenſe expreſſed in ſome of the fineſt Verſes that ever appeared in the Engliſh tongue.

I cite but one paſſage for all. It ſtands in the firſt book.

Now when my mind has all the world ſurveyéd,
And found that nothing by itſelf was made:
When thought has raiſéd itſelf by juſt degrees,
From valleys crownéd with flowers and hills with trees—
From all the living that four-footed rove
Along the ſhore, the meadow or the grove;
From all that can with fins or feathers fly
Through the aérial or the watry ſky;
From the poor reptile with a reaſoning ſoul,
That miſerable maſter of the whole:
From this great object of the body's eye,
This fair half-round, this ample azure ſky,
Terribly large and wonderfully bright,
With ſtars unnumberéd and unmeaſuréd light:
From eſſences unſeen, celeſtial names,
Enlightening ſpirits and miniſterial flames,
Angels, dominions, potentates and thrones;
All that in each degree the name of creature owns:
Lift we our reaſon to that ſovéreign cauſe,
Who bleſt the whole with life, and bounded it with laws:
Who forth from nothing calléd this comely frame,
His will and act, his word and work the ſame:

To

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To whom a thouſand years are but a day,
Who bade the Light her genial beams diſplay,
And ſet the Moon, and taught the Sun his way:
Who waking Time, his creature, from the ſource
Primeval, ordered his predeſtinéd courſe:
Himſelf, as in the hollow of his hand,
Holding obedient to his high command,
The deep abyſs, the long-continuéd ſtore,
Where months, and days, and hours, and minutes pour
Their floating parts, and thenceforth are no more.
This Alpha and Omega, firſt and laſt,
Who like the potter in a mould has caſt
The world's great frame, commanding it to be
Such as the eyes of ſenſe or reaſon ſee.
Yet, if he wills, may change or ſpoil the whole;
May take yon beauteous, myſtic, ſtarry roll,
And burn it, like an uſeleſs parchment ſcroll.
May from its baſis in one moment pour
This melted earth
Like liquid metal, and like burning ore:
Who ſole in power, at the beginning ſaid,
Let ſea, and air, and earth, and heaven be made,
And it was ſo: and when he ſhall ordain
In other ſort, as but to ſpeak again,
And they ſhall be no more: of this great theme,
This glorious, hallowéd, everlaſting Name,
This God I would diſcourſe.

12. Now what has Mr. *Pope* in all his eleven Volumes, which will bear any compariſon with this? As elegant a piece as he ever wrote was, "Verſes to the memory of an unfortunate Lady." But was ever any thing more exquiſitely injudicious? Firſt, What a ſubject? An eulogium on a ſelf-murderer! And the execution is as bad as the deſign: it is a commendation not only of the perſon, but the act!

"Is

" Is it in heaven a crime to *love too well?*"
To bear too tender or too *firm* a heart?
To act a Lover's, or a Roman's part?"

Yes, whatever men may think, it is a crime and no ſmall one, with him that ſitteth in heaven for any worm of earth to violate " the canon he hath fixed againſt ſelf-murder." Nor did any one ever do this out of *firmneſs* of heart, but for want of *firmneſs*. " A *Roman's* part!" Nay, no Roman ever acted this part, but out of rank cowardice. This was the caſe of *Cato* in particular. He *did not dare* to receive a favour from *Cæſar*.

13. But go on:

" Ambition firſt ſprung from your high abodes,
The glorious fault of angels and of god's."

Conſummate nonſenſe! of *angels* and of *gods!* What is the difference? Are not theſe angels and gods the very ſame? That is, in plain Engliſh, Devils! Are theſe ſubjects of Panegyric? Or fit to be recommended to our imitation? And if the fault they were guilty of were ſo *glorious*, what cruelty was it, to caſt them into hell for it?

But what comfort does the Poet provide for the woman that was guilty of this glorious fault? Why, this,

Yet ſhall thy grave with riſing flowers be dreſt,
And the green turf lie light upon thy breaſt.

Who would not go to hell, to have the green turf grow upon his grave! Nay, and primroſes too! For the Poet aſſures her,

" There the firſt roſes of the ſpring ſhall blow!"

The concluſion of this celebrated Poem is not the leaſt remarkable part of it.

" Life's idle buſineſs, at one gaſp be o'er,
The Muſe forgot, and thou beloved no more!"

Idle

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Idle buſineſs indeed! If we had no better buſineſs than this, 'tis pity that ever we were born! But was this all the buſineſs of his life? Did God raiſe him from the duſt of the earth, and breathe into him a living ſoul, for no other buſineſs, than to court a Miſtreſs and to make Verſes! O what a view is here given of an immortal ſpirit, that came forth from God and is going back to God!

14. Upon the whole. I cannot but think that the natural Underſtanding of Mr. *Prior*, was far ſtronger than that of Mr. *Pope*; that his Judgment was more correct, his Learning more extenſive, his Knowledge of Religion and of the Scriptures far greater. And I conceive his Poetical Abilities were at leaſt equal to thoſe either of *Pope* or *Dryden*. But as Poetry was not his buſineſs, but merely the employment of his leiſure hours, few of his pieces are ſo highly finiſhed as moſt of Mr. *Pope's* are. But thoſe which he has taken the pains to poliſh, (as the Ode to the memory of Col. Villiers, the Paraphraſe on the Thirteenth of the Corinthians, and ſeveral parts of Solomon) do not yield to any thing that has been wrote either by *Pope*, or *Dryden*, or any Engliſh Poet, except *Milton*.

LETTERS.

LETTER CCLXIV.

[From Mrs. S. R. to the Rev. Mr. Weſley.]

Briſtol, Sept. 28, 1758.

Rev. and dear Sir,

AS to my conduct, I doubt not but there is room to mend. I ſhall know better, when you tell me the particulars. Surely I will uſe no diſguiſe or reſerve to *you*: I make a conſcience of this to all.

At present the way appears clear. The Lord give me the matter that will be profitable! All my fear is, that I shall not bring you nearer to God. Dear Sir, deal plainly with me, If my writing is of no profit, will you let me know?

Tried Faith is the best Faith! Since I have been here, what have I gone through by men and devils? Truly I am a spark in the ocean. And what am I likely to go through! But I am not careful concerning this. I stand now. It is enough!

I am your affectionate Child,

S. R.

LETTER CCLXV.

[From Mr. Chapman, to the Rev. Mr. Wesley.]

Staplehurst, Dec. 10, 1764.

Reverend Sir,

YOU shall be always most heartily welcome to the best part of my house, for the sake of the Lord Jesus Christ, whose you are, and whom you serve.

Whatever Preachers you send, we shall joyfully receive, be their *Opinions* what they will. I would like those best, who are most like Christ. I very greatly approve of the Rules of the Society, and particularly what you mention towards the close, "All which we are taught of God to observe, even in his *written word*, the ONLY Rule, and the SUFFICIENT Rule, BOTH of our FAITH and PRACTICE." Most excellently said! May we always most closely keep to it. We are going a most important journey. When we deviate from the written Word, there is no sure footing; all is quagmire.

I very fervently love you, and I trust never to let a day pass without praying for you. I have been lately considering the case of the Lay-preachers; they are, I make no doubt, sent by our Lord as extraordinary Messengers. It appears to me

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me very clearly, that it is the deſign of our Lord that they ſhould GO ABOUT calling poor ſinners to repent and believe the Goſpel; conſequently they are NOT TO SETTLE any where. This is a very difficult office indeed: the Lord ſtrengthen them for the arduous undertaking!

I am, yours, &c.

J. CHAPMAN.

LETTER CCLXVI.

[From Mr. J. Burley, to the Rev. Mr. Weſley.]

Copenhagen, July 28, 1767.

Rev. and dear Sir,

I Received your Favour in anſwer to my firſt Letter. I give you many thanks for your advice. Such Friends as you recommend are hard to be found. I can find enough to ſit at table; but not to talk of the goodneſs and love of God.

I have ſent you a Twenty Pound Note for the uſe of the Poor. Since I wrote you my laſt, I have loſt my only Son, a boy between ſeven and eight years of age. He could talk Daniſh, German and Latin. As he had a turn for it, I intended to give him a liberal education. But God's thoughts are not as our thoughts. He was a very healthful boy, till God laid his hand upon him. He breakfaſted with me in the morning, after which he went up into his chamber. Before noon he was taken ill, as he was writing theſe lines in German,

Mein Gott ich bitt, durch Chriſti blut
Machs nur mit meinem ende geet.

His mother put him to bed, and ſent for an able Phyſician; but the next day he died. A little before his death, I bade him

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pray to our Saviour: on which he put his hands together, and went off like a lamb.

O Sir, pray for me! for I am very weak in Faith, and have a deceitful heart to encounter with. I am much afraid I ſhall ſleep in a lukewarm ſtate. Pray that the Lord may quicken my ſoul, and renew a right ſpirit within me; and that he may give me the Faith once delivered to the Saints.

I am, Rev. and dear Sir, yours, &c.

J. BURLEY.

LETTER CCLXVII.

[From Mr. John Smith, to Mrs. King.]

Dublin, Nov. 4, 1767.

My dear Siſter,

WHEN I went into the North, and finding many people whoſe profeſſion and practice did not agree, it made me cry out againſt all who ſinned againſt light, and denounce the judgments of the law againſt them. At my firſt going round, the people ſeemed to be weary of me; but at my ſecond coming they had time to conſider: and God gave them to ſee the fault was in themſelves, not in me. Then there was a great revival, and ſome were convinced and converted to God: ſome backſliders alſo were reſtored. On taking a view of the Societies among whom I labour, I find there have been above thirty new Members added ſince I left you. O pray that the Lord may give me Humility. That, and Chriſt, is all I want. Chriſt I know is preſent, but Humility is often far from me. Satan is ready to make me believe, the Lord loves me above others; but I know it is a temptation. I deſire to hear how the work of God flouriſhes in your Society.

We

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We held our Quarterly-meeting at *Tandragee*, where we were greatly favoured. There came many ſtrangers from *Macket-hill*. After ſupper, I ſpoke ſtrongly of their having diſobeyed God all their life long, which brought tears from their eyes. On ſeeing their diſtreſs I went to prayer with them. One of them inſtantly cried out, "I have found the Lord!" The man and the woman of the houſe were both Believers. We continued in prayer all the night, and by morning four of them were converted: two young women alſo who where in another room, were convinced and converted in a ſhort time. Many other inſtances I could give you of the power of God. O my Siſter, remember me at the Throne of Grace; and I hope I ſhall bear you upon my mind as an epiſtle wrote in the blood of the Lamb.

I am yours, &c.

J. SMITH.

LETTER CCLXVIII.

[From Mrs. Elizabeth Jackſon, to the Rev. Mr. Weſley.]

June 18, 1764.

Rev. Sir,

I Deſire your opinion. I am not underſtood, for want of knowing how to explain myſelf. This cauſes ſome to ſay, my experience is not ſcriptural, becauſe I have no complaints. But I know, I am approved of God every moment. I find my nature is changed; my heart is ſprinkled from an evil conſcience, and cleanſed from all unrighteouſneſs. God has waſhed me with pure water, and I find all I do or ſay is ſanctified. But when I ſay, I am perfectly happy, lacking nothing, many are offended. They aſk me if I want no more Faith: and I know not how to anſwer them. But I feel the atoning blood of Chriſt applied to me every moment. This

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This cauſes my joys to flow as a river, and makes me rejoice evermore, pray without ceaſing, and in every thing give thanks. I find my ſoul in one continual flame. I have liberty of ſpirit: Chriſt has freed me from every entanglement below: Chriſt ſits on my heart, and feeds my ſoul, and conſumes all my enemies. I find nothing within, but a ſweet ſerenity and harmony of love. My reſt is in God: my heart is ſtayed, and my life is one continual looking up to him. The Spirit is quick and powerful, and teſtifies, that the work is finiſhed. My evidence of it is as clear as the ſun in the firmament. I ſee myſelf and my performances leſs than nothing; but God looks upon me in Chriſt. I find "My every act, word, thought, is love." My every breath aſcends to the throne of grace, and returns pure to my heart. My ſoul is watered every moment: the Spirit aſcendeth and deſcendeth, and ceaſeth not. My heart is as wax before the fire, ready to be diſſolved and be no more. The glorious weight of the power of God ſhakes this earthly tabernacle. Every ſinew is as unſtrung: every cord unlooſed: my body ſtands as in a totter. A little more of the fire of God's love, and it will drive the ſpirit hence. I thirſt for nothing but to ſee God. Yet my joys increaſe and abound, and are maintained every moment, I know not how; only it is by faith in the Son of God. He is ever with me; therefore nothing diſcompoſes my mind: but ſhould he withdraw, I ſhould faint. For I have no ſtrength: and I rely on nothing but the promiſes of God: who, I believe, *has* ſaved my ſoul, and *will* ſave me for ever.

I am, your affectionate Siſter in Chriſt,

ELIZABETH JACKSON.

LETTER

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LETTER CCLXIX.

[From Mr. Richard Blackwell, to the Rev. Mr. Wesley.]

Bandon, Nov. 20, 1764.

Rev. Sir,

KNOWING your love for souls, I send you these lines, to acquaint you of the prosperity of Zion in this part of the vineyard. When I came to this place, I found the Society in a very dead state. Mr. Taylor was almost determined to come here no more; for he seemed to despair of any good being done. This was somewhat discouraging: but God is faithful to his promise, "As is thy day, so shall thy strength be." My being sent to this place seemed to be a peculiar Providence, that the glory of God might appear, and that I might be satisfied of his will concerning me. The day after I came here, being Sunday, I preached abroad at the market-house, to a large, serious Congregation. God gave testimony to his word. One poor sinner, a soldier, was deeply convinced. He has since found the Lord. I should have continued to preach abroad, but my health would not permit. For in a few days I was confined to my bed, by a fever, and have been but poorly ever since. At present I am much better, praised be God. His work is going on in the midst of us. Many have been convinced. Eighteen have joined the Society: and many have found the Lord; but more backsliders have been healed. Most of the believers are truly alive to God, and see the great promise of Sanctification is not afar off.

Mr. Morgan comes to see me frequently. We are of one heart and one mind, and love each other with a pure heart fervently. I find him very profitable. I see my own ignorance more than ever, and find I have need of all the help I can get: so dear Sir, I hope you will let me be with Mr. Morgan

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Morgan as much as poſſible. I praiſe God, I feel my ſoul happy, and have no doubt of his great Salvation; but I have need to watch every moment, leſt I enter into temptation. O may I be faithful unto death! I beg your advice, directions and prayers. May the Lord bleſs you with every bleſſing in Chriſt Jeſus! So prays your unworthy Son in the Goſpel,

R. BLACKWELL.

POETRY.

THOUGHTS *on* PREDESTINATION *and* REPROBATION.

[By Dr. Byrom.]

PART IV.

TO bleſs is his immutable decree,
Such as could never have begun to be:
Decree (if you will uſe the word decreed)
Did from his *love* eternally proceed,
To manifeſt the hidden powérs, that reign
Through outward Nature's univerſal ſcene:
To raiſe up creatures from its vaſt abyſs,
Formed to enjoy communicated bliſs.

Who does not ſee that ill, of any kind,
Could *never* come from an *all-perfect* mind?
That its perception never could begin,
But from a creature's voluntary ſin.
Made in its Maker's image, and impreſt
With a free powér of being ever bleſt:
From evéry evil, in itſelf ſo free,
That none could riſe but by its *own* decree?

To

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To certain truths, which you can ſcarce deny,
You bring St. *Paul's* expreſſions in reply:
Some few obſcurer ſayings prone to chuſe,
Where he was talking to the *Roman-Jews*;
You never heed the numérous texts, ſo plain,
That will not ſuit with your decreeing ſtrain:
Who willeth all men to be ſaved——is one,
Too plain for comment to be made upon:
So that if *ſome* be not the ſame as *all*,
You muſt directly contradict St. *Paul*.

Paul's open, generous, and enlightenéd ſoul,
Preachéd to Mankind a Saviour of the *Whole*,
Not *part* of human race; the blinded *Jew*
Might boaſt himſelf in this conceited view:
Boaſt of his Father *Abraham*, and vent
The carnal claims of family deſcent:
But the whole family of heavén and earth,
Paul knew if bleſt muſt have *another* birth:
Paul never tied ſalvation to a Sect,
All who love God, with him are God's Elect.

All who love God——how certain is the key!
Whate'er diſputed paſſages convey;
In *Paul's* Epiſtles if ſome things are read,
Hard to be underſtood, as *Peter* ſaid,
Muſt this be urgéd to prove in men's condition,
This *pre-election*, and their *preterition*,
Or *pre-damnation*? for that monſtrous word,
Of all abſurd decree, the moſt abſurd,
Is into formal definition wrought,
By your Divines——unſtartled at the thought
Of ſovéreign powér, decreeing to become
The Author of ſalvation but to *ſome*;

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To ſome, reſembling others, they admit,
Who are rejected——why? He *ſo thought fit*:
Hath not the potter power to make his clay
Juſt what he pleaſes?——Well. And tell me pray,
What kind of potter muſt we think a man,
Who does not make the beſt of it he can?
Who, making ſome fine veſſels of his clay,
To ſhew his powér, throws all *the reſt* away,
Which, in itſelf, was equally as fine?
What an idea this of powér divine!

Who can conceive the *infinitely Good*
To ſhew leſs kindneſs than he really could!
To pre-concert damnation, and confine
Himſelf, his own beneficence divine?
An *impotency* this, in evil hour,
Aſcribéd to God's beatifying powér,
Though true in earthly monarchs it may be,
That *majeſty* and *love* can ſcarce agree;
In his Almighty Will who rules above,
The powér is *grace*, the majeſty is love;
What beſt deſcribes the giver of all bliſs,
Glorious in all his attributes is this,
The ſovéreign Lord all creatures bow before,
But they who *love* him moſt, the moſt adore.

EPIGRAM V.

[*By the ſame.*]

PRAYER and thankſgiving is the vital breath
That keeps the ſpirit of a man from death;
For prayér attracts into the living ſoul
The life, that fills the univerſal whole.

EPIGRAM

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EPIGRAM VI.

[*By the ſame.*]

TO own a God, who does not ſpeak to men,
Is firſt to own, and then diſown again;
Of all idolatry the total ſum
Is having gods, that are both deaf and dumb.

EPIGRAM VII.

[*By the ſame.*]

WHAT is more tender than a mother's love,
To the ſweet infant fondling in her arms?
What need of arguments her heart to move
To hear its cries, and help it out of harms?
Now, if the tendéreſt mother were poſſeſt
Of all the love, within her ſingle breaſt,
Of all the mothers ſince the world began,
'Tis nothing to the love of God to man.

An ODE *to the Rev. Mr.* JOHN PINHORNE.

[*By Dr. Gibbons.*]

PINHORNE permit the Muſe to' aſpire
To thee, and vent thé impatient fire
That in her boſom glows:
Fain would ſhe tune an equal lay,
And to her honouréd Tutor pay
The debt of thanks ſhe owes.

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Through *Plato's* walks, a flowéry road,
And *Latium's* fields, with pleaſure ſtrowéd,
She owns thy guiding hand:
Thou too didſt her young ſteps convey
Through many a rough, and craggy way,
In *Paleſtina's* land.

'Twas thy irradiating light
Openéd the *Theſpain* vales to ſight,
And taught my feet to climb
The mountains, where the Muſe's choir
Now tune their breath, now touch the lyre,
To extaſy ſublime.

Of high *Parnaſſus'* top poſſeſt,
See *Homer* towéring o'er the reſt!
What a ſtupendous ſtrain!
In battle, gods and men contend,
The heavéns outrageous terrors rend,
And ſlaughters drench the plain.

My ear imbibes thé immenſe delight,
While *Virgil's* paſt'ral lays recite
The country's humble charms:
Or when his Muſe exalts her voice,
And like the warlike Clarion's noiſe
Sounds the loud charge to arms.

Horace ſhall with the choir be joinéd,
When *Virtue* has his Verſe refinéd,
And purgéd his tainted page;
Pleaſéd I'll attend his *Lyric* ſtrain,
Hear him indulge his laughing vein,
And ſatyrize the Age.

Now

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Now *Seneca* with *tragic* lays
Demands my wonder and my praiſe;
What thunder arms his tongue!
Now *Sophocles* lets looſe his rage:
With what a pomp he treads the ſtage,
And how ſublime his ſong!

See from the *Caledonian* ſhore,
With blooming laurels coverèd o'er,
Buchanan march along!
Hail honourèd heir of David's lyre,
Thou full-grown image of thy ſire!
All hail, thy matchleſs ſong.

But ſee the charming Caſimire!
Exulting in ſeraphic fire
The Poet ſoars and ſings:
Divine *Urania* tunèd his tongue,
His harp divine *Urania* ſtrung
With her immortal ſtrings.

See on what full, what rapid gales
The *Poliſh* Swan triumphant ſails!
He ſpurns the globe behind,
And mountains leſſèning to the eye,
Through the unbounded fields on high,
Expatiates unconfinèd.

Whether 'tis his divine delight
To bear in his exalted flight
Some Hero to the ſkies,
Or to explore the ſeats above,
His kindrèd climes of peace and love,
His peerleſs pinions riſe.

Methinks

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Methinks unkindlĕd by the name
Of *Caſimire*, a ſudden flame
Now ſhoots through all my ſoul,
I feel, I feel the raptures riſe,
On ſtarry plumes I cut the ſkies,
And range from pole to pole.

Touching on *Zion's* ſacred brow
My wandĕring eyes I caſt below,
And our vain race ſurvey:
O! how they ſtretch their eager arms
To' embrace imaginary charms
And throw their ſouls away!

In grovĕling cares and ſtormy ſtrife
They waſte the golden hours of life,
And murder evĕry joy:
What is a diadem, that's toſt
From hand to hand, now won, now loſt,
But a deluſive toy?

From all terreſtrial dregs refinĕd,
And ſenſual fogs, that choke the mind,
Full of thĕ inſpiring God
My ſoul ſhall her ſublimeſt lay
To her Creator, Father pay,
And ſound his praiſe abroad.

Ye Heroes, with your blood ſtainĕd arms
Avaunt! the Muſe beholds no charms
In the devouring ſword:
Avaunt! too, the romantic train
Of gods the phantoms of the brain,
By *Greece* and *Rome* adorĕd.

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Jeſus, his co-eternal beam
Shall conſecrate my lays:
In numbers by no lyric bounds controlèd,
In numbers moſt divinely ſtrong and bold;
I'll ſound through all the world,
Thé immeaſurable praiſe.

On ETERNITY.

[*By the ſame.*]

WHAT is Eternity? Can aught
Point its duration to the Thought?
Tell evéry beam the Sun emits,
When in ſublimeſt noon he ſits;
Tell evéry light-wingéd thought that ſtrays
Within its ample round of rays?
Tell all the leaves, and all the buds,
That crown the gardens and the woods;
Tell all the ſpires of graſs, the meads
Produce, when Spring propitious leads
The new-born Year; tell all the drops
The Night, upon their bended tops,
Sheds in ſoft ſilence to diſplay
Their beauties with the riſing Day;
Tell all the ſands the Ocean leaves,
Tell all its changes, all its waves:
Or tell with more laborious pains
The drops its mighty maſs contains:
Be this aſtoniſhing account,
Augmented with the full amount
Of all the drops the Clouds have ſhed,
Where'er their watéry fleeces ſpread,

Through

Through all Time's long-continuéd tour,
From *Adam* to the preſent hour,
Still ſhort the ſum; nor can it vie
With the more numérous Years that lie
Imboſoméd in *Eternity*.

Was there a Belt that could contain
In its vaſt orb the Earth and Main;
With figures was it cluſteréd o'er,
Without one cypher in the ſcore;
And could your labouring Thought aſſign
The total of the crowded line:
How ſcant thé amount? Thé attempt how vain
To reach, Duration's endleſs chain?
For when as many years are run,
Unbounded Age is but begun.

Then hear, O Man! with Awe divine,
For this *Eternity* is thine.

A SHORT HYMN.

1 Peter iii. 8. *Be pitiful.*

HOW ſhall I That love attain,
Love inexplicably kind,
Love which feels another's pain,
Generous, pure, and unconfinéd,
Love which bleeds for friend and foe,
Graſps an univerſe of woe!

Father, manifeſt thy Son,
Full of pitying grace for me:
Then I put his bowels on,
Sinners with his eyes I ſee,
Sinners with his heart embrace,
Glad to die for all the race.

END OF VOL. V.

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